Collier's

AUGUST 1, 1942 TEN CENTS

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PITTSBURG KANSAS STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY

AN APPLE FOR EV
A NEW NOVEL BY KATHLE

aug 1 '42

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H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
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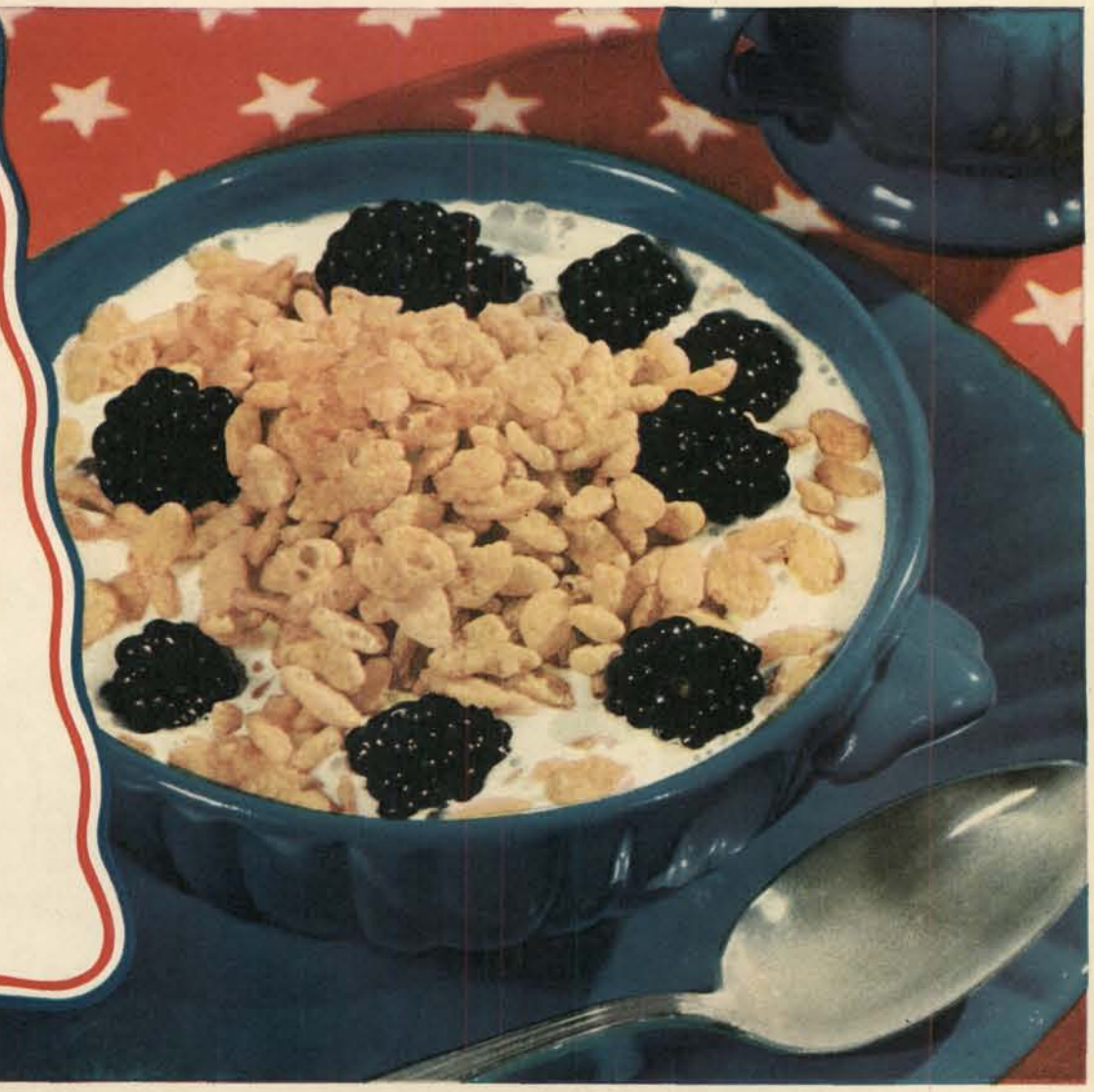
KANS

Look – whole grain food values!

Rice Krispies
are restored to
whole grain
nutritive values,
including Vitamin B_1
as recommended by
U. S. Food Rules



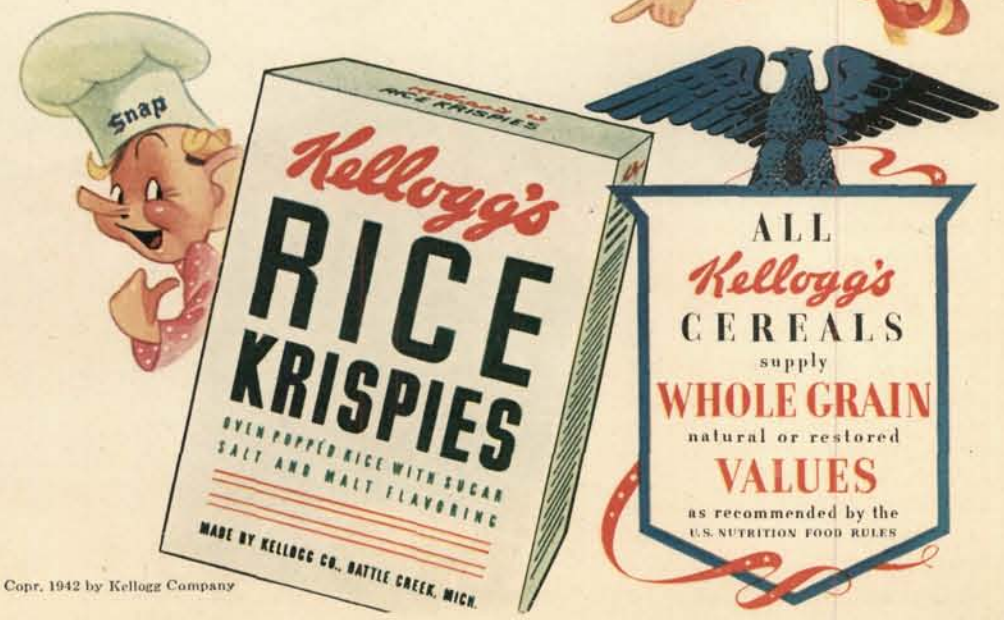
Listen – Snap! Crackle! Pop! Crisp...every spoonful!

★ Now you have an added reason for enjoying Rice Krispies! Uncle Sam has placed them on the recommended list of nutritional foods that help make us strong! They are restored to the Vitamin B_1 (thiamin), niacin and iron values of whole-grain unpolished rice.

Heap up a bowl of these golden tempters for yourself tomorrow. (Doubly fetching with fruit!) Dash on the cool milk or cream. Then listen to them "talk"—snap! crackle! pop! Was there ever a cereal so lastingly crisp—so crunchy?

And oh, that mellow, tantalizing flavor! It's born of Kellogg's exclusive recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting.

All the family will go for Rice Krispies. They're America's leading rice cereal. Over a million bowls are served daily!



"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its oven-popped rice.

Copr. 1942 by Kellogg Company

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Is
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF
threatening the health of your scalp?

...start now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE!

ARE you bothered by any of these symptoms . . . itchy scalp and inflammation, telltale flakes that fall on your collar?

If so, better get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage, for you may have the infectious type of dandruff. Neglect may aggravate the condition. And don't rely on so-called "overnight" remedies—you can't expect to treat a stubborn infection with one application.

Medical Treatment for an Infection

If you have an infection in which germs are active, your common sense tells you that one of the best ways to attack it is to use an antiseptic with germ-killing action. That's why Listerine Antiseptic and massage is especially fitted to fight infectious dandruff. Listerine acts four ways to combat this condition:

1. Listerine Antiseptic gives both hair and scalp a cooling, invigorating, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, *including Pityrosporum ovale*, the queer "bottle bacillus" which many leading authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

2. Listerine loosens and removes ugly, telltale dandruff flakes and scales.

3. Listerine relieves itching and inflammation.

4. Listerine makes your scalp feel healthier, your hair look cleaner.

Why fool around with make-shifts . . . why dally with an infectious dandruff condition? Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage, the *tested*, *easy*, *delightful* home treatment which has done so much for so many!

76% Got Improvement in Clinical Tests

Remember that Listerine, when tested clinically, under the most exacting conditions, came through with flying colors! The cold figures? In a series of severe clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month!

And from homes all over America, enthusiastic, *unsolicited* letters have been received! Countless men and women write in, praising Listerine unreservedly for the help it gave them in their dandruff problems.

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

The LISTERINE Treatment

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

HONESTY
shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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WHILE YOU CAN
GET A
Motorola
AUTO RADIO

You who still drive your car because you *need* it in your work or your business, also need up-to-the-minute news while it *is* news. Follow our armed forces closely. Let music rest and relax you . . . comedy amuse and cheer you. Double the value of the time you spend in your car. Get a Motorola Auto Radio.

THERE IS A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

There are plenty of things you *can't* get. Luckily Motorola Auto Radios are still among the necessary items that you *can* get. In today's world a radio wherever you are, whatever you are doing, is a *positive necessity*. If you have a Motorola in your car, let a Motorola service man keep it singing for you . . . if you haven't one

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER
Now Today!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO
Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

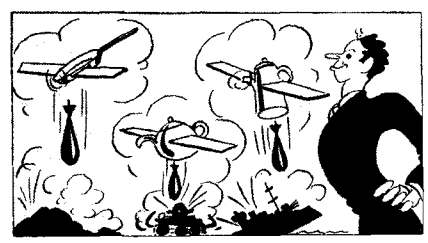
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

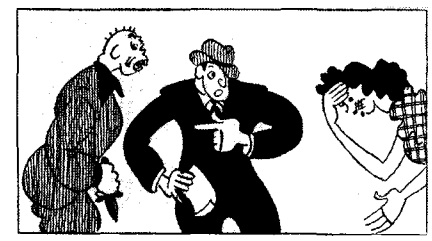
ANY WEEK

A FRIEND of ours was recently called upon by an F.B.I. man who was checking up on a friend of his. This friend of his wanted a government job. The F.B.I. wanted to know whether it would be to the public benefit to put him on the public pay roll. Well, after our friend had recited his friend's superior qualities—his loyalty, excellence of character, virility and so on—he asked the F.B.I. man what the job was. The latter fished through his brief case, cleared his throat and replied: "Chief, Material Shortages Group, Commodities and Industrial Operations Analysis Unit, Program Planning Section, Inventory and Requisition Branch, Priorities Bureau, Industrial Operations Division, War Production Board." Our friend said: "My, my," and the F.B.I. man said: "Yes, but he'll probably be known merely as Chief Shortage."

JUST as we were wondering what had become of all those aluminum pots, pans and kettles we flung into the government's lap a long time ago we received the testimony of Mr. Charles Gesner of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Gesner's aluminum ware went into the same lap. Some time later he received a pamphlet from his health authorities advising him that, in the interests of his personal health and, therefore, of national security, certain foods of which he is extremely fond should be cooked in nothing but aluminum—or else. "As far as I know," wails Mr. Gesner, "my frying pan is soaring through the fogs of the Aleutians looking for Japs, my soup kettle is diving down upon Rommel's tanks, my percolator is sinking the Italian navy. Well, the hell with it. I have blown the works and am enlisting in the Marines. I'm coming clean. I've given the government all my rubber, iron, steel and copper. I have tried to throw in a couple of old hammocks and rocking chairs. Anyway, I'm off. From now on, my health is in the keeping of the United Nations."



OUR skulduggery scout's latest report has to do with a lady who possessed two hundred pounds of sugar when rationing set in. She boiled the sugar, stowed the result away in glass jars labeling it Simple Sirup which, of course, it was. On registration day they asked her how much sugar she had. "None," she said—which, of course, she hadn't. So she's still piling up sugar, quota by quota, and using the concentrated sweetness of simple sirup. It seems a little pointless to us and we said so to our scout. But all he said was: "Well, you want to know what's going on, don't you?"



THE War Bond drive is, we're glad to inform you, doing much better. Here and there it runs into small difficulties. Mr. William Brandon of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, reports that one of the Treasury's Minute Men called on a farmer and his wife. The Minute Man was just warming to his subject when the lady interrupted. "Sorry," said she, "but we cannot contribute. We don't believe in giving to charity." We've had quite a number of letters about what has befallen Minute Men. One tells us that he had to buy four tickets to a strawberry festival, another had to mind a baby for half an hour. And we like the one about the Minute Man who used to be a vacuum cleaner salesman. Calling on a lady to whom he had sold a vacuum cleaner he had to spend two hours repairing it before she would sign up. Nope, we can't drop the subject without mentioning that one of the lads dramatized his appeal, with considerable success, by taking with him a Chinese who with a lot of make-up looked like a pretty murderous Jap. "Lady," he'd cry, shoving the ersatz Jap forward growling ferociously, "do you want this country to be ruled by him? No. Then please sign here."

SOMEHOW that reminds us to tell you that about six months ago one of the many thousand utterly indispensable bureau heads in Washington was attacked by indigestion. His secretary suggested bicarbonate of soda. He nodded assent. Then his secretary typed a requisition for bicarb. A messenger took it to another bureau where the chief thereof endorsed it, filled out two or three necessary forms. In due time it arrived on the desk of a third bureau chief who filled out some more forms, marked it URGENT, gave the whole thing to a messenger who rushed it across town to a procurement officer. There it gathered up a new endorsement plus three more forms made out in duplicate and

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 1, 1942

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COVER VALENTINE

Vol. 110, No. 5. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An important message to every motorist who has wondered:

How Good Will Tires Be When They're Made With Synthetic* Rubber?

▶ **Eighteen months before Pearl Harbor,** hundreds of patriotic corporations and car owners were making road tests with a new kind of tire. It bore the famous Silvertown name. But more than half its rubber was synthetic . . . B. F. Goodrich Ameripol.

Since that time synthetic rubber has leaped to new importance. A large part of our war effort depends upon America's ability to produce good tires from synthetic rubber. The tires we will drive upon after the war may well be synthetic.

Hence the question, "How good will these new tires be?" is a vital one. There are several ways to answer it. Perhaps the best way is to let you read what actually happened when tires made with Ameripol were put to the test of day-after-day driving. Perhaps the best people to tell you are those who owned the cars and did the driving. The letters quoted here are only a few of many received. We hope that others who patriotically cooperated will understand that space limited the number of statements we could print.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Aetna Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. . . ."We put these tires on our Dodge car and ran them for approximately 14,000 miles, at which time they were replaced. As far as we could determine, the tires gave service just about equal to genuine rubber tires."—*Rawdon W. Myers, V. P.*

American Airlines, Inc., New York City . . . "They were placed on one of our mail trucks and have received severe use. We believe that they have given service equal to that of a good rubber tire."
—*C. R. Smith, Pres.*

Beech-Nut Packing Company . . ."Altogether we would say that they showed up well, and we would be just as satisfied to buy them as tires of natural rubber."—*C. N. Robinson, Director of Purchases*

Brink's, Incorporated, Chicago, Ill. . . ."In using these Ameripol tires we have found that in 18,000 miles of travel the Ameripol tires are equal to the crude rubber tires."—*Charles W. Allen, Treas.*

General Baking Company, New York . . ."The following mileage was obtained on the four tires: 24,333 miles, 24,330 miles, 28,310 miles, 27,035 miles.
"These tires are worn smooth, but no fabric is showing and carcasses appear to be in good condition. The earned mileage as above is normal and compares favorably with regular line tires."
—*Farrar Tilney, Director Purchasing Dept.*

General Outdoor Advertising Co., Chicago, Ill. . . ."To date, these tires have been driven 16,000 miles; and from my inspection of tread wear, they show very little wear, indicating we may expect an additional 16,000 miles' service."—*B. W. Robbins, Pres.*

Car Owner—Hampton, Iowa . . ."On November 10, 1940, I purchased four Ameripol tires because I was interested in finding out what value they had, and after 27,000 miles of service I was well pleased. They were driven every day over all kinds of roads. They wore as even as any other standard tire and could have been driven at least 10,000 miles further under the present emergency."—*S. O. Anderson*

The Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company . . ."These tires have been driven 20,569 miles and they look as good as or better than other tires of similar mileage. As far as we can determine, the service has been very satisfactory."
—*Dale F. Reese, V. P.*

R. W. Jones, Inc., Dairy Products, Buffalo, N. Y. . . . "I am satisfied that Ameripol tires will do a good job, and believe that comparatively they are 100% as efficient as rubber. We removed these tires this fall after running them 23,000 miles."—*E. N. Jones*

Pepsi-Cola Bottler, Hot Springs, Ark. . . . "I traded the car in, and a doctor friend of mine has since retraded the car, and we have lost track of it. I had 6,000 miles' service, the doctor had between 4,000 and 5,000, and the tire still looked like new. I would say that the Ameripol tire will give better service than those made of ordinary rubber."
—*Charles S. Bunch*

Juneau County (Wisc.) Sheriff's Office . . . "Since I have been connected with the Sheriff's office I have never driven a set of tires 20,000 miles with the exception of this pair of Ameripol tires."
—*Preston McEvoy, Under Sheriff*

United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. . . . "Our experience indicates that the wearing qualities of Ameripol tire are equal to those of first line rubber tires, and in some cases are superior to rubber tires."
—*Charles L. Phillips, Exec. V. P.*

FREE 48-PAGE BOOKLET—"Will America have to jack up its 29,000,000 automobiles?"

A factual story explaining the vital importance of conserving America's crude rubber supply and the reasons why the United States *must* develop additional new synthetic production. You'll find many useful hints for extending the life of your present tires. Write us for your free copy today. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. C-8, Akron, Ohio.

Silvertown
MADE WITH GOODRICH AMERIPOL
B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertown
THE FIRST TIRE MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER EVER OFFERED TO AMERICAN CAR OWNERS
Introduced June 5, 1940

***NOTE:** This advertisement is not intended to give the impression that tires made with synthetic rubber are on public sale. This is not true. And it is not known when it will be true. This is because military needs must come first.

B.F.Goodrich

IN WAR OR PEACE BFG 1870 FIRST IN RUBBER

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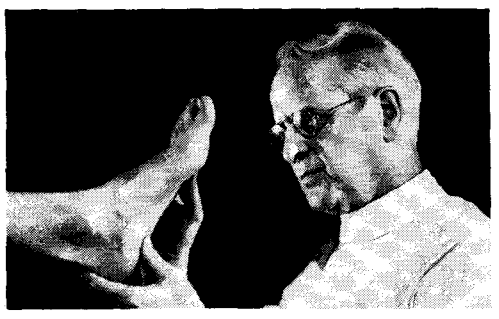
U. S. WAR EFFORT SPEEDED BY NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT

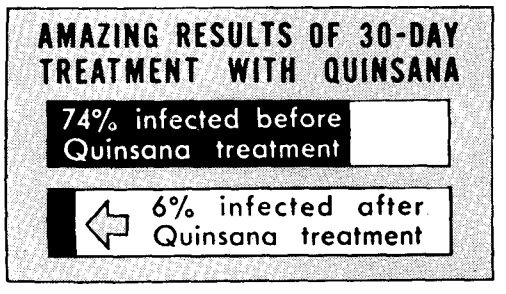
INCREDIBLE though it seems, over 70% of our whole population—including our war workers—have Athlete's Foot some time during the year. Surveys *prove* it. The disease has become a serious handicap to our war effort—a problem that calls for action by *everyone.*

Fortunately, science has made an important advance in controlling the disease. It has proved that the fungus organisms which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live in an alkaline medium; and that re-infection may occur from shoe-linings. Based on this knowledge, a new powder—Quinsana—has been produced by the Mennen Laboratories. Unlike liquids or ointments, Quinsana Powder may be used conveniently in shoes, as well as on feet. It is achieving remarkable results, (see chart below).

The organisms causing Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere, can't be avoided completely. They thrive in presence of heat and perspiration; hence infection is more common in summer. For protection, use Quinsana regularly. (Diabetics, for whom foot infection is so serious, should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). Quinsana is non-irritating, fungicidal, bactericidal, absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.*



EARLIEST SYMPTOM of Athlete's Foot is usually chronic peeling between toes. This is *not* normal—generally means mild fungus infection, which may become serious. Later symptoms are cracking, blisters, soggy skin—with itching and pain. Inflammation may mean bacterial infection; see your physician or chiropodist at once.


AMAZING RESULTS OF 30-DAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA
74% infected before Quinsana treatment
6% infected after Quinsana treatment

NOTE REMARKABLE RESULTS, (above) in a mass-eradication test with Quinsana, among over 1000 persons; infection practically disappeared.

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT
1. USE QUINSANA ON FEET DAILY AS YOU DRESS; RUB IN BETWEEN TOES.
2. DUST QUINSANA IN SHOES DAILY, HELPS PREVENT RE-INFECTION FROM LININGS.
QUINSANA
A MENNEN PRODUCT
MENNEN
QUINSANA
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
50c AT DRUGGISTS, ARMY POST EXCHANGES, CANTEENS, SHIP SERVICE STORES.
QUINSANA IS ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION, FOOT-ODOR.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although there is no legal authority to support the practice, squads of police in many cities frequently make tours of saloons, pool halls, gambling houses and other places, searching or "frisking" persons for concealed weapons.

Not long ago at the trial of a man accused of dynamiting a house, the only witnesses were two girls who testified they saw him near the scene a few minutes before as they were walking home from church. To show they had attended church, they produced a snapshot of themselves taken in front of it as they were leaving. A study of a shadow in the picture, however, proved that it had been taken twenty-one minutes after the explosion, and the girls' damaging testimony was rendered unworthy of acceptance.

In Colonial days, circuses and other traveling shows generally overcame the religious prejudice against any form of entertainment with a sort of "pious camouflage." They painted their wagons with Biblical pictures, made their barkers quote from the Scriptures and billed themselves as great moral exhibitions. — *By Estelle Harris, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

A sudden change in atmospheric pressure over a lake will sometimes cause the water to swing rhythmically back and forth from shore to shore, raising and lowering the levels as much as six feet for hours at a time. This phenomenon frequently occurs in Switzerland and Scotland and occasionally in America, notably in Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. — *By Catherine Stimpson, Fresno, California.*

Vatican City uses numerous articles made in the United States. Among them are most of the state's automobiles and typewriters, the stamp-canceling machines in the post office and the fountain pens and safety razors of the Pope. All telephone equipment is also American-made, while the library employs the system of the Library of Congress to catalog its books, which rest on shelves manufactured in Jersey City.

New York, New Jersey and Connecticut have installed a total of about four thousand emergency highway signs to identify secondary roads that are to be used by civilian motorists in case the main routes are required for military movements. The signs contain the word "Civil" and are marked in the 500's, the secondary route of No. 1 becoming No. 501.

As porcupines rarely breed in captivity, there are only two recorded cases of young having been born to captive mothers in this country, the second taking place at the Biology Laboratory of the University of Buffalo, in Buffalo, New York, on July 22, 1941.

A motion picture of the finish of the 1934 International Air Race from England to Australia was sent from Melbourne to London on a radio facsimile machine. Although it was only fifteen feet long and ran for only ten seconds on the screen, the transmission required sixty-eight hours, or only three less than the winner required to make the 12,300-mile journey.—*By Alexander Sheheen, New York.*

For many years, a laboratory in the Union Stockyards in Chicago has maintained a kennel of about thirty dogs for use in experiments on dog food. As this structure has little outside space and is many blocks from a tree or green plot, these animals, some to the sixth generation, have never been away from this building.

During the Middle Ages, many European churches had a prayer wheel, hung from the ceiling of a chapel, which was supposed to foretell answers to prayers when spun like a wheel of fortune. One such wheel still hangs today in a little church in Comfort, France.—*By Alice Montgomery, Punta Gorda, Florida.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting *or unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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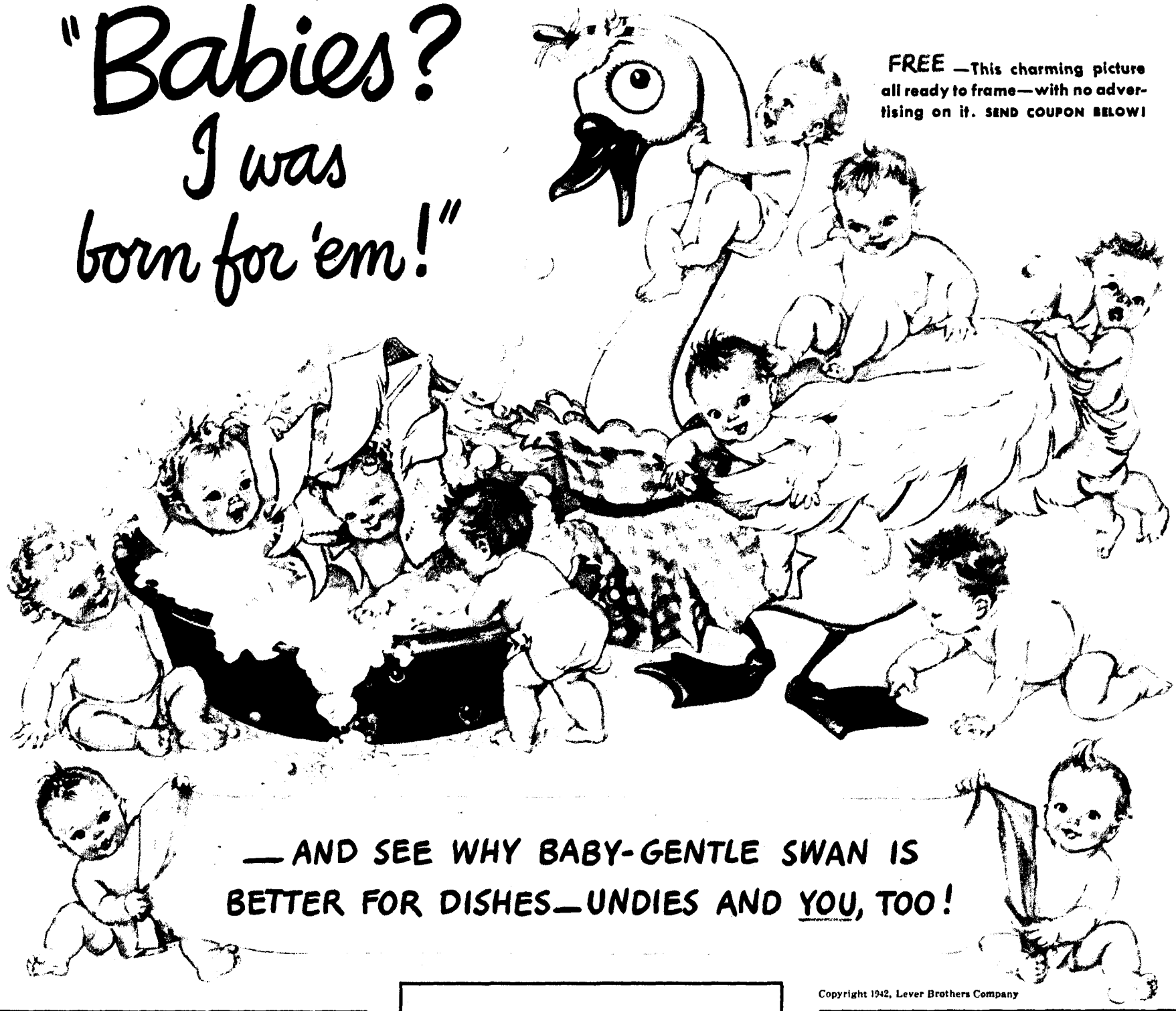
"Babies? I was born for 'em!"



FREE —This charming picture all ready to frame—with no advertising on it. SEND COUPON BELOW!

—AND SEE WHY BABY-GENTLE SWAN IS BETTER FOR DISHES—UNDIES AND YOU, TOO!

Copyright 1942, Lever Brothers Company

Baby-gentle? Swan's pure as imported castiles!

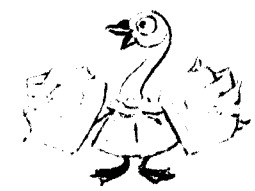
Swan-derful for bath, hands, face. You can't buy a purer soap than baby-gentle Swan.

A sudsin' whiz—even in hard water!

Swan-derful for dishes. Suds fast and the suds last! No need for strong, easy-to-waste package soaps now!

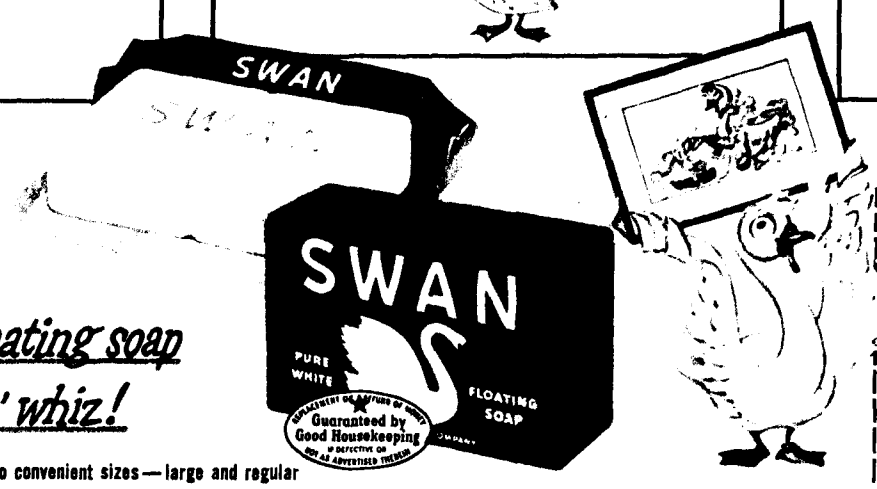
Each bar is thrifty twins!

Swan snaps easily into 2 swell cakes, one for kitchen, one for bath. Swan everything! It's thrifty!



SWAN

The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz!



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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 1, 1942

"I had the heck of a time finding out who you were, and then I was afraid to telephone. It took me two days to get up my nerve," Larry declared aggrievedly

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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What happened to a strong, courageous girl, who married a quitter. The story—rich with the wisdom of its famous author—begins now

THE ground was cold and spongy from the rains. Loveday hooked her sturdy boots on the lower rung of the old three-bar fence, crossed her arms on the top bar and put her head down on them. She felt the January sun, flooding down from the west, warm on her back, and purred like a drowsy cat.

The tall man who was with her had no need to lift his feet from the chilly earth, for they were well shod in the high-laced boots into which his trousers were tucked. The remainder of his visible costume consisted only of a leather coat snugly fastened up to the white collar about his neck. His thick fair hair was bare.

"That," said Loveday, looking up at him sidewise through a lock of her loosened hair without raising her head, "was a scramble!"

"It was grand," Larry Ingersoll added, still breathing a little hard. "And you're wonderful; I never saw a girl climb like that."

"Oh, I'm used to it. After all, I was born here and my grandfather used to drag me on walks when I was so little that I had to be carried over the streams."

"I thought your grandfather was dead."

"He is, and my father, too. But this was years ago. My father farmed this place; he never wanted to go off it," Loveday said. "My grandfather was Doctor Owen Hugh Gurney."

She said the name impressively. She had raised her head with its untidy soft hair lumped at the nape of her neck, and was looking at her companion seriously with her round gray eyes. The hair was a pale, indeterminate brown with a patina of gold over its straight soft thickness.

"Ought I know that name?" Larry asked.

"You would if you came from around here. But then," she conceded kindly, "you don't come from around here. Everyone adored him. He died six years ago when I was thirteen."

"You're only nineteen?" Larry asked. "You seem so much older. I've got a

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sister your age and she seems nothing but a kid."

"I've been mostly with older people," the girl said, thinking it out.

"Never been anywhere but here?"

"Oh, yes. Two years in Canada in a convent school."

"Did you like it?"

"Loved it. But I've been here since I was about seventeen. I took an English course at the Union High here in Indian Hill."

The crest on which they stood sloped down to the town which was hidden under the plumy tops of a thousand trees. Behind them there was a sharp rise to the ridge, also heavily wooded, and somewhere in the dense thicket of oaks and madrones, eucalyptus and peppers, he knew the old house that was her home must stand. Close to them were fences and barns of all ages and types, chicken yards and wired puppy runs, paddocks, an old greenhouse, a brick dairy. Scattered up across the hilly clearing were fruit trees and an angled field of dry brown frosted cornstalks.

"You've quite a place, and stock, too," the young man said respectfully, looking at a trio of young horses who came galloping across a neighboring corral with great flinging of clods of mud.

"We did have; but those aren't our colts. All this is rented to a Portuguese now. We get all the milk and eggs we want from Joe Bettancourt, but that's all," Loveday said. "You see, there isn't a man in the family to run the place."

"That's right. But you've a mother."

"We don't know very much about each other, do we?" the girl said with a little laugh. "But then, after all, this is only the fourth time we've met."

"Fifth," he said briefly, with a swift glance that was as swiftly removed. The word had no more significance than a hundred others he had said, but somehow it and his manner thrilled her and she knew she would remember and treasure this particular moment.

"Oh, yes, if you count that night at the dance."

"I do count that night at the high school dance. You were Cinderella. You vanished at ten o'clock."

"Joe and Maria—that's the Bettancourts who rent the farm—were to bring me home, and they wouldn't stay any longer," she explained.

"I had the heck of a time finding out who you were, and then I was afraid to telephone. It took me two days to get up my nerve," he declared aggrievedly.

"I don't know why everyone downtown talks as if Mother and Granny were ogres," Loveday said, laughing again. "They're not. The only reason I don't ask you up to the house is that they'd make you so uncomfortable. Granny sits in her room upstairs from nine in the morning until nine at night, and Mother is usually with her. They talk about old times until I feel as if I were in my fifties or my eighties, too. If I wanted to use either parlor I'd have to begin warming it up three days in advance. The dining room is the warmest room in the house but Mother keeps flats of young plants in there. My grandmother's a little deaf, and she'd ask hundreds of questions about you: 'Who'd thee say? Does thee know anything about him, child? Is thee related to the Dawson Ingersolls, young man?' "

"Quakers?"

"Didn't thee know that?"

"But listen, you don't talk like that all the time?"

"I do when I'm talking to Grandmother Gurney. She doesn't like anything but the plain speech."

Larry was looking at her thoughtfully, his manner absent. Loveday felt the blood coming up in her face.

"You're the strangest, most fascinating girl I ever saw," he said. And that was something to treasure and remember, too!

"What's *your* religion, Larry?"

"None."

"None! But that's not possible. Thee isn't an infidel!" She was laughing.

"No; I believe in God. But we never went to church." Larry jerked his head backward toward the house. "Don't you get lonely?" he asked.

Loveday had been in holiday mood that night. There had been no analyzing what made Larry fascinating, but fascinating he was. He danced beautifully, and Loveday loved to dance

"I WALK downtown nearly every day, and market. Mrs. Bettancourt or the mailman or somebody brings me home. Then I help Mother in the garden, and Thursdays and Sundays, when Wing Foo and Annie Lum go away, I cook. We used to have a woman named Delia—Delia Dillon, isn't that a pretty name?—to do the upstairs rooms. But she left after Grandfather died, so Mother and I do it all now. And I read—and write poetry." She finished with a little half-ashamed laugh.

"I'll bet you write good poetry," he said. He was not thinking of anything but how nice she was. Fascinating somehow, with her big white teeth and her soft untidy mop of sunshiny hair and her dancing eyes, and pretty—or handsome—nice to look at, anyway. But above the fascination and the looks she was nice. There was something clean and fresh and cool, something of the woods, and the old farm that encroached on the woods, about her. She did not act as if she was thinking only of what he thought of her. She seemed a completely independent person, with plenty to think about and do and like and plan—

"You're the one who ought to be lonely," she accused him suddenly. "Away from your family and your friends in a little place like Indian Hill."

"They're not so far. Bakersfield," he said. "I can get there in two hours and a half."

"Oh, I thought you came from the East!" Loveday laughed. She was always ready to show those big white teeth. "How little we know about each other!" she said again.

"We know enough," the boy answered, suddenly sober. And again her pulses thrilled a little. "No; I went to Princeton, and afterward around the world.

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ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER C. KLETT

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Don't Throw Away the Best Part

By Pearl S. Buck

ADAMS

Proper combination of flavors is a ritual with the Chinese. Left: sea bass garnished with pickled lotus roots, melon rind, scallions, peppers and vinegar. Right: lobster with green peas and pea pods, chopped scallions, mushrooms and bamboo sprouts

In China, where eating is an art, nothing is wasted. Centuries of practice have taught the Chinese to use everything. And they can teach us

IN CHINA, food has for unknown centuries been a major interest, not only with the poor, who do not get enough of it, but with the rich who get far too much. Indeed, food has perhaps more place than it should have in the Chinese mind except that, in the process, food has become not only a necessity but the basis of art.

No one in China pretends not to be interested in food, except perhaps a few modern girls who want to keep themselves thin enough to wear the straight and narrow gowns they like. These being negligible in number compared to everybody else, it is true enough to say that everybody is interested in food, not only because of good appetite but for pure pleasure in eating. Eating is the life process. The soundness of a person's condition is proved by his ability to eat. The first question to ask concerning one ill is, "Can he still eat?" If the mournful answer is, "He cannot eat," then the person is held to be in danger of death. If the cheerful answer is, "He can eat," then all is well. The first complaint at a hospital clinic is, "I cannot eat as I did; something is wrong with me." To eat at all if one is very poor, to eat enough if one is fairly poor, to eat heartily if one is neither rich nor poor, to eat heartily and delicately if one is rich, these are the aims of all—but certainly to eat.

And yet it is very seldom that one finds a true glutton in Chinese society. Food has been raised above being a mere space-filler. There is a right way to cook even the poorest food of the poor and there is a wrong way. Those who eat are as critical of the texture and lightness of rice and the crispness of poor man's cabbage and freshness of bean curd as the rich man is of his shark's fins. The Chinese are a nation of epicures. I have seldom eaten a bowl of noodles at a village inn that was not all that a bowl of noodles should be. And I have never seen franker or more openly expressed disappointment than I have over a duck at a feast that had not come up to its full potentialities as duck.

Food is not a personal thing in China. Being of importance in itself, each dish is discussed before a host as impersonally as one discusses the performance of a symphony. It is no insult to the host if the verdict is that there are certain faults in the making. The cook is then called in and told what should have been done. He listens without sense of personal injury, but with the zeal of an artist being told how to improve his technique. Disparaging remarks about a dish are not to be taken as reflecting on anybody personally, and praise simply means that the dish comes near to the accepted ideal.

The proper combination of flavors is a ritual. Thus, sweet and sour, salt and garlic, wine and ginger, each must maintain its proper relationship to every other. Texture, too, is important. No vegetable must be cooked until it has lost its peculiar texture. Water is used almost not at all except to provide steam in cooking fowl, for water more than any other thing robs food of its flavor. Where liquid is necessary, beef or chicken broth is used. Even the poorest woman in an earthen hut knows the rituals of flavors and textures in food and will preserve them to the best of her ability. And her ability is very good indeed.

After their long human experience, the Chinese have worked out a diet for the poor which is amazingly complete. Green cabbage provides vegetable, peanut or bean oil supplies fat, and rice provides a very energetic starch, and protein is supplied in bean curd, which is literally the cheese of soybean, made exactly like any other cheese. The soybeans are crushed and pressed. The whey runs off and provides a nourishing drink, and the curd remains a white cheese that can be combined with all sorts of vegetables and meats or dried

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Fair Dinkum

By Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

All about her on Sydney's streets were American boys—painful reminders of the two men who once had given her life point and meaning

FOR nearly two months, Mrs. Pinnock had evaded the invitations of her few friends in Sydney. By now they telephoned so infrequently that she had small need to utter halting excuses in her orderly English tones. Much of the time she sat at her window, looking out on Mosman's Bay, a slender woman with dense black hair coiled against her pale, affecting face.

She prepared her meals. She watered her plants. She whistled to the canary. She moved the fur koala bear from the bedroom to the sitting room, from the mantel to the sofa. Her son had bought it for her after their last visit together to the zoo in Taronga Park. She altered her soft-colored dresses so that they would hang properly from her narrowing waist. But the sweater she had been knitting for her son lay, unfinished, in a dresser drawer.

Sometimes she stood staring, perplexed, at the framed snapshot on her desk: at the very young man George Pinnock had then been; herself at twenty; and Russell, their son, their only child, not yet a year old and looking like a koala bear himself, in his father's arms. As soon as that picture had been taken, George and she had quarreled and Russell had wept. She could no longer remember what had led to the quarrel or to most of their early battles, except that one or both had been perverse and unyielding and, finally, less than friends. She could not remember, she could not forget, now that all she had or knew of their only child was a letter postmarked Sungai Patani in Malaya: Russell's last received word.

She had not shared the letter with his father. For nearly two months, she had refused even to see him. Just as she had once blamed him for the disputes that caused their estrangement, until now she blamed him for Russell's . . . disappearance; and she could not bring herself to use a more definitive term. She thought of her former husband as *him;* no longer George, nothing more intimate than Mr. Pinnock—except in her most desolate moments; then he became Russell's father.

On days like this afternoon, after she had forced herself to visit her hairdresser in the center of the city, she walked with her head carried high, reluctant to meet her friends, fearful of encountering Mr. Pinnock. He would not need to reproach her to make her feel her guilt. He would not need to say *Have you heard from him?* or even *Will you make it up with me?*—as he still asked—to provoke her first tears in nearly two months. No, she would not want to meet him now in her new confusion; and to banish it, she tried to tell herself that, if it were not for him, she would now be walking on the Strand or Piccadilly, instead of Pitt Street. If it were not for him, Russell would have been unable to join the Australian Imperial Forces the very day he was eighteen. A few months' delay could have made the difference between life and . . . disappearance: the false word.

Cutting through Her Majesty's Arcade to Castlereagh Street, Mrs. Pinnock carried herself like an Englishwoman visiting one of the Dominions. She did not feel that composed. She could not even say on what recent day or why she had begun to condemn herself, instead of him, for the past. She only knew that the present was almost unbearable. And to endure the future, she tried again to tell herself that Australia had never been home for her, no, not in twenty-one years. Home was London, although she had not seen it since her marriage to Mr. Pinnock.

In Her Majesty's Arcade, Mrs. Pinnock paused before a blouse shop. The yellow rayon in the window would be becoming, she thought; it was only eleven and five. Yet it scarcely seemed worth buying with no one to notice but a few women she hesitated to meet. When she had first moved into Sydney from Perth to be a little nearer Russell's camp, to see him at least as often as his father did, she had brought letters and revived old acquaintanceships in the city. Perhaps she had been wrong in the past months to avoid those people, rejecting their sympathy, dreading their indifference. Perhaps she would be less dejected now if she made an effort to recall them, she thought, and then she told herself that none of them was a friend, no more than the woman beside her, looking into the same window, perhaps admiring the same yellow blouse.

Mrs. Pinnock stood back a little and,

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The American officer was surrounded by three charming Australian girls who reproached him for keeping them waiting

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BATAAN NURSE

By Eunice C. Hatchitt

SECOND LIEUTENANT, ARMY NURSE CORPS

A U. S. Army nurse who survived the terrors of Bataan's last days tells her story—and the story of her comrades—in an unforgettable epic of simple heroism

In her smart U. S. Army uniform, Lieutenant Hatchitt shows no sign of her days and nights of terror in the Bataan jungles

AS FAR back as I can remember in Prairie Lea, Texas, where I was born, I wanted to be a nurse—preferably an Army nurse. Since pioneer days there have been Hatchitts in the Army. As I grew up and was graduated from the old high school in Lockhart, this desire grew. I learned my profession at the Memorial Hospital in Houston. Soon I applied for a fighting job and got my appointment to the Army Nurse Corps in 1936.

My first tour of duty was at Fort Sam Houston. A chance for foreign service came in 1940, when war seemed possible, and a few days later I was aboard an Army transport, sailing for Manila. The islands were hot and novel to me, but the cool efficiency of the Army hospitals was familiar. I put in a year at Fort Stotsenberg and then was transferred to Sternberg General Hospital in Manila. I was on duty there early one morning last December . . .

A few minutes after six o'clock I was listening to the radio. The news was terrible enough but Hawaii seemed far away, and yet it did not take me long to realize that the Philippines would be next. Early next morning it came.

We heard how a crowd of interested observers had gazed into the sky at Baguio, Manila's hill station amid the pines, watching a flight of planes they thought were American. They were undeceived as the bombs fell, tearing up the lovely hillsides, crashing through buildings, leaving innocent scores dead and dying. A few minutes later, there were explosions from the direction of Clark Field but the planes were driven off. In Sternberg we made preparations for what we knew was coming.

It came at noon when the Japs returned and blasted Clark Field off the map, strafing officers, men and civilians indiscriminately. Into hospital wards began to come stretcher-bearers, carrying the first victims of Japanese treachery. Surgeons worked at top speed. Nurses gave anesthetics, tried to deaden pain, helped the doctors. The years of training back of us made our work almost automatic. We had no time for thought—only sharp anger at this callous destruction of human beings. A nurse's whole training is to save life, alleviate pain. Perhaps she feels more keenly than others the sadness and brutality of war.

The Terrible Silence

Planes began droning over the hospital in great numbers all afternoon and night. The air-raid sirens sounded through the wards, bringing new fears to the helpless wounded; we tried to calm them as well as we could. The hardest part perhaps was the terrible silence after the siren had stopped, until the first bomb exploded. We were all, patients and nurses alike, tense and tortured. But a nurse could work, and that helped ease the strain.

From every direction, a few minutes after a raid, patients came in. There were people without arms, without legs, with gaping bloody wounds. More came in by bus and by train from the country. They were dragged in by friends and they staggered in alone. For many, there was no need for nurses or doctors —only for a priest.

Soon the hospitals were crammed to the doors; patients lay in rows in the corridors. Colleges, night clubs, business blocks became temporary hospitals. Operating teams, doctors and nurses, were sent out both by our Army and Navy to do what they could. These teams worked until they dropped; slept a few minutes or an hour, and then went to work again.

Fifth columnists made it harder. It was bad enough without them, but when you knew, for example, that traitors had sent up flares from each end of Nichols Field to make it a perfect target for attack, that made it worse. It was not easy either to watch forty or fifty enemy bombers in perfect formation—with no American planes in the air to fight back. There seemed to be hundreds of traitors; perhaps there were some among our patients. But a nurse or doctor doesn't discriminate.

After the airfields came the Cavite Yard, the Port Area, Fort McKinley. Every new blasting brought us new labor, new horror until we were weary of the sight of blood and torn flesh and misery. Days and nights dragged on. Christmas came—usually a day of happiness—but this Christmas there was no joy. Instead, we worked and sweated at loading supplies, medicines and what surgical equipment we could into one of the few remaining inter-island boats—the Hyde—tied up to a wharf in the Pasig River. We gathered up a little food, a few personal possessions—and no more. I saved my diary and a few little treasures. The rest we left for the looters.

Flight to Limay

Orders came to evacuate and we boarded the Hyde, jammed to capacity with men and stores and nurses. In the blackout we slipped down the river and out past the breakwater, knowing that every turn of the wheel might be the last. As we left, the Navy set fire to its huge oil tanks before evacuating to Mariveles.

Through the night we steamed, expecting every minute to hear the drone of planes and the shriek of bombs. But as morning came we still were safe. At nine o'clock we edged up to the little pier at Limay, hungry, dirty, weary. We were too tired to care much about anything by this time. On the pier we opened cans of sardines, gnawed on hardtack and gulped hot coffee that miraculously appeared from somewhere.

Suddenly the bombs started coming again as a score of Jap planes roared overhead. We ran from the pier up toward the jungle and dived into our first foxholes. We were to do a lot of foxhole-diving in the next few weeks. The raid kept up almost continuously until noon, the Japs trying to sink a couple of supply ships.

There were nineteen of us young women with an equal number of doctors, hiding in the hot dark jungle with the Twelfth Medical Regiment. All day the bombs came down intermittently but toward evening they eased off and we slept. I mean slept.

Two days we spent in the jungle, sleeping on the ground or on Army cots under the trees. Then we got orders to move on and locate a new hospital. This was set up in the bed of the Bataan River at a place known simply as Kilometer 163.5. It was in the dense jungle—and our new home. Nurses' quarters for the first three days were merely the main trail from the top of the bank down to the river bed. Soldiers and natives carried beds down a steep, handcut path and set them up under spreading shade trees.

There was a horrible feeling of danger. The food was bad, not only in itself but in its preparation. We had dry rice, carabao meat and tea, endlessly. Our bath was a knee-deep pool in the almost

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ACME

Our bath was a knee-deep pool in the almost dry river. Drinking, washing clothes, cooking, bathing—all depended on this one small stream, with the result that illness spread alarmingly

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"You have not been kidnaped?" Rindi asked. He had been thinking since he'd seen her in the pool. "I've been asked," Madé-rai said

A Man without a Village

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

When Rindi came home, the girl Madé-rai didn't think much of his new trousers. They prevented his enjoyment of a form of bathing popular in Bali

AS RINDI stepped on the bridge he heard the splashing. It was the sound ducks make, and he looked to see his father's flock. But a girl sat there in the pool beyond, sat facing him with water from the rocks above falling over her shoulders. Her skirt cloth lay on the bank.

She smiled comfortably at him. "Gusti Rindi," she said, "you have returned." And she bowed her head in greeting.

"I have returned," Rindi replied civilly.

He remembered her now. He remembered the hooped arch of her forehead, the honey gold of her skin, and those puckered eyes that were the color of wet earth. She was Madé-rai, the fire priest's daughter, who lived on the street beyond his father's house. She was a woman now—probably sixteen.

"The feast for you cooks now," she said eagerly, reaching a hand for her skirt cloth, "and all the village waits!"

Rindi looked away, scornful, angry, embarrassed, pitying. That Madé-rai should bathe so—so uncouthly, so primitively, here beside the road! That the village elders did not teach the women more modesty, more style!

Not knowing this new Rindi from beyond the Bali sea, knowing only that he was back, Madé-rai said in the friendly way she had, "I am cool enough to walk with you part way."

She wrapped the skirt cloth about her waist, so that as she rose, it fell down about her, and stepped up out of the water. She caught frangipani petals in her hands, wiping her arms dry with them, tightened the scarf in her hair and laughed a little, standing there ready to walk with him.

But when he did not speak she jingled the three cash strings she had looped about her wrist and said, "I have been to market this morning. You know the hot work it is, just selling a tender pig. And this pig that I sold today was not tender!" She laughed.

RINDI laughed, too, seeing the droll way she puckered her brows, and yet he was uncomfortable. This girl with no jacket on, and he in the white store suit he had bought in Java!

Madé-rai choked her laugh and looked soberly at him. "Two calendars you have been gone from our village, Gusti Rindi?" she asked.

"Two calendars," Rindi replied, looking not at her, but at that opulent earth beyond, at the betel palms and pepper vines, at the banyans and the mangoes and the acacias and the liquid green of young rice. And finally, as was right, his eyes traveled up that swelling, mounding, bulging green to the barren blue of Batur's peak, where the gods dwell.

"People even said—you went in a boat, across the sea beyond Bali, to Java . . ." she said, expecting him to deny it. And when he didn't, she shuddered that anyone, that a man with arms to fight, would willingly go out on a thing so hateful as the sea.

"Perhaps you were not well when you did it," she offered him as excuse.

"I went to live in a foreign house in Surabaya and learn foreign ways," Rindi said a little defensively, a little grandly; Rindi himself was eighteen. "I have come back now there is war over all these islands."

"Yes, now you are back," she said, sure somehow that this wiped the blot out. And then she asked, "Who makes the war?"

"The Japanese," Rindi told her.

"I have never heard of them," she said.

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"They are heavy-legged strangers from the north. They are not like us, not like our neighbors the Java people," he told her. Rindi looked at her for a moment, but when she shrugged distastefully at the thought of such a people, he asked, "And our village? It prospers? It progresses?"

Madé-rai smiled. "Oh, it prospers," she assured him and then looked puzzled. "But—but how could it progress?" she asked.

Rindi gestured broadly. "Why—the streets, say, are they paved with stone?"

"Why stone?" the girl wanted to know.

"For holding the mud down," he told her.

Madé-rai laughed her puckering laugh. "But who cares about mud?" she asked. "You wash it off your feet at the next stream, don't you?"

Rindi walked in silence.

"Where to?" men along the road greeted them.

"To Belud. Where to?" Rindi answered the greeting amiably enough.

"To Gelgel to the cockfights. To Bangli to gather pandanus," the men said in passing.

"Where to?" other men said, for the road was never empty.

Madé-rai said, "Such a gorgeous cremation festival we had last month—Gusti Abeg's it was. His wife gave him twins. He died because of it, people in the market said."

"Gusti Abeg was always a vain man!" Rindi remembered.

"Shame killed him, the talkers said. There is a new alarm drum in the tower. The old one cracked we had so many kidnapings," Madé-rai explained.

RINDI nodded. The soles of his feet burned. His heels hurt. It took fortitude to wear shoes.

"Your cousin—Ni-ktut—was kidnaped," the girl went on happily. "The elder priest's daughter the same week. Then the two *legong* dancers and Ayu and Ajawan. Oh, we have had our share of exciting kidnapings and the weddings that came after."

"And you?" Rindi asked suddenly, because he had been thinking of it since he had seen her in the pool. "You have not been kidnaped?"

Madé-rai's smile was slow. It was a little shy, a little wise. "I—I have been asked," she said. And then she added hurriedly, "I promised to pick yellow hair flowers in the grove on the way back. My mother, my sisters wait. Allow me to leave?"

"I allow," Rindi nodded his head and barely looked after her as she cut across a paddy dike toward the thick green of the grove.

The village was just beyond. He could see the black thatch of the drum tower and hear the singing doves high on their platform perches. He buttoned the white buttons of his store coat and made sure the tied ends of his head cloth didn't droop. He shifted the cash he carried in a shoe box under his arm. It was the money he had earned in Java.

And then he was walking the street—the street of his beginning and of his fathers'. The carved stone gates were there, as they had always been, and the long mud walls and the cock cages and the old men in the shade, spitting betel juice. Rindi felt pride and shame. He felt a warm eagerness and a cold chilling reluctance.

His father's house was in the square, across from the temple and the clubhouse naturally, for that was his rank.

"Just arrived!" the sleepy loungers under the banyan greeted Rindi.

"Just arrived!" the women selling leaf-juice drinks and spice roll greeted him.

Yellow dogs barked, a myna bird talked, a herd of ducks ran quacking between his legs. Rindi was home now.

Straight and lean and supple the old man was. "Just arrived, Son!" he welcomed Rindi

He ran up the steps of the gate, crossed the barrier courtyard and saw his father rising from a mat on his veranda. Straight and lean and supple as a dancer, the old man was.

"Just arrived, Son!" the elder welcomed him.

"Just arrived, Father!" the boy answered.

They stood facing each other, not touching—except for the look in their eyes that touched and caressed.

"Just arrived!" His mother came running from the kitchen house.

"Just arrived!" his father's second wife called from her veranda.

"Just arrived!" brothers and sisters and cousins sang out from all over the compound, and they were falling over one another as they came to stand before him and look.

It was his eyes they looked at—his eyes and the things that were in them. But as they stepped back, Rindi saw the discreet way the brothers and sisters and cousins let their glances slide down over his white coat and his white trousers and his shoes that had been white two days ago in Surabaya.

Yet a moment later, when the others ventured no word and politely pretended not to see, Rindi knew the family thought this suit outlandish, and he felt contempt choke him. These elegant, proper clothes—as though a man in Surabaya would be caught at noonday with only a skirt about his loins!

"Sit, Son," the father said.

Rindi sat on the bamboo floor. The trousers pulled tight over his knees, but he scorned to tug at them.

"A chew?" his father offered meticulously, holding out a basket filled with betel nuts wrapped in pepper leaves.

"No, Father, I—" Rindi bit his lip on the refusal. "In Surabaya, you see, chewing the betel is frowned upon. Bad for the teeth, they say."

"Are we beasts," his father asked moderately, "that we need teeth all our lives?"

"Foreign food is served in large pieces," Rindi explained self-consciously.

"In Bali we chop our food in the kitchen so that we may eat it with dignity befitting men," his father said smoothly and put a betel nut in his mouth.

RINDI drank the green coconut juice his sisters brought, while the father chewed, spat red juice on the hard earth beyond the veranda and chewed again. Over in the kitchen house there was the din of knives and cleavers chopping, as neighbor men and men of the household prepared the homecoming feast, for naturally only men can prepare feast food. Rindi could see the women carrying water, folding banana leaves into plates, and fashioning the red acacias into decorations. The younger sisters were already plaiting frangipani into their hair.

The father spat betel juice and said, "A turtle has been prepared, Son."

Then Rindi knew his homecoming was an occasion. "You make too much of me," he said.

"Are you not the youngest of my first wife's sons?" the father asked. "Have I not named you as my heir?" He chewed and spat placidly before he said, "Tell me of the war that goes."

"The Japanese make it," Rindi explained.

"I have heard the name somewhere." The father shook his head vaguely. "But I cannot remember where."

"They are an island people to the north. They say they are brothers to us."

"Do they look like us?"

Rindi laughed. "They are a plain, heavy-legged people," he said.

"Then they are not brothers to us!" The father brushed them aside negligently with his hand. "Tell me," he asked, "did you bathe along the road?"

"No, Father." Rindi stiffened and then added, "I—I waited."

"Then you will want to go now to the village baths. You will want to change that—that impractical covering for a ceremonial skirt. My third wife, whom I married after you left, has woven you a new one. She is quick with the loom. Come, I shall go to the baths with you. I have a new ginger-flower perfume we will try out."

RINDI drank the palm beer and wriggled his shoulders to ease the weight of the ceremonial creese sticking up from the back of his skirt. He ate of the suckling pig, of the savory turtle, of the parched red rice, of crushed spices and turmeric seeds, and onions and garlic and fermented fish paste.

No one stopped laughing and talking

(Continued on page 41)

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Left: Commodore W. Magee, D.S.O., on the bridge of the commodore's ship, flashes a warning signal to the other ships of his convoy about the presence of enemy submarines

Captain Pengelly takes a sight with his sextant. Until war broke out, he piloted a banana boat between Jamaica and the Continent. Now his ship flies the commodore's pennant

Bringing Home the Bacon

By Robert Capa

EXACTLY a year after I first boarded a tramp to find out if the road of the Atlantic was still open, here I was again in the middle of that same procession of ships—a convoy. The ships were the same—gray, rusty, nameless and ageless—a true international brigade of tramps. The convoy was exactly like that one of a year before; so was the sea. On that blue battlefield where the great fight has been going on since the first day of war, there were no graveyards, no monuments; the mementos are well-hidden and will never be seen—dead seamen are even more silent than living.

For this trip, I was on the commodore's ship. It was just another cargo boat, like the others in the convoy. The only visible difference was the pennant of the Commodore of Convoys at the masthead.

In wartime, when in convoy, the only duty of the captain of a merchantman is to keep his boat always at a definite distance from the ships ahead and behind—never farther than a mile, and usually nearer to half a mile. They don't know where they are going; they don't decide their speed or their course. But in clear weather all eyes are glued on the mast of the commodore's ship where the signal flags are indicating the speed and course for the next few hours.

The commodore is usually a retired naval man, anything from a senior captain to a rear admiral. Many of these old naval men have very famous names and have been retired for many years. Just as the convoy system is against the instincts of a merchantman, so is his life quite different from the life he knew on the sea in the old peacetime days.

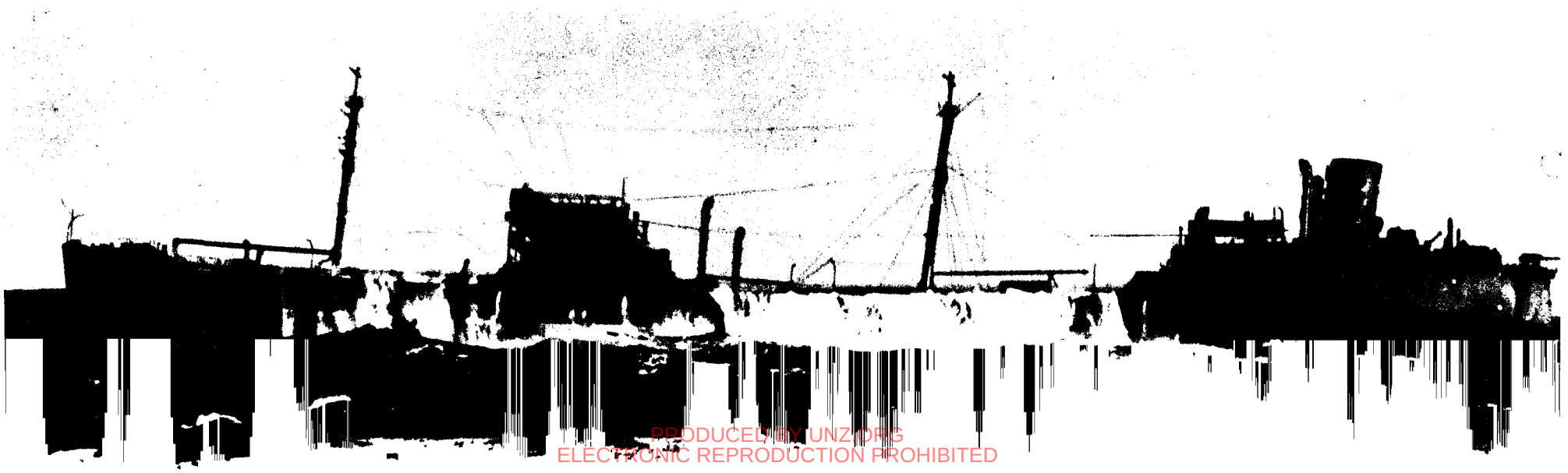
Commodore Magee, D.S.O., R.N.R., was aboard a destroyer for seventeen years. At the beginning of the Great War he was in the famous Dover Patrol. Later on he was in the Baltic and since them he has seen service from Gibraltar to Shanghai. In 1933 he retired with the rank of captain and with a well-deserved D.S.O. In August, 1939, he was figuring on redecorating the little house in Dinan, Brittany, where he had lived for eight years, and meant to settle there indefinitely.

At that same time, Captain Pengelly, who had been running bananas from Jamaica to the Continent for the past thirty-two years, pulled in at Le Havre, happy that the banana season was over and counting on a nice four weeks' vacation with his wife in their native Cornish town. Two and a half years later, Dinan and Le Havre are quite forgotten—and Commodore Magee was leading this convoy in Captain Pengelly's banana boat. For Captain Pengelly the whole difference lies in the fact that instead of bananas he is now carrying bacon and airplanes. He should certainly have got used to it by now because since the outbreak of war his boat has brought over enough bacon to supply the whole of England for two months, forty-four airplanes and a load of steel and aluminum for munitions.

When I asked Commodore Magee how it felt to be back at sea, he said, "After eight years' retirement, the first time I was on the bridge I felt just like Toscanini would feel if, after eight years' rest, he returned to the concert platform—looked around, discovered a café orchestra and, lifting his baton, found the orchestra responding as well as any he had conducted before."

Shortly after the "orchestra" had begun to play, we found ourselves enveloped in the thickest fog—not only could we not see the next ship, but not even our neighbors on the bridge. In weather like that, the commodore is deprived of his usual language—the signal flags—and the ship's horn is the only means of communication. So at intervals of ten minutes the commodore gave

Rough going in bad weather adds to the difficulties of keeping heavily laden freighters in their assigned convoy positions



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"Lamps" seldom has the chance to go to the messroom to listen to the radio, so he listens on deck. Son of a sailor, grandson of a captain in the navy, Lamps first sailed from England more than forty years ago

"Chips," the ship's carpenter, takes time out for a relaxing pipeful. Although submarines tailed the convoy for two whole days, the crew did not talk very much of dangers but calmly went about their usual tasks

"I've always been a stoker, an' I likes it," says this man from the fireroom. Crew members were all volunteers. One sailor, asked what he wanted to do after the war, said he'd "revert from being a hero to a bloody sailor again"

Fog is the greatest enemy of the convoys. During the voyage, one ship accidentally changed from the left of the commodore's ship to the extreme right side of the convoy, miraculously avoiding a collision

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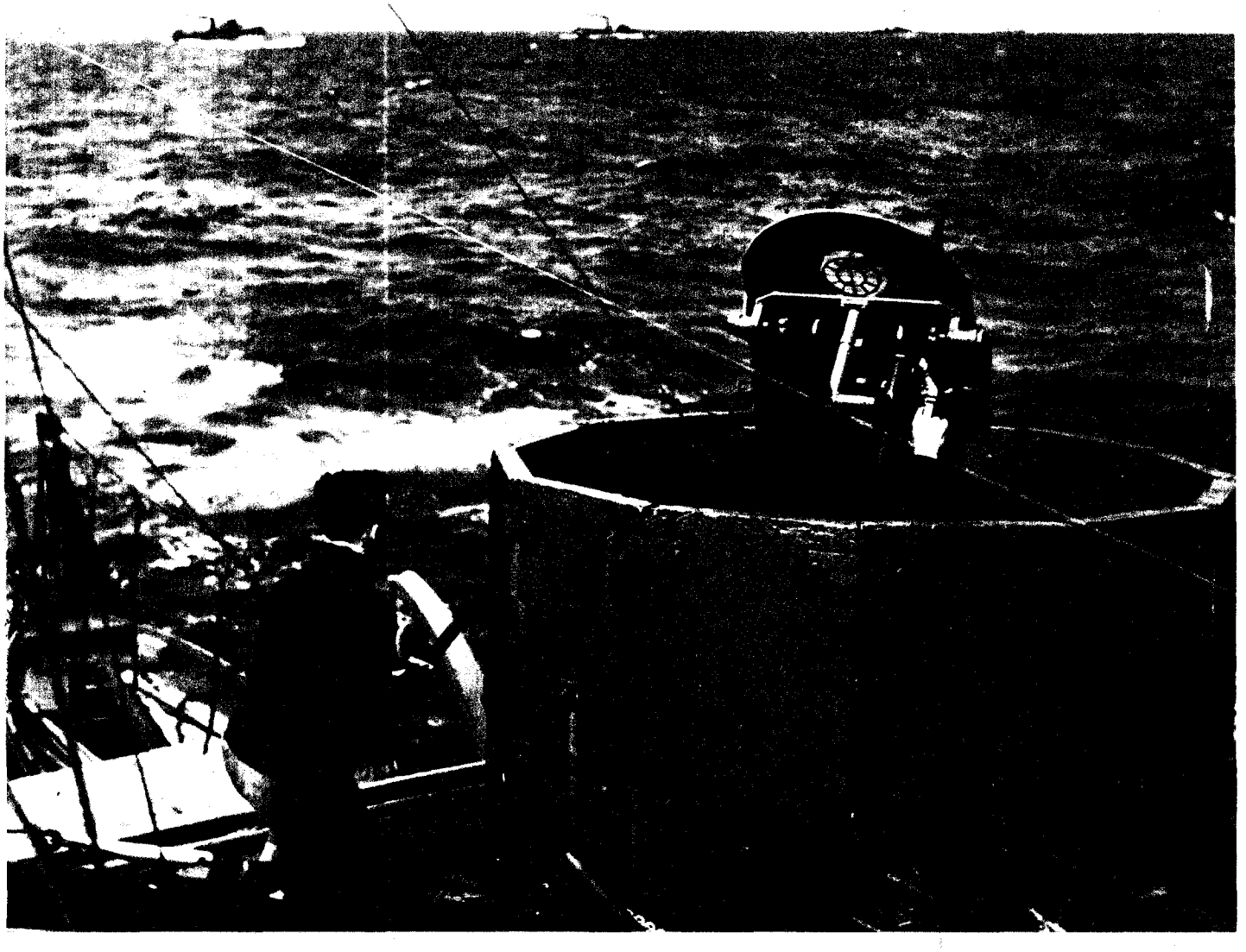

A tense moment as all antiaircraft guns are trained on the target. It may be enemy planes, or, if the convoy is nearing English shores, it may be the welcome sight of Liberators coming to escort them home

his signal of five long blasts, and each ship had to reply with its own particular signal—varying from one short blast and five long ones to one long and five short.

Then suddenly, in the middle of the night, the ship which should have been on our left, and whose signal was three short and two long blasts, gave us her signal from the extreme right of the convoy. How she got there without collision, nobody knows. The commodore signaled "Stay where you are," but we got no answer. For the next hour or so we heard no more from that ship. Then suddenly, from her correct position in the convoy, a very self-satisfied signal—three short and two long—answered the commodore's query. I heard the commodore mutter, "On the sea, miracles have to work both ways to be good!" This fog lasted for three days. The lack of real means of communication made the commodore rather unhappy, and when at the end he had to break the radio silence, he remarked that it made him feel rather like a Trappist who has lost his religion.

No one talked very much of dangers, or families at home, or former lives in the daylight, but during the night watch everybody opened up a bit. I talked with an old sailor, known to everyone as "Lamps"— the nickname for the lamp trimmer. I asked him when he first went to sea, and he replied, "That's easy to remember. I was sailing down the Thames for the first time on the day of Queen Victoria's death in 1901. My father is a sailor too—he's ninety-three—but it was long after the Boer War that he retired from the sea. Indeed, my mother had no home ashore before she was seventy. She was the daughter of a naval captain." When I asked him what he wanted to do after the war, he said, "Oh, that's easy—I shall just revert from being a hero to a bloody sailor again!"

The gunner had quite a different story. He told me, "I'm thirty-five years old now and I come from Manchester. I was in the leather

Members of the crew relax in the "gloryhole," the small cabin aft, with all their amusements. Here the men swap yarns, plan their next shore leave

As the convoy approach the kites, used as prot

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business and worked for the same firm for eighteen years. I never had much experience at sea. Once I crossed the Channel for the week end, but I was sick from the beginning of the trip to the end. Then the war broke out and I volunteered for the navy. They made me a gunner on a merchantman, and my girl friend —we'd been going steady for five years but couldn't get married before as I had my mother to support—she got a job in an aircraft factory. We got married and now we save eight pounds a month—I'm hoping to have a shop of my own after the war."

The commodore's crew were all volunteers. Signalman Marsh looks quite an athlete—and it was pretty hard to get him talking. But one night, much nearer England, he did start talking. "Must have been around here that I took to the lifeboats once," he said. My first question was: "What happened to the commodore?" "Oh," he answered, "he was a fine old fellow, way over sixty, and we were evacuating children to Canada. It was in the first year of the war. First, we saved the children and then the commodore. He's still going strong. I hear he was torpedoed twice since then and he's still flying his pennant."

At last we came out of the fog, but the weather was still pretty heavy. Then we got to the so-called "danger zone." I asked the captain if we were really in this danger zone, and all I got for a reply was a maliciously hearty laugh and "The whole ocean is a danger zone since *your* last trip, my boy!" He was right—at dusk I heard the sound of depth charges. The submarines were on our tail for two whole days, and naturally we moved and changed around quite a bit.

We got nearer the shore. Liberators came to greet us and kept constant watch over our heads, and when the coast was in sight, the commodore hoisted the flag "Goodby and thank you!" then for the first time he changed his clothes. Once more he'd managed to bring the bacon home. ★★★

Submarines are sighted on the tail of the convoy! The guarding destroyer goes into instant action, enveloping the convoy in a smokescreen, while other escorting craft go off to take care of the subs

Signalman Marsh starts to think about his fiancée, now that he's nearing home, and he looks over the silk stockings he has brought as presents

The convoy arrives safely at its destination and the bacon is brought home! Here Commodore Magee and his staff are taken off the ship

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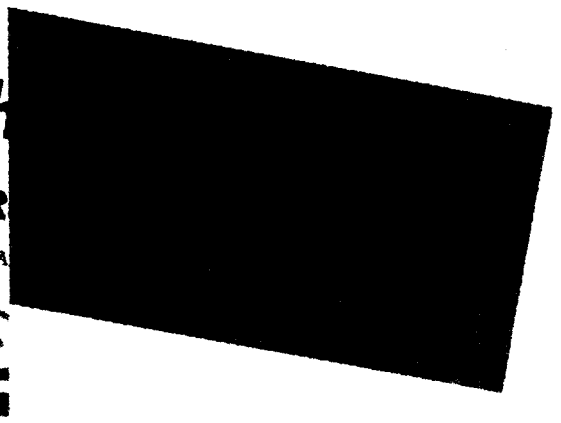

Sh

By R

PHOTOGRA

A girl drive-in customer stops at one of the Zinke shoe-repair shops and is served by the owner—himself. Close personal supervision of his business is one of Mr. Zinke's success secrets

Mr. Zinke has given California a new type of drive-in. It's for folks who want to have their shoes fixed on the run. And most of them do

THERE have been some great discoveries in California, including gold, oil and Mr. William Saroyan, but Mr. Zinke is the man who discovered that half the population of southern California has only one pair of shoes. From this happy circumstance Mr. Zinke has made himself into a man who is right up to here in moola; he is rich.

Mr. Zinke has invented the shoe-repair drive-ins. They are as elaborate as any dining, drinking or dancing drive-ins in the country. They are, in most cases, oblong buildings, all glass-enclosed, with bright windows, impeccable men and machines, and a façade of diverse foot coverings.

"Rivaled only by the Jacquemart display in the Cluny Museum in Paris," say the enthusiasts.

Mr. Zinke's establishments look like the product of a day that hasn't yet arrived; like something dreamed up by H. G. Wells. They are for people who want to take their shoe repairing on the run. In the first place, there is plenty of parking room and you drive right in. Attendants neatly uniformed in green and white come out with boards like sandwich trays on which are printed specifications for your order.

"Off with your dogs!" say the handsome attendants, or words to that effect, and hand you a tiny blue woolen blanket to keep the draft off your arches. You can either sit in your car, thus protected, or you can rest in an area known as the "parlor," which is slick with linoleum. During the short wait you will be beguiled by the sight of a building aglow with neons and characterized by the trade-mark of the falling hammer. Mr. Zinke, as an inevitable result, has made a fortune.

Mr. Zinke has made a fortune because Los Angeles is a strange community. Of the 503,000 families in its sprawling environs, some 202,000 families—approximately 40 per cent of the population—earn less than $1,500 a year. Of the 1,500,000 people in the same area, shoe fact-finding authorities estimate that some 450,000 have only one pair of shoes. The rest seem to be in a hurry. This singular circumstance has resulted in Mr. Zinke erecting nine elaborate stores in the Los Angeles metropolitan area alone.

"None of that old-fashioned shoemaker stuff, the well-rounded guy with a ticking apron and a walrus mustache full of nails, who sat in a basement surrounded by religious pictures! Not our Mr. Zinke!" say the excited townspeople.

Mr. Zinke lives in a Hollywood hill mansion, smokes fine cigars, has fast cars and speedboats. Mr. Zinke is the shoe-repair drive-in king. From Pasadena to Portland, from Dallas to Seattle, from Cleveland to San Francisco, his emporiums dot the terrain. He has tangential branches in Glendale, Fort Worth and Detroit. He has a factory where sixty per cent of the repair work is done before any customer ever brings his shoes to a Zinke shop.

"Give us half an hour and we'll put the world back on its feet," says a Zinke manager, who has caught the divine spark.

The glamor phase of the Zinke career began somewhere about the time when he won the championship, at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition in 1933, as the best shoe repairer in America. Prior to that he was just another hand with a shoe tool. World's Fair press agents disclosed that when this genius of the last was born, back in Nebraska, his parents called him Joseph Daniel Zinke. This was an example of redundancy because Mr. Zinke has never been anything but Mr. Zinke and it is within the bounds of probability that he will end by being simply "Zinke," like royalty.

Dad Was a Hard Taskmaster

Sitting at his father's knee, he began a modest apprenticeship to his art at the age of six. His father, one of the best cobblers in the sand hills of his native state, had a direct approach to all problems. When Joseph Daniel's attention strayed to such idle thoughts as playing games, Papa cracked him smartly over the knuckles with the handle of the hammer. As an added precaution against indolence, he kept the boy busy from morning till night, sweeping shop, fetching and carrying shoes, salvaging nails.

Drummers, with their pearl-button shoes and fedora hats, were always coming through. In addition to representing wholesale leather houses, they also acted as a source of information about jobs for shoemakers and shops to buy or sell. In this wise, young Zinke heard of a job in a neighboring town and set out to grab it, thus starting a saga of which America is yet to hear the end.

"Twenty-eight miles, he walked, in two days and a night," report the historians. "And only fourteen years old."

Zinke took to leather, maul and nails like a Japanese beetle to a bed of primroses. He was the busiest little half-soler in the place. While the boss nodded with satisfaction, Zinke whacked away at the leather with the zeal of a recent convert, managing, however, to keep his eyes on every new piece of machinery that came into the shop.

That was just the beginning of the Zinke revolution. It was evident even at this early stage that he had no intention of sticking to his last if he could find machines to do the work. When the boss wasn't looking he took the machines apart and found out what made them work. He thought up ideas for new machines. By the time he was nineteen he had his own shop in a small Oklahoma cow town.

This brings in the only piece of human interest clinging to our hero. Needing a tooth pulled, Zinke talked to the horse doctor, who offered to yank the aching molar if Zinke in return would undertake to break a colt for whose

(Continued on page 49)

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The Battle of Big Sag

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

As the old man put it, when a Pardee declares war, it goes for the whole dang' family. Including the dogs

KNOWING the Pardees the way I do, nothing they think up should ever surprise me, but they always seem to manage it some way. Not that I think they're exactly crazy, the way most of the people in Big Sag say, but they are what you might call a little bit different. Especially Lafe. And when Lafe gets an idea it's usually a tossup whether it's going to fire out the muzzle or blow the breech out in back. Like this last thing he cooked up in his spare time.

In the first place I was surprised the Pardees even knew there was a war on. They live twenty-eight miles back in the hills, and only come in town once or twice a year, and sometimes not that often. There aren't any newspaper deliveries that far back in the mountains, and besides that, none of the tribe can read, except Lafe, and Lafe isn't the best reader I ever saw, having never got beyond a first grade primer, so that any word with more than three letters in it is apt to cause him considerable difficulty.

None of the Pardees had been in town since September, that I knew of, and it was natural to suppose that they hadn't heard about Pearl Harbor, or anything else that had happened. The thing I forgot though was the radio they'd bought after the old man unloaded a section of land he owned to an oil company. So they knew there was a war on, all right.

It was along the first part of March before the snow melted enough to make horseback riding practical, and so I saddled up one day and went out there. It was late in the afternoon when I got in. I left Old Blue down at the barn, and when I came up the slope to the house Lafe's dogs got up and started barking the way they always do.

Well, I know those dogs. They're Lafe's pride and joy, and they're the best trained bear and lion pack I ever saw, but I could never make up my mind whether they drew any distinguishing line between animal and human flesh

I yelled for Lafe, and finally he stuck his head out the door, and called the dogs, and I went on into the house.

The Pardees were glad to see me the way they always are. Lafe was sitting in the wood box honing an ax, and the old man and Dave and Babe and Frank were sitting around the table playing seven-up. They said hello to me, and the old man poured me a five-finger drink of corn whisky out of the jug on the table.

"She's sweeter'n a nut," the old man said, "since I got me them charred barrels to age her in." He put his cards down on the table. "Been a long time since we seen you, Jefferson," he said. "Anything goin' on in town?"

"Not much," I said. "Pony Sawyer fell down a shaft out at the Little Willie, and broke his neck, and Ike Squires got reappointed postmaster."

I didn't mention the war. The way I figured it if the Pardees hadn't heard about it they were probably the only people on earth who hadn't, and maybe they were just as well off not knowing. The old man fooled me though. He poured himself a drink, and drank it, and after he got his breath back he sai l, "Jefferson, the things I been hearin' on that raddio leads me to believe we got a war goin' on."

That was in March, like I said, and they'd been hearing reports on it for three months, but the Pardees were never the kind to make snap judgments.

"I heard rumors of it," I said.

"Fightin' them Japanese, ain't we?" the old man said.

"The Japs," I said, "with a few Germans and Italians throwed in for good measure."

The old man went over and looked out the window. It was a good day for March. The sun was still shining and there wasn't any wind.

"Got nice weather for it, too," the old man said.

He came away from the window, and stood there in the middle of the floor for a minute, with his thumbs hooked in his suspenders and rocking back and forth

The door of the recruiting office came busting off its hinges and the dogs came boiling through. Then Lafe came out flying, belly down

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on his heels. Finally he said, "I been thinkin' on it for some time. Generally speakin' I ain't the kind to go meddlin' in other people's affairs, but it comes to me that them Japanese has got a sort of unfavorable attitude."

"You might call it that," I said.

The way I said it was a little bit on the sarcastic side, but the old man never noticed that.

"In the general run of things," he said, "we're a peace-lovin' family, but I been sittin' here listenin' to that raddio, and turnin' the other cheek, so to speak, every time we got hit, the way the Good Book says, and finally I come to the end of my patience."

It was sort of awe-inspiring in a way. I didn't hear Mr. Roosevelt do it, and he was probably fine, but I'll bet he couldn't have done it any better than old man Pardee did it. He stood up there, all six feet three of him in his sock feet, with his whiskers standing straight out from his face, and he fetched the table a wallop with his fist that split an inch board the whole length of it, and he didn't holler any louder than you could've heard from there down to the barn.

"I'm declarin' war on them dang' Japanese," the old man said, "and any other skunks that happen to be associatin' with 'em. Boys, you better go get yourselves ready."

WELL, I sat there with my mouth open recovering from the old man's oratory, so to speak, and Dave and Babe and Frank got up and went out of the room, and after a while they came back and they were each carrying a rifle, and stuffing cartridges into their pants.

"Pap figured she was bound to come some day," Babe said, "so we got ourselves rigged for it."

They weren't taking any chances. They each had a blanket roll fitted out with an extra pair of socks, spare ammunition, hardtack, jerked venison, and a quart of the old man's whisky.

I come near laughing, but I didn't, because the Pardees are kind of sensitive about certain things, and I didn't want to offend anybody, especially when three of them had guns in their hands. I just sat there keeping my mouth shut, and finally the old man said, "I ain't just sure where them Japanese live, Jefferson, and I'd be obliged if you'd get the boys started off right. I understand you got to go part of the way by boat."

Well, it took me a little while to get things straightened out for them. The way it turned out, none of them had ever heard about the draft, or about the army we were building, or anything else, so I had to explain how it worked, and where Japan was, and how you went down to the recruiting office in Big Sag if you wanted to enlist, and about how the government furnished you with a uniform and equipment, including a gun and ammunition.

The old man asked a few questions, and I answered them.

All that time Lafe hadn't said a word. He just sat there in the wood box honing the ax, and every once in a while testing the edge with his thumb. It made me curious.

So I said, "Lafe, it's none of my business, but you aren't a conscientious objector, are you?"

Lafe put the whetstone down, and hefted the ax in a way that I didn't altogether like. "Jeff," he said, "I ain't certain in my mind what you mean by that, but I'm agoin' to hold on to my temper till you've had a chance to explain yourself."

I explained myself. "A conscientious objector," I said, "is a man that don't believe in war for religious reasons, or just on general principles."

It hurt Lafe considerably. He looked at me sort of reproachful like and said, "Why, Jeff, I ain't no way set agin warrin'. The thing is I ain't quite ready yet. I'm worried about them dogs of mine. I don't like leavin' 'em in the hands of somebody that don't understand 'em the way I do."

"Maybe I could do something to help," I said.

"Well, Jeff," Lafe said, "that's right accommodatin' of you, but I'm gettin' me an idea. They got brush and mountains over in them countries, ain't they?"

"From what I hear," I said. "From things I've read I reckon it's thicker than it is around here."

"That's my idea," Lafe said. "I got to do some more thinkin' on it though, before I'll be quite ready."

We let the subject drop just where it happened to be, and had a nightcap out of the jug, and Lafe went out to see if those darned dogs were all right, and after that we went to bed.

"I don't know any more bedtime stories! Besides, it's time to get up!"

ROLAND COE

I STAYED out at the Pardees' for three days, and after I came back into town I didn't see them again for five or six weeks. My money was running low after a winter of doing nothing, and I took a job for a while being a chuck tender out at the Little Willie, and I didn't come in town very often.

I heard a few things, of course. I heard that Babe and Frank and Dave Pardee had enlisted and been shipped off someplace to camp. And I heard too that Lafe had sort of borrowed Charlie Matsuma out of the county jail. Charlie was a Jap truck gardener that had come to town a couple of years before, and when war broke out Sheriff Buck McCaslin threw him in the calaboose just on general principles. Buck was pretty proud of him for a while, Charlie being the only enemy alien Big Sag had, but after two, three months it began eating into the county funds having to feed him, and when Lafe wanted to take him out to the farm for a while Buck was glad to get rid of him.

I didn't think anything about it. The way I figured maybe old man Pardee wanted to put in a garden, and Charlie was the only one in those parts that knew much about it.

It was in April, I guess, before I saw Lafe again, and the first time I saw him it was just a sort of fleeting glimpse, you might say.

Les Johnson, the foreman out at the Little Willie, let me out on Front Street, and I had just started up toward the post office when it happened. The recruiting office in Big Sag is right next door to the post office. I was maybe a block away when I saw Jeb Turner's Model T come around a corner on two wheels, skid a couple of dollars' worth of rubber off the tires and come to a stop. A man got out. I didn't pay any attention to him. Then after the man got out he opened the back door, and it looked like all the dogs in the county were getting out. That was when I got interested and took a better look.

It was Lafe, all right, and he had an even dozen of those darned dogs, all with collars on, and holding them in with ropes. I counted them. I stopped for a minute and thought about it, and then I saw Lafe start for the door of the recruiting office. I didn't know yet what he was up to, but I figured that whatever it was it was going to turn out bad, so I took a short reef in my belt and started running. I'm getting old and fat though, and I didn't get there in time.

I didn't actually see what happened first, but I heard about it later, and knowing Lafe I could imagine what it was like. He came into the recruiting office with those dogs straining and jumping on the ends of their ropes. The sergeant told me later that they ran four prospective recruits out the back door, but that didn't bother Lafe any. He marched up to the desk and brought those dogs up in a company front, saluted and said, "General, Pap has declared war on them Japanese, and I come here to volunteer. I brung my dogs with me."

IT SURPRISED the sergeant considerably. I expect that's the first time anybody ever made a proposition like that to the United States Army, and they weren't exactly prepared for it, but even then I guess the recruiting officer might have got the situation in hand, except for the fact that one of Lafe's dogs got loose. From there on, it was a little bit confused, but the way I understand it, the dog bit the recruiting sergeant, the sergeant kicked at the dogs, Lafe hit the sergeant in the eye, and after that there was the devil to pay.

As I say, I didn't see the first part of it, but I saw the last part. I was still a half block away and picking up speed when the door of the recruiting office came busting off its hinges, and those dogs came boiling through and lit out in the street, still running. I let the throttle out another notch, so to speak, and then Lafe came out. Except Lafe wasn't running. He came out flying, belly down, and using his face for a rough lock when he lit. And after Lafe, came what looked like a good-sized detachment from the United States Army.

Well, I missed some of it after that. The minute those dogs hit the sidewalk they started to yell the way they would if they were on the track of a bear or a lion. I looked across the street and saw Charlie Matsuma standing in front of Henry Castle's White Way Café, and those dogs took out for him on a beeline, and I knew then what Lafe had been up to. He'd had Charlie out in the hills for a month, practicing the dogs on chasing Japs out of the brush, and it looked right then as though he might have overtrained them a touch.

I changed course as much as I could without losing my footing and went over there, but I was too late again.

Charlie Matsuma let out a yell, and dived into the White Way and slammed the door, but that didn't stop Lafe's dogs. They bailed right through the front window. I heard the glass breaking and people screaming, and by the time I got there it looked like a high wind had just passed through. There were so many busted dishes it looked like a snowstorm, and there was two inches of beef stew on the floor. Six customers and the waitress were perched on the partitions between the booths, and Henry's wife was locked up in the phone booth.

I KEPT on going. Henry was out in the kitchen. He'd seen the pack coming and jumped up on the coal range and give himself what was probably the biggest hot foot on record. The soles were burned off of both his shoes, and the language he was using was something scandalous.

I didn't stop. The back door was hanging on one hinge, and I went on through.

Well, I'll say one thing, that's the best pack of dogs I ever saw. When you got them trained to hunt a thing, and they started hunting it, they got it. They'd passed up a baked Virginia ham, and three orders of pork chops in the kitchen, but they had Charlie Matsuma treed. He was up as high as he could get, wrapped around a crossarm on a light pole out in back, and yelling in two languages, and he was the scaredest Jap you ever saw.

Well, I knew those dogs pretty well, but it seemed they'd developed a taste for raw meat, and not knowing for sure whether they could tell the difference between an Oriental and me I wasn't going to wade into that pack singlehanded. I started for help.

I went up the alley at a hard gallop, and before I got to the street I could hear the noise. Henry's wife had turned in a fire alarm, and the volunteer department had just arrived in the truck. Abe Seaman came out of the hardware store with a .35 automatic hollering, "Where are they? Where are they?" and shooting up in the air, and Mrs. G. M. Towner, our self-appointed head air-raid warden was standing on the seat of the fire wagon waving her arms, and yelling something about not pouring water on them but to use sand instead.

I went on by, looking for Lafe, and I found him. He was spread-eagled in the middle of the road with four soldiers sitting on various parts of him, and I left him right where he was.

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Jupe went to the window and thought of all the lonely nights and days he had spent trying to forget her

The Comeback

By Bob Eunson

He couldn't forget the fans who had booed him. And when he came back to the Polo Grounds he found he was remembered too

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

HE COULD see the top tier of stands from his cab window. The streets were jammed with people in cars and busses coming from the Polo Grounds. Seeing the crowd again, the people that lived baseball, frightened him. They had been so cruel back there in the old days. The crowd didn't like him and he didn't like the crowd. He wished now he hadn't come back.

He thought of the telegram in his pocket from Dawson. It said, "All my kids being called up for Army service. How about trying a comeback?" He had been cleaning fish in the ranch-house kitchen when the telephone rang and the switchboard girl in Lewistown read him the telegram. He had decided immediately to try a comeback. Now, after seeing the baseball crowd again, he wished he were back there in the ranch-house kitchen cleaning a mess of trout.

"Here you are, boss." The cabdriver stopped in front of the players' gate. As he got out he tipped the driver four bits and the guy said, "Hey, look, ain't you Jupe Davis?"

Jupe grinned and said, "Man, you must be ancient. I haven't been to the Polo Grounds for five years."

The driver got back in his cab. "I never forget a mug," he said. "Especially when it's a mug I used to hate as much as I hated yours."

At first Jupe thought he'd jerk the driver out of his cab and smash him one. Then he decided not to bother. The cab was pulling away and he knew the driver wasn't the only one who hated him. They all did. And he'd given up years ago trying to make them see it any other way.

The sidewalk around the players' gate was littered with peanut sacks, paper cups and cigarette butts. The last stragglers were leaving the stands. He walked into the stadium and looked across at the scoreboard:

Brooklyn 4
New York 0

A shutout. That meant Joe Dawson would be in a bad mood.

He stood for a moment and looked out across the stands. Way up there in the top tier in right field was where he had parked the home run that won the World Series one year. There was the same old ground down around the plate where he used to stand and swing two bats before he stepped into the box. That was the same ground he took a toe hold in when he led the league in batting for three years in a row. And from those same tiers of stands they used to boo him, no matter what he did. It all started over a crack he made about Matty back in 1930. And they never would believe he wasn't big-headed.

He put the thought of the crowd out of his mind just as he'd always done and walked down into the locker room.

No one noticed him when he walked in. The players weren't even talking to one another. They'd lost two straight to the Dodgers now. You can't keep a Giant team's spirits up when it's losing to Brooklyn every day.

Joe Dawson was sitting on the bench in front of his locker. Jupe noticed how

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

A typical domestic scene in the Costantinos' East Side home, with all present from Pop to kid brother Bozo. Lulu does the honors with the spaghetti Mom has cooked

LITTLE LULU

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Pride and joy of the loyal and vocal Costantino clan is their boy Carlos—126 pounds of leather-slinging bad news

THE Costantinos live on East Eleventh Street in New York in a five-room flat, second floor. If the Costantinos want privacy, they won't get it; if they want friends, they have them. Entrance is through the kitchen, and everybody enters. The door is always slightly ajar and nobody knocks, nobody rings; they just come in. The suggestion that this may be a new condition following upon the fame of Lulu Costantino, featherweight boxing sensation, is met with astonishment by the family.

"You mean people don't want people to come in?" asks Mrs. Costantino, honestly bewildered.

They come in as they have always come in, pour themselves a cup of coffee from the pot that always simmers on the stove and sit down in the little living room to join the conversation. If they stay long enough they'll get a glass of homemade wine and a cookie. The visitors come, they go; sometimes Mom gets a seat in her own house, sometimes not.

After supper is the busiest time because the kids are home then. Margie may be sleeping for an hour in one of the bedrooms before going out with her date. She is twenty-one, pretty, and a cutter in a dress-goods shop. Nettie, twenty-four, and also pretty, comes in with her young man and the family dog, Lucky.

"A mutt," says Nettie. "I like them better, mutts; more friendly."

Annie, the pudgy little sister of ten, is there and soon Mickie, the second brother, and Bozo, the kid brother, show up. Mickie has just lost his job; Bozo is still in school.

"The tough one," the Costantinos say, half proudly, half ruefully, pointing to Bozo. "Licks everybody. Always fighting."

When Lulu dashes in, the furor really begins, because he is the nervous one, never sits down, can't keep still. At the moment of entrance he is peeling off his shirt.

"Gotta go over to Camp Wadsworth to a boxing show," he cries. "That guy calls me up." He looks out of the window at the clotheslines in the court. "That shir-r-rt dry, Mom?" He talks so rapidly he occasionally has a stutter in his speech.

"You got other shirts," says Mom. She turns to the company in the parlor. "All the time he buys shirts," she explains. "Imagine him a fighter. A little boy, he always dressed up. A white shirt, a tie."

"A sissy," says Mickie.

"You should be a sissy," says Mom.

At this period in history, the Costantinos were at their peak financially but somewhat low in spirits because of a disputed decision that had given Chalky Wright the nod and broken Lulu's string of victories after fifty-six straight triumphs, a record in both modern and ancient fighting. Lulu himself was doing little worrying about it.

"I been lucky other times," he said.

The affair with Chalky Wright had been in the nature of a mob scene because when the verdict had been given to the featherweight champion, the ardent Costantinoites at St. Nicholas Pal-

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ace had swarmed down to the ringside with murderous intent. Costantino's manager, Charley Johnston, and his brother, the redoubtable James J., yammered insultingly at Referee Arthur Donovan, and it took the assistance of the cops to get that dignitary and the judges away without harm.

The Wright match was the culmination of a campaign that had seen Lulu punch out victories over such notables as Bill Speary, ex-champion Archibald and ex-champion Harry Jeffra. The Wright decision was only an indication to the Costantino addicts, who mount up into the thousands, that Lulu was to be the next champion, just as soon as Chalky could be inveigled into the ring again.

"He'll lick him with one hand," cried Charley Johnston, "if they keep that robber out of there." Mr. Johnston seemed to be referring to Arthur Donovan, who is loved by no Johnston down to the lowliest niece.

Keeping Pop in Business

The Costantinos have lived on East Eleventh, between First and Second avenues, for the past ten years. Pop Costantino—known in the neighborhood as Pat or Patsy (from Pasquale) had originally been a truck farmer in New Jersey but had lost the property. He set up a little confectionery store on the ground floor of the apartment where the Costantinos live and is still there, less prosperous than ever.

"The cops take out the pinball machines, and there goes the rent money," says Pop, in an Italian accent.

The statement in a magazine that, since Lulu's success, Pop now presides over a "severely modern, fistically financed ice-cream parlor" is received with a hollow laugh of derision by the Costantinos. The truth is that, besides his soda fountain, Pop has a few bars of candy, a few packages of cigarettes and a lot of empty shelves.

Lulu went to Immaculate Conception School and quit at the age of fifteen. His only work was a four-day stint for a butcher. That brought him two dollars and a definite feeling that the life of trade was not for him. He went back home with his wealth.

"Give me three bucks more, Pop," he said, "and I can get a pair of shoes."

Even before this, he had been sparring with his cousin, Terry Young, now a promising lightweight. An uncle had given them boxing gloves for Christmas and they fought on the roof, in the courtyard, in the street.

At this stage, Lulu (a name that came from the inability of Nettie to pronounce his real name, Carlos) was not a stirring example for youth. He wasn't going to school, he wouldn't work, he spent all his time sparring and flying pigeons on the roof. He was picking up a few dollars fighting at smokers and club meetings and then went into the junior Golden Gloves, where he got to the finals before losing on a decision that everybody felt was putrid. Also in the neighborhood was Johnny Sullo, a former fighter who had become a trainer and had Georgie Zengaras as his best bet. Sullo took Lulu to Charley Johnston, who let him fight in his gym and watched him in the Golden Gloves. When he saw the aforementioned fight and the bad deal, Charley called a halt.

"No more amateurs," he shouted. "If you want a watch, *I'll* give you a watch."

With Johnny handling Lulu, and Charley getting the fights, Lulu was soon appearing at St. Nick's, which was providentially managed by Bill Johnston, Charley's brother. Lulu's victory skein started immediately and, before the Wright imbroglio, had taken in fifty-one wins and four draws. In all that time, he has fought only once outside of New York, a trip to Newark prior to the Wright fight to polish off Jose Rojo. His hardest fight was with Dom Fiantine from Scranton.

"One of those tough birds from the hard coal," says Charley Johnston.

Johnny Sullo had been stage-struck over Tony Canzoneri, and Lulu's style was copied in part from that master, particularly the practice of standing before an opponent with the hands hanging limply at his sides. But Johnston also had something to do with that.

"It wasn't only copying Canzoneri," he explains, "but it stands to reason that if you keep your hands up all the time, the blood doesn't circulate. When he's in close, he keeps the mitts up."

What Johnston saw in Lulu was speed of hitting and speed of foot. The chances are that Lulu will deliberately slow down later in his career and get more into his punches, but now he is strictly a fast stepper. He spears with his left, crosses with his right and travels around briskly. Also, he can take it. Jeffra deposited him on the deck, and he came up fighting. Wright plastered him a clout in the first round that would have daunted a less sturdy individual but it only caused Lulu to gallop at a sterner pace.

There was some doubt about Lulu's future at the beginning because he had a thin neck and a long chin but, by taking exercises before a mirror at home, he has developed a bull-like haft that can take a smack without damage. He is a natural featherweight, 126 pounds, but his handlers expect to have him whamming lightweights within a year. There was deep sorrow in the Johnston camp when Allie Stolz dropped a split decision to Sammy Angott for the lightweight crown.

"Lulu and Allie would have done a hundred grand in a ball park this summer," moaned Charley Johnston.

With the first flow of money, there was some talk of moving the Costantino brigade away from Eleventh Street but that died under the hard gaze of Mom, who has no intention of leaving her old friends. Her sister, the mother of Terry Young, lives just around the corner, and there are enough assorted Costantino relatives in the vicinity to stock a fight club's pews even if nobody else showed up. There are eight Costantinos in a small five-room flat, and Lulu found that great until Charley Johnston complained.

"Your old man even brings you your coffee in bed," he yelled. "You're getting out of there for your next fight."

Sad Days at Summit

For a time they compromised on getting Lulu a hotel room prior to his battles but in preparation for the Wright scrap he was bundled off to Madame Bey's training camp at Summit, N. J., and spent a sad ten days looking at strange things called trees and seeing a movie once a week.

In spite of another setback for Lulu recently, at the hands of Pedro Hernandez, the Johnstons think Lulu can lick anybody in the world, featherweight or lightweight, and the campaign will soon be started with a tour to California.

"Georgie Zengaras," says Charley, "a great fighter but he didn't care anything about it. This kid, he likes to fight. He doesn't like to do anything else."

At home they take it rather easy now themselves. They were excited and a little mad about Lulu's two reverses but when Lulu refused to take them hard, they eased up. Mom looks on the matter of Lulu's career practically.

"It's better than him flying them pigeons," she says flatly. ★★★

In the quietest corner of the Costantino apartment, Lulu and [illegible]s, Nettie (sitting) and Anna, study their collection of records. Below [illegible]e-cream parlor, business always picks up when Lulu goes beh[illegible]er

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

Then Nell Bolingbroke dashed up the steps. "They're coming, Father," she cried. "I hurried back to tell you to get ready"

The Baltimore Burnt-Eyes

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Old Hickory backs a little blue rooster, and the noble State of South Carolina endorses his choice

JIMMY JARVIS, being a peddler, always did a lot of walking, but the longest walk he ever took was a stroll up to Maryland. He took that stroll because he didn't like the drilling and drum-beating that was going on around Charleston. He ran into it wherever he went; every village and crossroads under the moss-draped trees seemed to be raising a rifle company or a cavalry troop.

More and more it looked to Jimmy as if a shooting war was coming. "'Y dad!" he said to himself, "our folks are spunky but they're crazy. They've got a notion this one little old state can whip the whole Federal Union. Or else they think that old man up in Washington's just bluffing."

Jimmy didn't think General Andrew Jackson—most people still called him General instead of President—was bluffing. Old Hickory was a gamecock man and Jimmy Jarvis knew about gamecock men.

So he kept watching things all that winter as he went about his business of peddling needles up and down the Carolina roads. He was only a peddler—a little, shabby, fox-faced man, whose thirst sometimes undid him—but in his better days he'd been a schoolteacher and he knew that if South Carolina pulled out of the Union, right then the shooting would start. And would Jimmy be there, to get shot?

Not by a jugful, 'y dad! He'd get out before the rumpus started. Ever since a certain jockey from Baltimore had told him about Colonel Bolingbroke and the Baltimore Burnt-Eyes, he'd had a scheme in his head. Those Burnt-Eyes, that jockey said, were the best gamecocks in the East. They'd whipped everything from New York to Virginia and they'd made a clean sweep of the matches held two or three times a week in the Senate committee rooms in Washington with Old Hickory, Martin Van Buren, Henry Clay and maybe Nell Bolingbroke, the colonel's daughter, and Peggy Eaton, the famous beauty who had set the capital agog, looking on.

And then one day the conquering Burnt-Eyes had run into a strain of cocks called the Rebel Reds from South Carolina and those Rebel Reds had whipped 'em and kept on whipping 'em every time they met.

It had just about driven Colonel Bolingbroke insane. He'd tried one breeder and trainer after another. He had two miles of breeding pens on his Maryland plantation with thousands of cocks to choose from, but though his Burnt-Eyes could whip anything else they couldn't whip the Rebel Reds. Anyone who could show Colonel Bolingbroke how to whip those South Carolina cocks could have a berth—so the Baltimore jockey said—on the Bolingbroke plantation for life.

That was what had set Jimmy Jarvis thinking. Even before it began to look as if old Andy Jackson was going to make South Carolina a mighty good place to get out of, Jimmy had about made up his mind to stroll up to Maryland in the spring.

JIMMY was a good walker but he'd had enough walking by the time he got to Maryland. He'd walked about five hundred miles, he figured, and had crossed five dozen rivers, and now he was in Lord Baltimore's famous state not far from Washington itself. He knew he must be getting near to Colonel Bolingbroke's plantation, but he didn't know how near, and he was tired. So when the road topped a hill just where a big sycamore cast a shade like a giant parasol, he decided that the time had come for his midday rest.

It didn't take him long to get settled

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Flight With Quezon

By Nat Floyd

By ship and sub and plane, the president of the Philippines wins through to safety in a hazardous game of hide and seek with the Japanese

WHEN President Manuel Luis Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth reached Washington on May 13th, he completed a strange, hazardous five-month journey—out of Manila to battered Corregidor; in short dashes through the Japanese forces to Australia by submarine, torpedo speedboat and Flying Fortress; across the perilous Pacific by steamer.

Hard decisions faced him at each risky step, for his devoted wife, his young daughters and his cherished son went along without question whenever he said, "Let's go!"

Pearl Harbor came while Quezon was at Baguio, a mountain resort 160 miles north of Manila, recuperating from a year-long siege of tuberculosis. It was 4:30 A. M., December 8th in the Philippines, two hours and a half after the enemy hit Oahu, when General Douglas MacArthur telephoned from Manila. Before noon, bombs were dropping on Camp John Hay half a mile from the president's house.

In late afternoon the Quezons motored to Manila where the president could help start the defense.

In the scrambled days and nights that followed, Quezon spent much time in a dugout built several weeks earlier at Mariquina, a suburb east of Manila. There he presided at cabinet meetings twice and three times every twenty-four hours, keeping the civil government at double-step. A direct telephone line to MacArthur's headquarters downtown was in steady use.

MacArthur rang on this line the morning of December 24th, two days after the Japanese landed at Lingayen Gulf. He invited the president, his family and key officials to join headquarters in the bombproof tunnels of Corregidor. President Quezon accepted. He sent word to the men already selected to go with him. The party was assembling at Malacanan palace when the Quezon family sat down to lunch.

Let us glance quickly at the principal men in the party.

First to arrive is Vice-President Sergio Osmeña. He is tall for a Filipino, his height a heritage from Chinese among his ancestors. His springy step, his always sober, natty dress, his neat white hair, strong glance and calm, friendly countenance create an impression of vigor and precision. He looks like a distinguished senator.

Osmeña is patient, determined and keen-minded. Respected and trusted by his people, he long was Quezon's most formidable opponent in the turbulent politics of the Philippines. They joined forces in 1935 to set up the Commonwealth Government.

His temperament complements that of President Quezon, who is a fiery, dramatic man of Spanish and Filipino extraction. The president correctly assesses himself as a practical political leader. Many of Quezon's American critics, with equal accuracy, count him among the first six or seven of the world's most astute political men of the day.

Major General Basilio Valdes arrives at the palace, in uniform as chief of staff of the Philippine army and Minister of Defense. When General Valdes graduated from medical school in Manila in 1916, he sailed for Europe and joined the French army as a surgeon. Later he served in the A.E.F. Home from that war, he was the islands' leading surgeon and director of the Philippine General Hospital.

Coming in together are Col. Manuel Roxas and Lieut. Col. Manuel Nieto. Roxas, until recently Minister of Finance, became an aide on MacArthur's staff when the war began. He went to Corregidor, but ultimately was named deputy president and remained in the Philippines to represent the government as long as there are any unoccupied areas.

Nieto, destined to make the whole trip with Quezon, has been the president's aide for several years and long has been his trusted and loyal friend.

Although most cabinet members are being left in Manila for the time, to keep their departments running, Justice Minister José Abad Santos is going along with President Quezon.

Chief among nonofficial personalities joining the party is Father Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., chaplain in the Philippine army, assigned to minister to the family and party. Father Ortiz, although twenty-eight years old, has the youthful appearance of twenty.

Among the last to arrive are three physicians to the president: Dr. A. Trepp, Swiss specialist in lung ailments; Major B. R. Diño and Major Emigdio C. Cruz. Besides, a handful of aides, employees and servants stand by to go in the last of fourteen waiting automobiles.

Half an hour after the Quezons rose from the luncheon table, the telephone rang. Their ship was ready. Motorcycle police led the caravan rapidly across the city to the wharf, where the party boarded the 4,000-ton S.S. Mayon, largest interisland steamer. One of the war's severest bombing raids on Manila harbor and Corregidor was in progress during the Mayon's two-hour voyage across the bay. A ship near by was sunk.

Christmas Day was bleak and busy. By New Year's Day, the Filipino and American soldiers had withdrawn into Bataan. Bombs rained on Corregidor.

Quezon spent the days under pressure, conferring frequently on civil phases of resistance and acting on reports from unoccupied areas.

A Leader Inspires Morale

On the thirtieth of December he declined an invitation from Washington to go to the United States. It was important at that time for the Filipinos on Bataan and on the other islands to know that their leader was still there.

But Quezon's physicians soon saw ill effects from the close, humid air of the tunnels. A tent was set up for him just outside a tunnel, and he was called in only when enemy planes came near.

He did not improve. In February, he decided to set up headquarters in the more healthful southern islands of the archipelago, still mostly held by Filipino-American troops.

To move, the party needed a trustworthy and able "chief conductor." From the front line on Bataan, Captain Andres Soriano was called to Corregidor. He became concurrently a major and Minister of Finance.

When the war began, Soriano was one of the Philippines' wealthiest men. He had large brewery, mining, banking, aviation and other interests. Born in the islands when they were Spanish territory, he became a Philippine citizen late last year. Through most of the Bataan campaign he served as military intelligence officer on the staff of Brigadier General Albert N. Jones. Later, MacArthur raised him to the rank of lieutenant colonel and personally assigned him to convoy the Quezons to Australia and the United States.

Soriano and most of the party sailed for the south in the 2,700-ton Don Esteban on February 19th.

At dusk the next day, a submarine slipped through the mine fields and anchored at Corregidor.

At ten o'clock that night President Quezon, his family and five others were put aboard.

Below deck, Quezon and his wife were in the skipper's tiny cabin. The three children were cramped in the vessel's only other cabin.

Bunks were arranged in the "dining room" for Osmeña and Santos. General Valdes slept on the table. Space was found in an aft workroom for Nieto and Father Ortiz.

Through the night they cruised southward at surface speed. As the sun was rising, hatches were locked and the sub dived. Deep in tropical waters, the interior of the vessel became almost intolerably hot. There was room only to sit and endure.

At dusk the submarine surfaced. But opened hatches did little to relieve the sweltering passengers.

Then another long night they had to lie in their bunks before the vessel put in at dawn on February 22d, at San Jose, Panay Island.

Osmeña suggested that the party continue to Australia. But Quezon said, "No more submarines."

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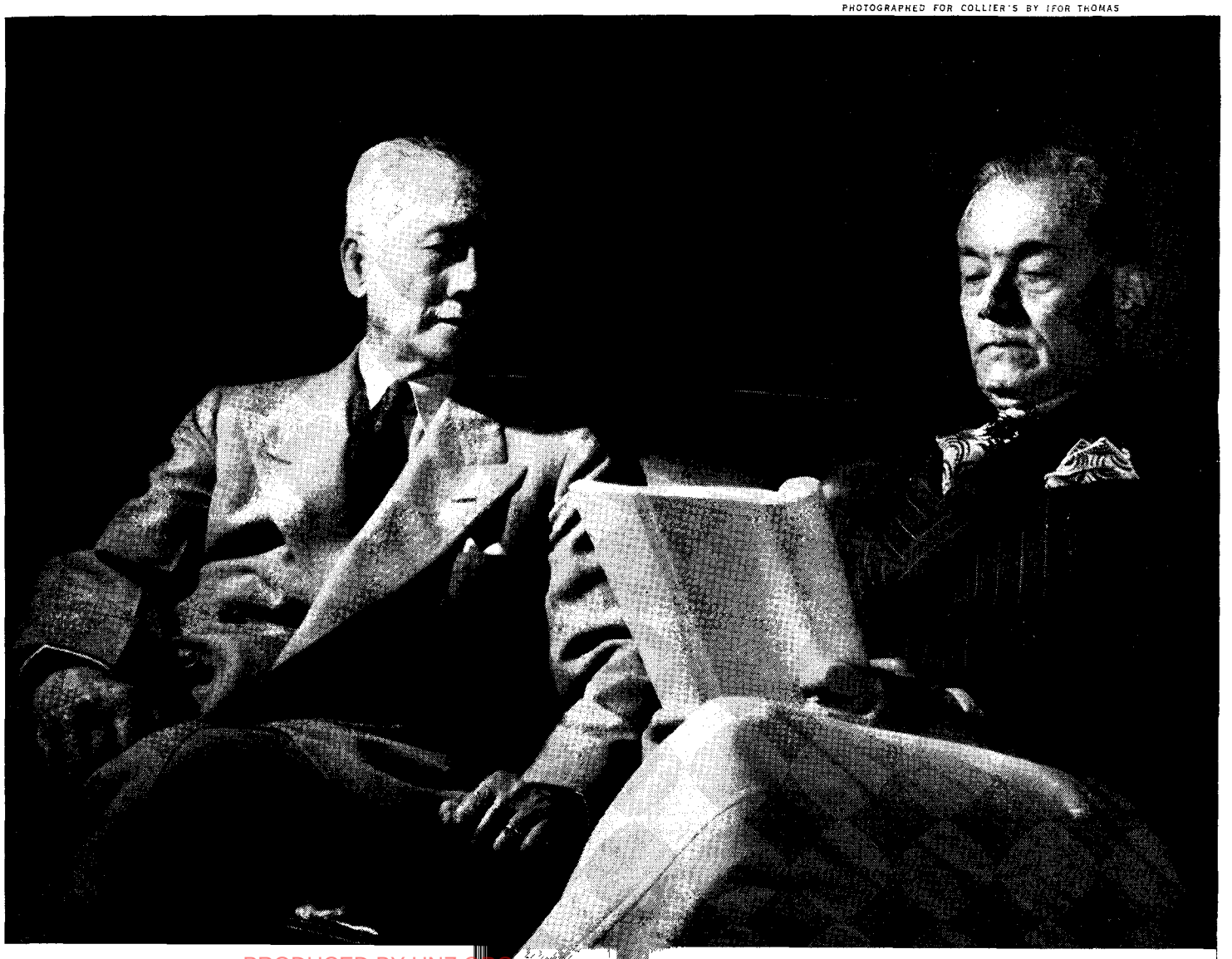

Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines (right), and Vice-President Sergio Osmeña, who accompanied him on the dangerous flight

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

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Don't Throw Away the Best Part

Continued from page 11

to firmness and salted with soy sauce. Upon such a diet, varied with a few seasonal vegetables and always improved with the ginger and onion and garlic which grow so heartily in a poor man's garden, the family of below-average means in China looks amazingly plump, healthy and happy.

But they do demand quantity. They like, after a meal, to feel their stomachs are full. I once observed the diet of a number of men who worked on a large farm. Hard, steady work it was, and it seemed to me the diet was far too lacking in protein. There was no meat, of course, but there was even bean curd only twice a week. Since the men had to pay for their own food in the common kitchen, there was no possibility of spending more money.

I said, "Let each man spend a little less for rice, and put the money into more bean curd or perhaps meat once a week."

This was respectfully tried as a foreign notion, and then a delegation came to see me. The men had decided to return to the old ration of rice. "We don't feel full enough to work," they explained. "What is the use," they went on, "of eating at all if we don't know we have eaten?"

There was no argument. There can be no argument in China about food. It is considered ample reason for giving up a good job anywhere if the food of the region is not what one likes or if the table provided is inadequate or badly prepared.

Wasting Food a Sin

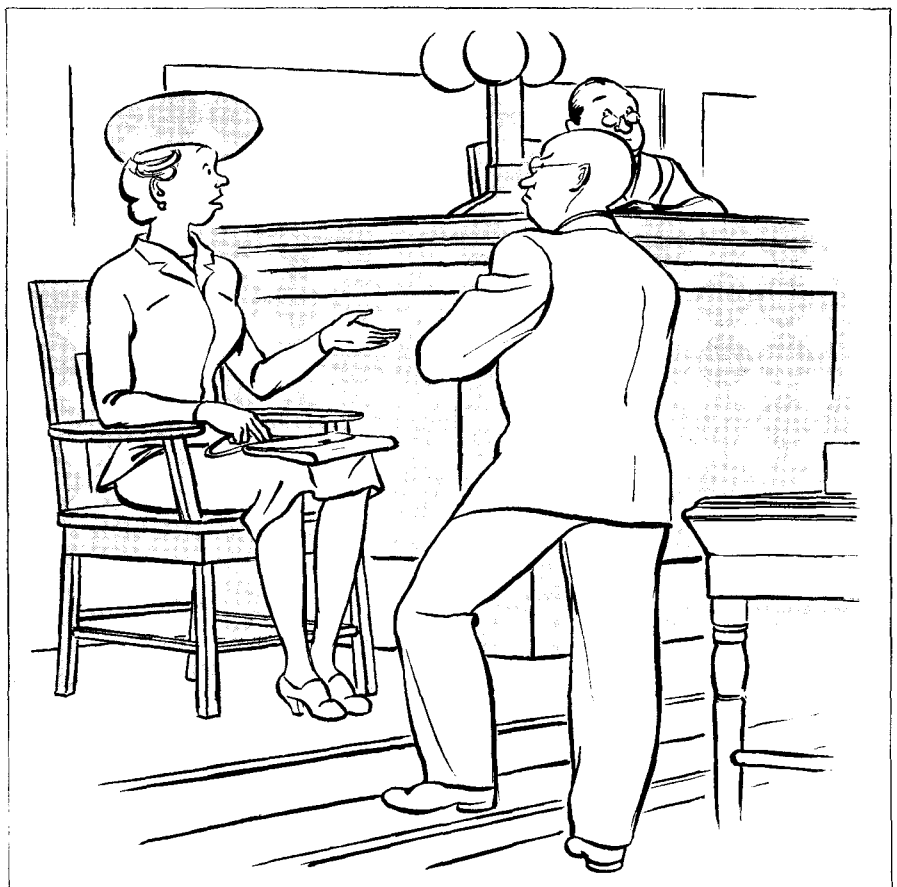
With this reverential attitude toward food, waste of food is therefore unheard of and considered as near a real sin as the Chinese allow to anything. Every part of a duck, for instance, is used in its own way. The blood is made into pudding. The skin roasted crisp and brown is sliced off and eaten with haw jelly and thin pancakes. The flesh is cut off and served with chestnuts. The giblets are chopped and combined with a vegetable, perhaps bamboo shoots, seasoned with the proper condiments. The feet are served in soup. The head is cooked and split open and the brains are a delicacy, though scarcely a mouthful.

There are therefore no garbage pails in the Chinese household. There is no such thing in a Chinese kitchen nor did I ever see one in any Chinese house. A few outer yellow leaves of a cabbage are buried in a compost heap. So are the few bones that have been cracked for marrow. Everything else is eaten. Leftovers are never thrown away. In the average household, what is left of the midday meal is warmed over for the light and casual supper. Rice and cabbage are put together into a delicious mixture, or a meat dish is eaten simply as a leftover. If it is good once, it is good twice, and it is true that the quality of Chinese food does not deteriorate as much as ours does when it is left over. But the real point is that they do not despise the dish warmed again. It is more than the simple fact that its flavor holds. It is food, and food is precious.

The knowledge of famine is always in every Chinese mind, even of those who have never suffered from or seen a famine. "Eat," the Chinese subconscious says, "for there are always those who starve and, life being what it is, some day you may be one of the starving."

Our American subconscious holds no such warning. We are accustomed to plenty and used to throwing away. It causes me, I must confess, a good deal of anguish to see American garbage. So much of it is food thrown away. The Chinese sense of sin stirs in me. Heaven forgives much to man but not waste of that which it has given to feed him.

What, I often ask myself, at hotels and public dining places, do they do with all the food left on the plates? Far too much food is put on them. I cannot keep from glancing secretly at the tables around me and seeing the half-filled plates carried out. In Chinese hotels and restaurants the poor go and buy what is left after the guests and the staff have eaten. Nothing is lost. Some human being eats it. Here it is perhaps given to pigs, and the pigs are eaten. That is good enough, except that food prepared for human beings is perhaps too good for pigs. American pigs are certainly very fat and fine.



"He isn't fair, Your Honor. He's asking questions my lawyer didn't rehearse with me"

SEN ROTH

I have no love for a moral lesson and no inclination at any time to point one, and yet I suppose it is valuable for us to think in wartime of our garbage pails and to resolve to make them as nearly empty as we can. We are urged to save, for there are those who need food in the world today and who are likely to need it more before long. But beyond this, there is a certain obligation of manners if not of morals that makes it wrong for us to waste while others starve. Smaller garbage pails ought to be part of the war effort.

The Great American Garbage Pail

What, you will ask, is done in China with what we here throw into our garbage pails? Well, first, what is in the great American garbage pail? Tin cans and bottles, cardboard cartons, bread crusts and stale bread, food scraped off of plates, orange peel and eggshells, coffee grounds and tea leaves, waste fat and grease, potato skins, outer leaves of cabbage and lettuce and the ends of spinach, pea pods, meat bones, parts that we do not eat from chicken and fish, leftovers of all kinds of which we are tired.

What would the Chinese do with such material? To begin with, tin cans and bottles are precious and no one would think of throwing them away. Tin is sold to collectors and resold to the new canning factories that were working before the present war began. The large oil cans of the foreign oil companies were made into buckets for carrying water from wells. Bottles are kept and sold and used for many things, from household receptables for the various vegetable oils, to broken glass to stick up along the tops of walls to discourage intruders. Cardboard boxes are used in households or sold to paper makers. Bread is not much used and what there is is all eaten.

But there is a real cult about leavings in a rice bowl. It is a commonly quoted saying that a person will starve the number of years that he leaves grains of rice in his bowl, and while nobody believes it even superstitiously, still it expresses the feeling the Chinese have about waste. One should not take what he is not going to eat, and if it is heaped on his plate or in his bowl by a too urgent host, it should be left in a condition to be used again. But there are few half-empty bowls left at a Chinese meal. What little is left is usually given to the family chickens—and nearly everybody has a few chickens or ducks—or else it is given to the family cat or dog, and I never saw a family without these. At any rate, it does not go into the garbage pail.

Orange peel, of which there is not much, for the Chinese do not eat oranges as a staple in the way we do, is kept and dried as a condiment or for fragrance. There is no such thing as coffee in the average Chinese family, and tea leaves are infused through the day's steady tea-drinking and then used as fertilizer around a root in a chrysanthemum bed. There is no such thing as waste fat, for all fat is used, and potato skins—usually of sweet potatoes—are eaten roasted with the potato. Outer leaves of cabbage are boiled with soup, and the ends of spinach, except the actual roots, are a delicacy. Peas are usually eaten pod and all, and are often of that variety which can be found in Chinatown in New York, where the pod is sweet and tender. Bones are never thrown away, but the marrow forced out to be eaten, and the bones then used for fertilizer.

Everything about a fowl is eaten except the feathers, and not only eaten but eaten deliciously. A couple of chicken livers will be sautéed with fresh water chestnut and make the equivalent of a meat dish for a midday meal. Lungs will be stewed in a broth with mushrooms and a few stalks of spinach or celery. The Chinese are skilled in using a little meat in a dish of vegetable and heartening the vegetable thereby.

The Ingenious Chinese

Especially as they are lovers of good food, they have learned to make good food out of almost anything. A small piece of pork, cut into squares and browned very brown and added to fresh bamboo shoots, with a sauce of sugar, vinegar, wine, a little fresh ginger and soy sauce slightly thickened, makes a dish fit for any table and costs only a few cents. A small fish browned crisp in oil and then covered with the same sour-sweet sauce with bits of onion and ginger cut into it is a main meal with rice. Vegetables are braised without water, quickly, so that their flavor has no time to escape; rice is steamed dry until the grains separate, or else cooked into a breakfast congee; carrots are dried and salted, and so are turnips for winter use, and are delicious with dried fish and sliced ginger in soy sauce to eat with such congee.

In the spring, the everyday Chinese mother and her children and any idle men of the family as well go out to the hills and country roadsides and dig the weeds that spring up, dandelion and shepherd's-purse, wild onion and the tender leaves of new clover. Clover is a very fine green and I do not know why Americans do not use it. It should not be boiled, but braised in a little butter. It has a sweet spring flavor like that of pea tops. And speaking of pea tops, the gardener in a Chinese family does not raise peas for peas alone, but equally for the tips of the pea vines, which make an unexcelled green vegetable. Fresh bean sprouts, too, make an inexpensive and good vegetable, full of vitamins. Soybeans or small black peas are kept in water a few days until they have sprouts about an inch or an inch and a half long, and then they are ready to eat after they have been cooked for a few moments in a few tablespoonfuls of chicken broth.

The truth about food in China is that every Chinese housewife looks at anything that grows as possible food, and not until she is sure it cannot be eaten—that is, not until she is sure it is actual poison, will she throw it away. Even then she does not often throw it away.

It goes into the family compost heap and rots quietly and is put back on the family garden plot. I suppose that compost heap is the real Chinese garbage pail. I never saw any other in China.

THE END

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The Red Coat

By Frederick Wight

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

...drawn to him, and her heart flooded. "You were always a gallant sight," he said, looking down at her

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THEY were walking up Fifth Avenue, a man in a white cap and blue uniform with the rank of commander in the Navy, and a woman in a green plaid coat, with crisp dark hair surmounted by a small red straw hat at a cockeyed angle.

The officer was sallow; he was beginning to bleach from service in the tropics. From time to time he lifted his hand and saluted another officer.

The woman beside him had an alert, electric beauty. Her glance took in everything and everyone. She observed the smartly dressed women, who looked at her and then at the officer, then back at her. If they knew what he has been through and where he has been, they would stare harder, she thought.

"If there is anything you want, any present, by all means get it," he said.

"I was only looking in the window." She was attracted by the mannequins, by the luxurious furnishings of every sort that insisted idiotically that the world was reeking with leisure and available wealth; it was the extravagant part of town.

"Why should I need anything else, as long as you're back?" She took his arm and they crossed the street. "It is like it was," she said, looking up at him. "Ourselves together."

She had looked forward to this time, as she told him in her letters—those that reached him. But now that she had him with her, she dreaded a deeper kind of loneliness, a smoke screen of things unsaid, of days unshared. It was hard to be natural, with the time so short. Did he want to be alone with her or to see his friends or to go to the theater? Above all, what was he thinking about and how did she seem to him? He had lived so much in a year, on the knife edge of risk, carrying out orders, giving them, his life crowded with everything but herself, half the world away. When she slept, he was awake.

SHE had imagined that he would tell her endlessly of what had happened to him, but the story was too near, too unfinished; he left it alone. On her part, why should she bother him with the children having the measles, the boy coming down with it just as Jane was through? "It was stupid at lunch today," she said, fighting the silence. "Would you rather not go to Harriet's for cocktails? We can't avoid dinner at Clark's. They're dying to see you."

"I thought I was on leave," he said.

Her heart leaped. He wanted to be alone. If only he would speak right out and say, "Time out doesn't matter, nothing has happened, there is only you." But a great deal had happened. Truly, a great deal.

She turned, looking in a window at a great surrealist hand that dangled a silver fox. "I do need something," she said. "Can you bear to go shopping?"

"Whatever you want, Madeleine," he indulged her. Naturally she must want something new. He thought what a long watch she had had by herself, how much she had given up. For an instant he saw her more clearly, as she had always been, not just as he had found her yesterday on his arrival or left her a year ago. He followed her into the store.

Good Lord, he might have opened a fashion magazine and fallen in! It was an arsenal for women. The air was a reservoir of conflicting perfumes.

"I want to see Mr. Henry, on the second floor," his wife was saying. "I want him to show me some coats."

Why did she need to see Mr. Henry to buy a coat? "That coat looks swell to me," he whispered in the elevator. "It's new, isn't it?"

"I've had it a year. It was my lady-in-waiting coat—for you."

They stepped out into a battalion of women, all with serious, earnest faces. He began to sort them out: the beautiful tall girls who paced were models; they were always at an angle so that you saw a breast, and there was only room for one leg in a slot of skirt. The women who sat on sofas and seemed to be thinking between their teeth were the customers. The busy, frumpy women were the talented ones who understood about clothes.

The officer went to the window and looked out on Central Park.

Madeleine reappeared with Mr. Henry—a corpulent man with bulging merry eyes. "I want to see a red coat," Madeleine told him.

Mr. Henry planted the officer in the center of a sofa as though it completed the composition of the room. A model stalked by in something long and lavender. Madeleine suddenly flashed in a red coat, went up to a mirror and turned on her heel. She was like a red bird here in the heady, perfumed tropics. How beautiful she is, thought Howard Stokes; everyone else in the room appeared gray to him; hardly in focus.

BUT neither Madeleine nor Mr. Henry was satisfied with the red coat. Mr. Henry threw it aside with contempt. The second red coat fared no better. Something was wrong with the pockets. It wasn't the right shade. Howard Stokes began to believe that Mr. Henry was fighting on Madeleine's side and not the store's. And then Madeleine was in a scarlet coat with square shoulders and frogs, and she came up to her husband, turned and said, "How do you like it?" in a tone that meant it was all settled. She leaned over him, smiling.

"You can send my other coat," Madeleine told Mr. Henry. "I'm walking out of the store in this."

"Shall I pay now?" Commander Stokes reported for duty.

"No, it's all right," said Madeleine. And Mr. Henry took no interest in money whatever.

It came over Howard Stokes that Madeleine was being extravagant on his account, this blaze was just for him. She had met him in town in order to give him a good time. Was she afraid that he might be bored? It touched him to the quick. He wondered what he had left unsaid, what he had failed to notice or forgotten to praise, if he had not shown how glad he was to be home for a moment. They went down in the elevator and emerged into outdoor air. "Well, I'm out of that harem," he said. "You are still my choice."

"How do you think I look?"

"Stunning." She did look stunning; she was five, ten years younger; her gray eyes lit up, looking at him.

"We don't have to act gallant and romantic, that isn't the sort of job each of us has." He looked down at her, trying to explain that he wasn't in love with her for a red coat.

"They didn't send you out in overalls," she said.

"You had a red coat before we were married," he said uncertainly. "Was it a dress or a coat?"

"I don't remember so far back," she lied.

"It was a red coat," he was positive. "You never got another because you would have had to wear it so long. It was 'too like being in uniform,' you said. It had frogs on it too."

"I got this one just for today," she answered. "It's just right for today—though I'll wear it till it wears out," she added hastily. "Let's walk in the park."

"I'm not going to Harriet's for cocktails," he said with an easy transition. "I don't want to be difficult, but you'll have to phone Clark and get us out of that tonight." He kept a firm grip on her arm when they were across the street; she kept in step with him, enjoying the stretch that it gave her stride.

"Then where shall we go?" she asked.

"You've no need to ask. Sealed orders. Destination unknown."

She clung to him, and her heart flooded.

"You were always a gallant sight," he said, looking down at her.

You were always—that was what she wanted to hear.

"I don't think I'll ever be lonely again," she answered.

They went into the park that was pale green underfoot and overhead, and the red coat burned with a steady flame.

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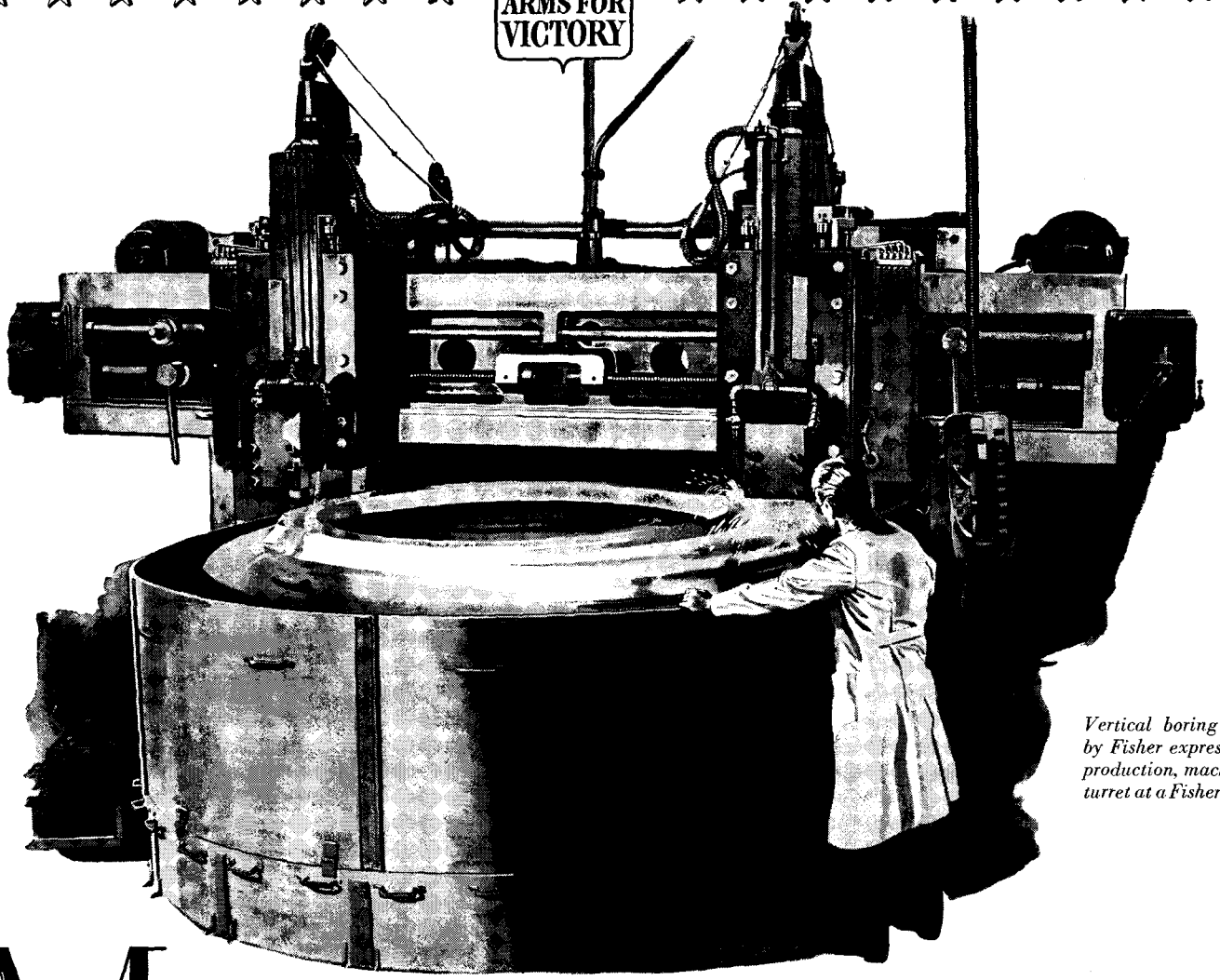
GM
ARMS FOR VICTORY



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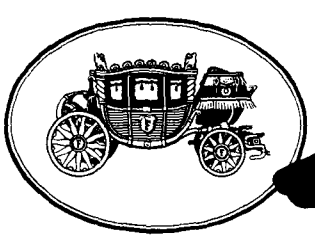
Master hands are busy at many crafts, impelled not only by pride in their work, but by the knowledge that in the speed, the excellence and the volume of their work lie the seeds of final and conclusive victory.



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The Baltimore Burnt-Eyes

Continued from page 26

in the sycamore's shade. He had his peddler's bag containing his needles and a few odds and ends; he had what he called his box-basket with rope handles at the top and brown cloth covering so no one could see what was in it; and that was all he had except the clothes on his back. He set down the bag and the box-basket. Then with a sigh of contentment he lay down under the sycamore. But he hadn't lain there two minutes when he leaped to his feet, his little fox face a-quiver with excitement.

He stood still a moment listening and as he listened his tiredness vanished. With feverish haste he picked up his bag and his box-basket and strode down the hill. The sound which had so excited him had now ceased, but Jimmy, with no slackening of his pace, followed the broad main road until a private lane turned off to the left.

FROM the hilltop he had observed that this lane led to a large white-columned house in an oak grove about a mile away. The lane was bordered on both sides by rail fences; and when Jimmy had walked about a hundred yards along the lane between the zigzag fences, he stopped abruptly, for the sound which he had heard faintly from the top of the hill now broke suddenly upon him with a deafening loudness so startling that he nearly bit his pipestem in half.

It was a sound of hundreds of cocks crowing together—hundreds or maybe thousands of cocks, so many that it seemed all the roosters in Maryland were giving tongue. For a moment Jimmy thought he must have gone daft, for although the bedlam of sound was close to him, he could see nothing—only the empty lane and the crooked rail fences on both sides.

Then suddenly he realized that the sound came from the rail fences. "'Y dad!" he exclaimed. "Pinch me if they haven't got crowin' fences in this blinkin' north country!" In two jumps he was at the fence on his right and at once the thing was plain. Each angle or "lock" of the zigzag rail fences was covered over and closed in on the side away from the lane, thus forming a long series of triangular pens; and in each pen was a magnificent black and gold gamecock, blaring his defiant challenge to the hundreds of others whose trumpetings filled the air.

Jimmy Jarvis leaned against the fence, a smile of happiness on his little brown-whiskered fox face. Those black and gold warriors in the pens—already his expert eye was studying them critically—were the famous Baltimore Burnt-Eyes and the big white-columned house at the end of the lane was undoubtedly Colonel Bolingbroke's. There in that house his opportunity waited. He'd grasp it, 'y dad, though there might be obstacles to overcome.

He moved along the lane, thinking of the problem before him—the problem of convincing Colonel Bolingbroke that, if given the job of breeder and trainer, he would make the Colonel's Burnt-Eyes victorious over their Carolina rivals. Ahead, at the end of the lane, he saw a Negro fling open the whitewashed plantation gate. Two ladies on fine dapple-gray horses rode through and came cantering toward him.

One of them was handsome—a slim, bareheaded, copper-haired girl in a purple riding habit. The other, Jimmy saw, was beautiful. Black-haired, pearly-cheeked, starry-eyed, all curves and softly swelling contours, in a tight-fitting dark green suit and a hat with a scarlet feather, she was one of the most gorgeous creatures he had ever seen. Yet it was to the slim copper-haired one that Jimmy swept off his hat.

"Can you tell me, ma'am," he asked in the fancy speech he reserved for people of quality, "if Colonel Bolingbroke's at his mansion? I'm a peddler and I've come up here from 'way down South to show the Colonel how he can whip South Carolina."

The copper-haired girl looked down at Jimmy and smiled.

"Good life, Mr. Peddler," she cried. "That's what we all want to do—the Colonel and I and Peggy Eaton and General Andrew Jackson. We all want to whip South Carolina and each for a different reason. If you can show us how to whip South Carolina you're the very man I'm wanting to see because I've about made up my mind that South Carolina's got me whipped."

She laughed—a queer excited laugh—and waved her hand toward the big white house. "I'm Nell Bolingbroke, the Colonel's daughter," she said. "You just walk on, Mr. Peddler. You'll find the gentlemen on the front porch having their mint juleps."

She smiled down at him, touched her horse with her heel and galloped off with the other girl.

Jimmy picked up his bag and box-basket and walked on toward the house.

So that gorgeous one in the green suit with the scarlet feather was Peggy Eaton! The famous Peggy Eaton whose dazzling beauty had charmed even Old Hickory and made so much trouble in Washington that she and her husband had had to leave. Well, she hadn't gone far, evidently; only as far as the Bolingbroke place. By now Jimmy was at the plantation gate. He passed through it, crossed the shady yard and came presently to the foot of the wide steps leading up to the columned portico at one end of which a group of perhaps a dozen men were seated.

Jimmy drew a long breath. Then, with his bag in one hand and his covered box-basket in the other, he walked boldly up the steps and bowed to the company, who had turned in their chairs and were looking at him in surprise.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I intrude, but I'm here to show the Colonel and General Andrew Jackson and Miss Nell Bolingbroke and Mistress Peggy Eaton how to whip South Carolina. And, 'y dad, if that don't warrant this intrusion, gentlemen, I'll take my leave."

HE GUESSED at once that the big full-blooded man in the plum-colored coat, with a long segar in his mouth and a julep glass in his hand, was Colonel Bolingbroke. There was a scraping of chairs as several men rose and Jimmy noticed that one of them—a black-haired young fellow whose face seemed vaguely familiar—was frowning. Then the Colonel was on his feet, waving his long segar.

"Egad, did you hear that, gentlemen?" he cried. "He's here to tell us how to whip South Carolina! The very thing we hope to do this afternoon!"

He turned and his twinkling eyes told Jimmy there'd been a good many juleps. "My peddling friend," he said, "how the devil did you know that General Jackson and I want to whip South Carolina and how the deuce can you show us how to do a thing that's never been done?"

Jimmy hesitated just a split second. "Why, that's a simple question, Colonel," he said with an easy smile on his little fox face. "Everyone knows you'd rather whip South Carolina than find a pot o' gold and I'm the man who'll show you how to do it."

He paused a moment, then continued: "As for General Andrew Jackson, sir, o' course the reason he'd like to whip South Carolina is on account o' John C. Calhoun and his States' Rights men. They say down there in South Carolina where I've just come from that General Andrew Jackson's scared o' John C. Calhoun. They say he's so scared o' John C. Calhoun that he don't dare send that army he brags about, because when John C. just points his finger at him he turns green around the gills and begins to tremble . . ."

Jimmy stopped short. It appeared that Colonel Bolingbroke was about to have a stroke. The Colonel's ruddy face had turned a terrible purple color and his eyes seemed about to burst from his head.

And then suddenly a voice cut through this silence like a sword.

"So that's what they're saying in South Carolina, is it?" the voice said slowly. "They're saying that Andrew Jackson's afraid of John C. Calhoun?"

Again there was silence. Everybody seemed to have stopped breathing; and Jimmy saw for the first time the man from whom that swordlike voice had come.

He was sitting at the farther edge of the group, behind a table on which stood a coffee set. He sat rather low in his chair—a long, thin man of more than sixty, in black broadcloth coat and plain black breeches, a cup of coffee in his hand. He hadn't bothered even to turn his long narrow head, so that Jimmy saw him in profile—a gaunt, big-nosed, hawklike face under a stiff brush of upstanding white hair.

Jimmy's heart turned a triple somersault inside his thin chest. There was hardly a man in America who didn't know that grim hawk-face in portrait or cartoon: the face of General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States—Old Hickory himself.

The universe whirled around Jimmy. He'd insulted President Jackson to his face with the deadliest of all possible insults!

So for an awful interval the universe whirled around him. Yet even then his quick little brain was working and when General Jackson rose from his seat. Jimmy managed to look him fairly steadily in the eyes.

"Yes, Judge," he said, and maybe his voice shook a little, "that's what they're saying in South Carolina. I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, Judge, but I'll guess from your clothes and your distinguished look that you're a justice of the Maryland Superior Court. Yes, that's what those cock-o'-the-walk South Carolinians are saying about General Jackson and that's why I left. They've gone so crazy over their John C. Calhoun that they seem to have forgotten General Jackson is a born South Carolinian himself. And this may interest you, gentlemen—on my way up here I stopped for a night at the old Waxhaws settlement in the Carolina hills where the general was born and an old lady there said she remembered young Andy Jackson well before he moved west to Tennessee. A handsome lad he was, she said, and a grand judge of a race horse or a gamecock. 'The best judge of a gamecock in the whole district'—that was the compliment she paid him. I'll bet he still knows a good one when he sees it and I wish he was here to see what I'm going to show Colonel Bolingbroke now."

Jimmy dropped his peddler's bag on the floor and, stepping quickly forward, placed the box-basket on the low coffee table. Then, with a dramatic sweep of his hand, he lifted the cloth.

HE LIFTED the cloth and stepped back with an air of triumph; and every pair of eyes on that porch looked eagerly to see what the lifted cloth revealed.

They saw a light wicker cage and in the cage a gamecock—but a gamecock utterly unlike the magnificent black and gold birds that were Colonel Bolingbroke's pride. A dingy slate-blue in color with white neck and ragged white tail, he lacked both the rich color and the splendid bearing of the Baltimore Burnt-Eyes. He was smaller too and though he had the characteristic gamecock form, he carried himself so badly that his good lines were obscured. One wing hung lower than the other, while something had also happened to one of his eyes the pupil of which was wedged in the rear corner so that he seemed to be looking forward with his right eye and backward with his left.

The silence was broken by Colonel Bolingbroke.

"My peddling friend," he said, "or whatever your confounded name is—

WIDE WORLD

WING

AS YOU dig deeper into aviation, you're going to encounter frequently a term that is treated with much respect by designers, builders and operators. It is "wing loading."

Wing loading means the figure you have left when the gross weight of an airplane is divided by the wing area. And that figure, whatever it may be, from 7 pounds per square foot for a light trainer, to 50 pounds for a heavy fighter or speedy bomber, is a good index to the airplane's performance and capabilities.

A plane with a high wing loading requires a longer run for takeoff and a faster landing speed. One with a high wing loading also knows it when up against one with a low wing loading, in climb and maneuverability. But for straightaway speed, the ship with the high wing loading is usually out in front.

Both high and low wing loading numbers have their followers. The aeronautical scientist is all for keeping the wing loading down. The military and

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may I ask what you expect to do with that cockeyed, lopsided, moth-eaten, bug-bitten scarecrow of a runt?"

Jimmy heaved a sigh of relief. Apparently, by fast thinking, he'd made them forget, at least for the time being, his insult to General Jackson.

"To be sure you may ask, Colonel," he replied, "and, 'y dad, I've come all the way up here from South Carolina to tell you."

He stole a quick glance at General Jackson, who was bending over the wicker cage examining the blue cock. Then he plunged boldly ahead:

"I want you to take us in, Colonel, me and my little blue rooster. I want you to put me in charge of your pens. It's true you've made a good record with your Baltimore Burnt-Eyes. I looked 'em over as I came along the lane and I never saw finer-looking cocks. I'll bet they're pretty fighters—dandy, high-flying gentleman boxers mighty fancy to watch. But I can tell right now you've bred too much on the fancy boxing side, Colonel. If you want to whip those South Carolina Rebel Reds you've got to have cocks that'll mix it. You've got to breed Burnt-Eyes that'll fight more like wildcats than like boxers—that'll have the guts and the bottom to get in close and stay in close and infight like the very devil."

Jimmy paused for breath, then continued earnestly: "I know what it takes to whip South Carolina, Colonel, and, what's more, I've got what it takes. Put me in charge—make me your trainer and breeder, sir. I'll breed the blood of my little blue cock into your boxing Burnt-Eyes and before you know it we'll have South Carolina on the run."

For a long moment silence reigned. Then from the Colonel's quivering lips burst a mighty roar.

"What! What!" he shouted. "What! What! What's that? Did you hear him, Eaton? Did you hear him, Van Buren? He says my Burnt-Eyes lack guts! He wants to breed that blue-bellied, bandy-legged bullfrog with my birds! Why, why, sir . . . why, let me tell you, sir . . ."

"Now wait a minute, Colonel," Jimmy began, but at once he felt a hand grasp his arm. It was the black-haired young man whose face had seemed somehow familiar. With that firm hand gripping his arm, Jimmy found himself marching toward the steps. The two marched down the steps to the yard and there, out of hearing of the others, the young man stopped. He smiled pleasantly at Jimmy.

"TOO bad," he said in the soft accent of the Carolina Tidewater, "too bad these people don't know an infighting gamecock when they see one. Except maybe the General—I mean the Judge of the Superior Court. He's still looking at Blue Lightning . . ."

Jimmy jumped as though one of his own needles had stuck him. The young man continued quietly:

"Blue Lightning, the champion of South Carolina. The cock you've got in that cage. I'm Sumter Marion of that state and Blue Lightning was stolen from my plantation near Charleston eight weeks ago. We suspected a needle peddler whom I'd met in the road, and whose name we learned was Jimmy Jarvis. But before we could get our hands on him he had disappeared."

He stopped and looked hard at the little man. "Now then, Jimmy Jarvis," he continued, "now's the time for some more of your fast thinking. You wouldn't have come up on that porch and said just what you said unless you'd been told to do it. Maybe I'll forget you stole Blue Lightning if you'll tell me exactly what Miss Nell Bolingbroke said to you when I saw the two of you talking in the lane."

A light dawned on Jimmy and something in the young man's eager eyes confirmed it.

"Why, Mr. Sumter Marion," he replied, thinking hard, "she said that she and the Colonel and General Andrew Jackson and Mistress Peggy Eaton all wanted to whip South Carolina and each for a different reason; and she said she'd about made up her mind that South Carolina had her whipped. I didn't know then what she meant by that remark but now—"

"Fine!" the young man interrupted him. "Hello, what's this?"

It was a rider coming at a gallop through the yard gate and Jimmy saw at once that the rider was Nell Bolingbroke. She raced her horse toward the house, her copper-red hair streaming, her face flushed with excitement. For an instant, as she jumped to the ground, her eyes met those of Sumter Marion standing beside Jimmy. Then she dashed up the steps.

"They're coming, Father," she cried "We met their carriages this side of Pelion hill. Peg rode on to Washington and I hurried back to tell you to get ready. They're ahead of time but the Major said he'd like to have the match as soon as they get here."

She paused to catch her breath. "We'd better use those seven sons of Black Ajax," she continued. "They're the best we have."

"The best you have, my dear," Sumter Marion murmured as though to himself, "but not good enough, I fancy." He spoke to Jimmy: "It's Major St. Clair of South Carolina and his friends coming from Washington for a seven-match main with Colonel Bolingbroke. They're Calhoun men, of course—which I'm not—and the Colonel would give his soul to beat them with General Jackson looking on, but those Rebel Reds of St. Clair's have always been too much for him. Ten to one South Carolina'll win again."

He looked at Jimmy and pursed his lips. "Old Hickory won't relish that just now," he added, "with South Carolina about to slap his face and dare him to send his army. The Calhoun men are holding their state convention down there now to decide whether to split the Union. Probably they've already decided. John C. Calhoun against Andrew Jackson. Chances are John C. won down there too, I'm afraid."

BLACK AJAX'S sons had done well. They had fought as though they knew that Old Hickory was looking on—as though they could read the thoughts behind that grim old man's smoldering eyes. Six of Colonel Bolingbroke's black and gold Burnt-Eye cocks had faced the redoubtable South Carolina Reds and three of the six had won. Now, with the score three to three, victory hung upon the seventh and concluding fight.

Jimmy Jarvis came around the corner of the house with a free, flowing, loose-jointed stride. The match was in progress behind the house under a spreading oak; and three times, while the others crowded around the pit, Jimmy had slipped around front to refresh himself from tall julep glasses left half full when Nell Bolingbroke had announced the approach of the St. Clair party.

He was returning now from the third of these expeditions and he was feeling wonderfully refreshed and almost completely consoled for his failure to land a berth as Colonel Bolingbroke's breeder and trainer. He had picked up his bag and his box-basket containing Blue Lightning, for he figured it was almost time for him to leave; but he headed somewhat zigzaggedly back toward the scene of combat for a last look before taking his departure. He heard Major St. Clair's voice, urbane, triumphant:

"An even break and the odd fight in the balance. A perfect main, gentlemen. Well, Colonel, you'd better withdraw and save your bird. We've kept our ace card till the last."

St. Clair was holding a magnificent blood-red gamecock in his arms. He lifted the superb bird high for all to see.

"You'll recognize him, Colonel," he said. "The best of the Rebel Red strain—Barbarossa himself. He's whipped your Burnt-Eyes in every match we've ever fought." He turned with easy grace to the guest of honor.

"No offense intended, General," he said with a smile, "and I'm sure you'll take this in good spirit, knowing we're States' Rights men and proud of our leader. The last time John C. Calhoun saw this cock he said South Carolina couldn't be beaten. He said he'd stake his own victory on this bird."

JIMMY, standing just behind General Jackson, could almost see Old Hickory's hackles rise, feel his gaunt body stiffen. The juleps left Jimmy's legs and rushed to his heart, giving him the courage of ten thousand lions. He reached out and grasped the General's arm.

"General," he asked in a hoarse whisper, "you ain't goin' to let South Carolina whip us? South Carolina and John C. Calhoun?"

Andrew Jackson turned and glared down at the little man.

"No, by the eternal!" he said harshly. "Get in there with that little blue cock."

Jimmy grinned happily, blissfully. "I saw how you studied him, General," he said, "and I knew that old lady at the Waxhaws told the truth." He stooped, took the blue gamecock from his cage and stepped with him into the ring.

From the start it was a breathtaking battle. A moment the two cocks stood motionless, their small combless heads held high, their proud eyes bright with that joyousness of combat which to a gamecock is the supreme and consummate ecstasy. Presently Barbarossa took two short steps forward while Blue Lightning seemed to edge away.

Then, as though some signal or some deadly insult had passed between them, they leaped simultaneously to the attack. Three feet in the air they met in a storm of flailing wings, their rapier-like spurs darting, flashing, thrusting, parrying, swift and elusive as the flickering tongues of snakes.

They came to earth and, quicker than cats, whirled and attacked again. Less spectacular in action than the high-flying Burnt-Eyes, Blue Lightning was bringing a different technique to the combat.

He was a wildcat rather than a boxer, a lightning-fast infighter, boring in and in, his steel-shod spurs loosing drum-fire volleys of short, quick blows. Barbarossa was an infighter too with a long single-stroke to boot. The red was more powerful, the blue a trifle the faster. Jimmy could only stand and watch while the world began to whirl around him as the juleps absorbed on his third trip to the porch added their power to

TALK

HANS GROENHOFF

The Boeing Transatlantic Clipper, above, has an overall wing area of 2,867 sq. ft.; the Spitfire, left, 242 sq. ft., but both planes have a wing loading of 28 lbs. per sq. ft.

naval people, in wartime, want the advantage of speed although they realize that combat ships with high wing loadings call for good runways and operating fields not readily found waiting at remote parts of the globe. So they're prepared to build them.

In fighter-plane operation, where wing loading is a prominent subject, an effort was made in this country at one time to hold the pounds per square foot to thirty. But as it was found necessary to increase the protective armor, the armament and ammunition, radio, oxygen and other essentials for all-round combat, the weight went up, the wing area stayed the same, and the wing loading increased.

However, the British, Germans and Japs have been able to keep the wing loadings of their fighters at 30 pounds per square foot or under. And that's understandable because the fighters of those nations have specific missions set aside for them, while ours must be jacks-of-all-trades and be capable of fighting on all world-wide fronts.

Lest you feel that, with high wing loadings, our performance is going to pot except in speed, the scientists are deep in their wind tunnels developing what is termed "high lift" devices, such as slots, landing flaps, maneuver flaps and other appendages to give the plane all the benefits of the low wing loading and all the advantages of the high.

This much is certain: That if highest speed is ruled out as all-necessary for our combat ships and can take second place to maneuverability, lower landing speed and shorter take-off run, our combat planes can shed a lot of weight they are now carrying and match any-

(Continued on page 41)

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the juleps of his first and second trips. But whenever he heard the referee's sharp command "Handle!" he was there on the instant to pick up the little blue cock in hands gentle as a woman's, nurse him, stroke him and, when twenty seconds were up, let him go again, like a bullet from a rifle, straight at his equally eager enemy.

Yet when it happened at last, Jimmy didn't see it. For a split second his eyes had strayed from the fight and had rested on Old Hickory's face. That face held him. It was no longer the face of an old man. Suddenly it had become a young face, eager, exultant, in love with life and with battle. The face of young Andy Jackson of the Waxhaws in the red hills of South Carolina—young Andy Jackson who loved gamecocks because he loved courage, because he was a gamecock himself.

IN THAT instant it happened. Just for that instant Jimmy stood staring, seeing that gamecock face of Andrew Jackson clearly, steadily—knowing with a sudden, new, pregnant knowledge that here too was a fighter who would never give up his fight. Then, as the world began to whirl again, his eyes returned to the combat—and only one cock was standing there, a little blue cock who stood over his fallen foe and tried to crow with a throat from which no sound would come.

Jimmy moved forward, stepping high as though trying to climb the air. He stooped uncertainly and took Blue Lightning in his arms. He was aware of a babel of voices, a confusion of faces. He saw two Colonel Bolingbrokes, two Major St. Clairs. Nell Bolingbroke's copper-red hair was a crown of flame on her head, and young Sumter Marion beside her had his arm clear around her waist.

Out of the corner of his eye Jimmy saw dimly that a horseman was galloping through the gate. Then he saw that this rider was a woman—a young woman in a green riding habit and hat with a scarlet feather. " 'Y dad!" he muttered. "Pinch me but it's that Peggy Eaton." She rode at full gallop across the yard, jerked her lathered horse to a halt.

"News!" she cried. "News! A courier . . . a courier from the South has just reached Washington."

The gray horse reared, dancing on his hind legs, but Peggy Eaton's voice rang like a bugle:

"Grand news! South Carolina accepts the federal law. She bows to Andrew Jackson, her native son. There'll be no civil war. The Union's saved."

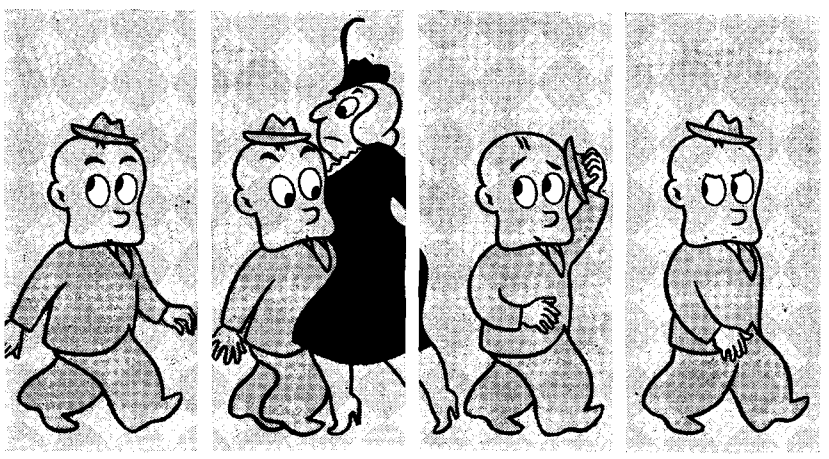
There was a moment of silence, then a storm of cheering broke around the beautiful woman on the horse. Peggy Eaton swept off her hat and waved it wildly. And suddenly Jimmy saw that she was pointing with her hat, pointing at General Jackson. Abruptly the cheering ceased. Jimmy heard Old Hickory's voice:

"The Union, gentlemen! A toast to the United States! May our country live on through all the centuries to hold up a torch of freedom to the world!"

A SURGE of affection and pride and homesickness swept over Jimmy. He knew that now he could have his berth with Colonel Bolingbroke but he knew that now he didn't want it—that in a little while he'd be starting back home. He forgot his education completely.

"An' a toast to li'l ole South Ca'liny!" he yelled. "We whupped her, 'y dad, but look who it took to whup her! Hurrah for Andy Jackson of South Ca'liny an' old Blue Lightnin' of South Ca'liny an' Jimmy Jarvis of South Ca'liny an' that young feller from South Ca'liny, 'y dad, a-huggin' that redheaded gal!"

THE END



Sidewalk Menace CROCKETT JOHNSON

The Battle of Big Sag

Continued from page 22

I got five firemen to help, and fifteen, twenty minutes later we had those dogs under control, and locked up in box stalls down at Billy Murray's Livery Stable, and the fire department was running up an extension ladder to get Charlie Matsuma down off the pole, him being too scared at that point to move under his own power.

I couldn't find Lafe, and Henry Castle told me that the last he'd seen, six men were trying to put him in the pie wagon to take him down to the jail. Things had quieted down considerably by then, though.

I still had a few things to do though. I went over to the Stockmen's Bank, and into Gus Russel's office. He's the president.

"Gus," I said, "Lafe Pardee's got some money in this institution, hasn't he?"

"Plenty," Gus said.

"It may be a little irregular," I said, "but you better give me some of it. The way things are shapin' up I figure he's goin' to need it right soon now."

IT WAS just about as bad as I had expected it to be. I gave Henry Castle a hundred and fifty dollars for property damage to the restaurant and a new pair of shoes. Billy Murray wanted ten dollars for storage on those dogs till such a time as they could be removed, and that seemed fair enough, because nobody was going to bring a horse in there with all the racket that was going on. Outside of that there was a twelve-dollar doctor's bill for all the people that had managed to get bit during the fracas, including me.

I went over to the recruiting office then, and those soldiers turned out to be good sports. I explained about Lafe as well as I could, and they had a good laugh and we all shook hands. After that I went to see about Lafe.

It had been maybe two hours then since the shooting had started. I got over to the jail and Buck McCaslin and Judge Coster were sitting in the sheriff's office.

"Buck," I said, "I come after Lafe Pardee."

"You can have him," Buck said. "It's a cinch they ain't anybody else wants him, unless maybe it'd be to kill him."

Judge Coster lit a new cigar. "Concedin' the fact," he said, "that Lafe may have upset the peace and quiet of the community for a spell it looks like he might be able to render a service for the public benefit and mutual welfare."

"Don't tell me Lafe managed to do something right," I said.

"We ain't sure," Buck said. "It does look like we may have ketched us one of them fifth columnists though."

I had to sit down to hear it.

"The way it is," Buck said, "they ain't anybody in town can tell the difference between any two of them Japs at more'n two or three paces. Gittin' Charlie Matsuma down off of that pole, though, Henny Lambert got a close look at him, and it wasn't Charlie at all. It set me to thinkin'. Charlie was the only Jap I knowed of around these parts. I called up Buford to find out and they's two guv'ment men on their way up here now. . . . Jeff, I reckon Lafe is the only man in town can handle those dogs, ain't he?"

"It took six of us to lock 'em up," I said, "and we all got chawed considerably. If you want 'em handled you better get Lafe."

"We got Lafe," Buck said. "He's locked up back there in the end cell."

"Give me the keys," I said.

Buck gave me the keys, and I went on back down the cell corridor after Lafe. He'd had time to quiet down some by then. He was scratched up some from landing on his face in the street, but he was real meek when I let him out.

"Jeff," he said, "you know me. I'm a peaceful and law-abidin' citizen, but that soldier didn't have no call to go kickin' my dog."

"Maybe he should just have set there and let the dog eat off of him," I said.

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "he didn't get bit hardly none at all. Josie was just foolin'."

I still hadn't figured out what Buck McCaslin's idea was, but I found out. We were up to the office by that time, and Judge Coster took the cigar out of his mouth and made a speech. The way it looked to him, he said, Lafe had been well-meaning but misinformed, and in view of those extenuating circumstances he was going to let Lafe out on probation as long as he behaved himself, and abided by the codes and statutes governing the incorporated township of Big Sag and environs. After he got all that off his chest he come out with the truth.

"The fact is," the judge said, "we got a little police work to do, and we need your dogs."

"I ain't never been a man to hold a grudge," Lafe said. "I come down here to volunteer them dogs, and if you need 'em, you can have 'em."

WELL, the way I said before, those dogs were hunters. Lafe put them on the trail in front of the White Way Café, and started them backtracking, and they led us straight as a die, two miles out of town to the truck patch that Charlie Matsuma worked in the summer time.

It surprised me some, because right up to then nobody had ever noticed how close that truck patch was to the Power Company's dam there in the river.

There was a shack on the land that Charlie used when he was farming. The rest of the year it was always empty, but it wasn't empty now. When we hove in sight two men come busting out the door and lit out for the brush. Those dogs of Lafe's started giving tongue and took out hell-bent. They pulled Lafe plumb off his feet and he let go the ropes.

Those men never had a chance. Buck McCaslin run one down on foot, and Lafe's dogs treed the other one in a hollow log a half mile upstream. They were both Japs and one of them was Charlie Matsuma.

"I knowed it," Lafe said. "Them dogs is gentle at heart, but the way they used to chase him through the brush I knowed there was something wrong with him."

It turned out Lafe was right. We went back to the shack, and went inside, and sure enough there was a portable radio transmitter and enough dynamite to blow up Big Sag.

The two government men were waiting for us when we got back to town, and it seemed they'd been looking for that radio for two, three weeks, but they'd never been able to catch up with it. They were considerably pleased.

It was getting late when I came out of the jail the second time, and I went looking for Lafe.

I found him down at the Board of Trade. He didn't look very happy.

"Lafe," I said, "what's the matter?"

"I got my troubles," Lafe said. "I understand they ain't goin' to let me join the Army with my dogs."

"You can join it without them," I said.

"That's my trouble," Lafe said. "The way it is, Jeff, I got them dogs trained up to hunt Japanese, and now they won't hunt nothin' else. If they don't hunt they don't get no exercise, and they'll just plain pine away."

"That's bad," I said.

"Yessir," Lafe said, "it worries me considerable, but I'm agettin' me an idea. There must be quite a few of them Japanese left in this country, ain't there, Jeff?"

"Quite a few," I said.

"That's my idea," Lafe said. "If I could just borrow me a few to keep out on the farm then Pap could keep them dogs exercised while I was gone to the Army. I got to think on it."

I thought on it a little bit myself. The way I saw it, it might help the government some with their internment problem. Just turn all the Japs loose out in those hills and let them spend their time trying to keep away from Lafe's dogs, and they wouldn't have any idle moments to get into trouble.

I didn't mention it to Lafe though. He'll get it figured out sooner or later in his own way. The only thing I hope is that I'm not around when he does it.

THE END

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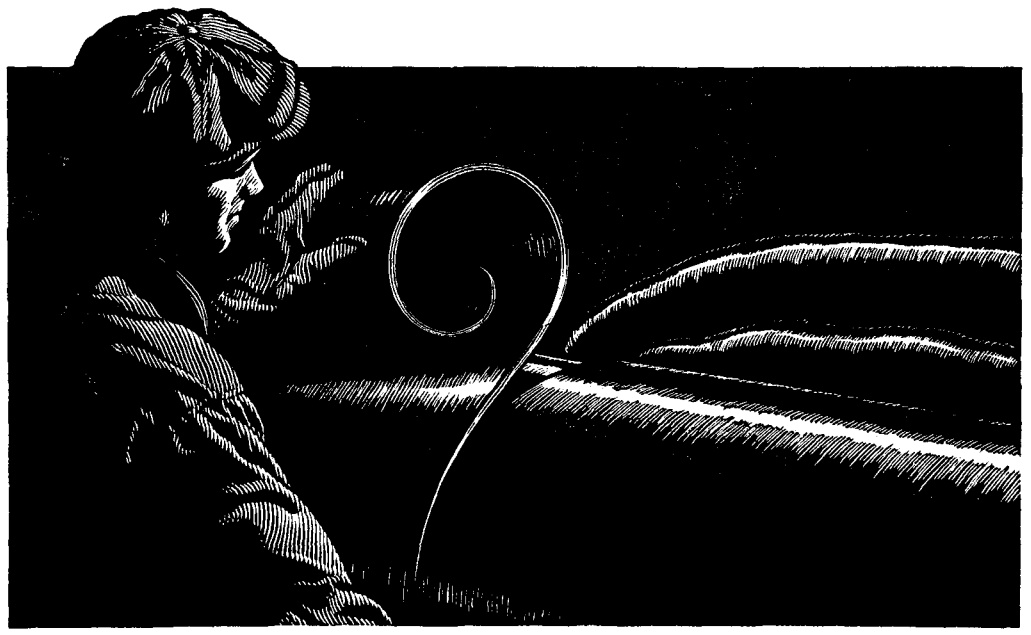
ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



What is SYNTHETIC RUBBER?

THE chemist will tell you that synthetic rubber is not rubber at all. It is made from organic materials having in themselves none of the characteristics of rubber.

There are several types of synthetic rubber. They can be derived from coal, grain alcohol, acetylene, petroleum, natural gas and other hydrocarbons by a wide variety of chemical processes.

Goodyear is familiar with all these processes. Its first patent on artificial rubber manufacture dates from 1927. This was preceded by several years of preliminary research. Since that time it has striven to produce a synthetic that would equal or improve upon the best properties of natural rubber and have none of its weaknesses.

From this beginning more than fifteen years ago Goodyear developed Chemigum. This is a petroleum-base synthetic. We have been producing it in limited quantities during the past four years for a wide number of commercial purposes.

In workaday use Chemigum has now a number of advantages and some drawbacks. It can be made superior to rubber in resistance to wear and abrasion — or to the disintegrating action of oil and gasoline. It excels natural rubber in resisting oxidation and it can be compounded so it remains flexible at sub-zero temperatures.

On the other hand, Chemigum is not as elastic nor as adhesive as rubber. At high temperatures it suffers a temporary reduction in toughness. It is more difficult to process; its cost is as yet relatively high.

These limitations are not insurmountable. Under the pressures of war Goodyear is advancing and enlarging new and wonder-working manufacturing facilities in cooperation with the government's program. Within another year these should simplify mass production—and greatly lower costs.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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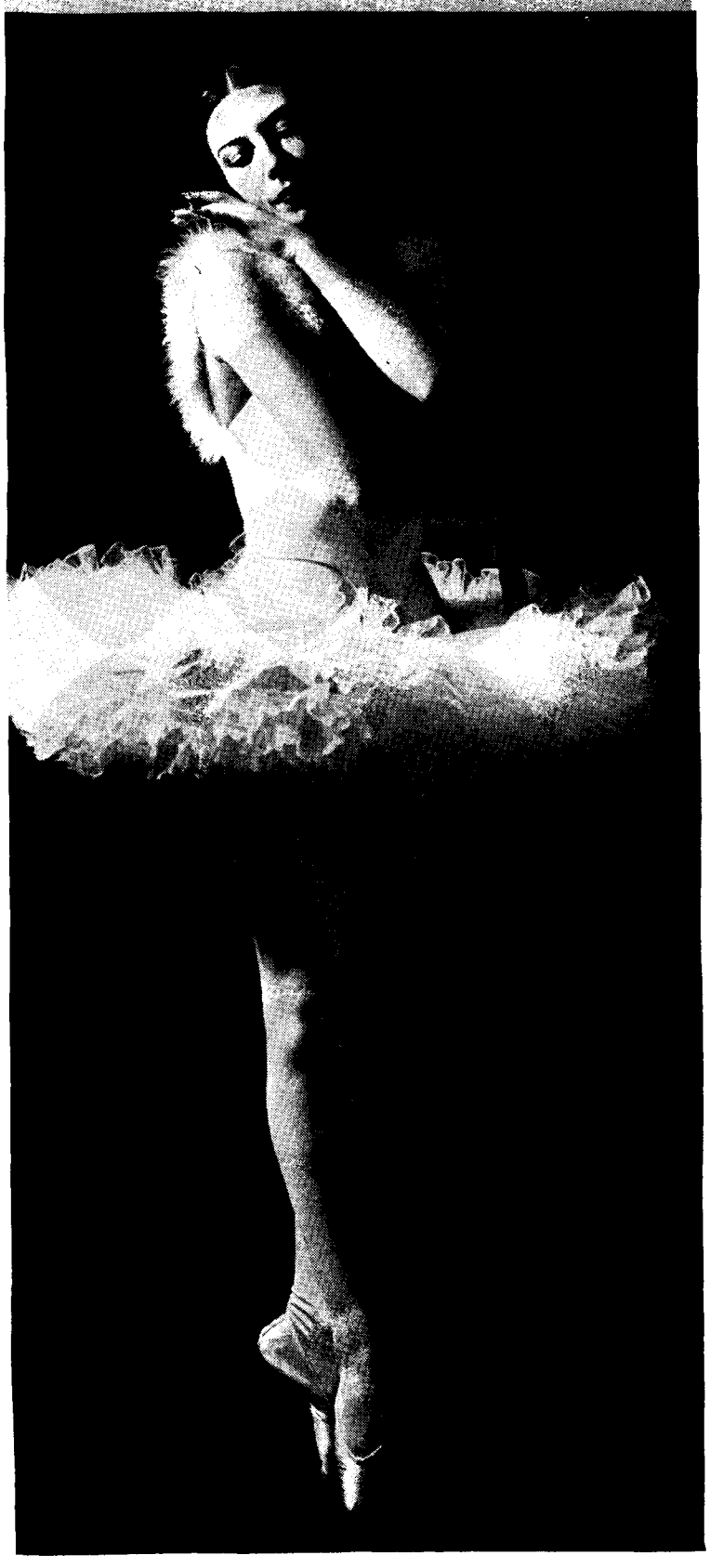
Alicia in Wonderland

By Ruth Seinfel

Alicia Markova, 98 pounds of emotional actress with a perfect ballet technique, is making people forget Anna Pavlowa



LAWRENCE MONAHAN

THE Princess Serafina Astafieva studied the calling card. "The Child Pavlowa," she read, and then she let fly. From the tips of her ballet shoes to the top of her white wool turban she looked, to the spindle-legged child, about nine feet tall.

"Zere is only one Pavlowa," you hear?" she shrieked in her personal version of English. "Zere will ever be only one Pavlowa!" She said much more, while the advanced ballet class stood on one satin toe and then the other and snickered, and the Child Pavlowa shrank like a woolen sock in the laundry.

To savor fully the rage that swept the Princess Serafina, formerly of the Imperial Russian Ballet, colleague and friend of Anna Pavlowa, you have to remember a little of what Pavlowa was. She was the only ballet dancer who was really known all over the world, and adored wherever she was known. She was adored in St. Petersburg, but she left the Czar's ballet and began a career of one-night stands that took her from Vancouver to Cape Town, including whistle stops, and where she danced she has not been forgotten. Anything Pavlowa did was news, until one December night in Amsterdam she called for the costume of her most beloved dance, The Dying Swan, and died. That was in 1931.

Last December in the Boston Opera House, a strange thing happened. A white-feathered figure floated across the dark stage followed by the bright eye of a single spotlight, a figure that was poignantly familiar to the people who had filled the theater to honor Pavlowa's memory on the tenth anniversary of her death. It was the beloved Swan all over again, arching her slender neck, ruffling her feathers, fluttering her expressive hands, and for the four minutes the solo lasted, the packed house sat stone-still. Then the beautiful bird quivered down into a soft white heap and the curtain fell. In the hush a man hastily left his seat and strode up the aisle toward the exit.

Another man, short and square, his bald pate shining in the half dark, put out a black broadcloth arm. "Wait, what's your hurry? The program isn't over!"

"Anna Pavlowa died ten years ago," the first man said, "and I don't believe in ghosts. But if that wasn't Pavlowa . . ."

"I know. I felt the same the first time I saw this girl," answered the second man. He was Sol Hurok, the ballet's American manager, who was also Pavlowa's American manager for a time. Both men took out their handkerchiefs and blew their noses. All over the theater as the lights went up, handkerchiefs were being similarly applied.

So that's what happened when the Child Pavlowa grew up. She dances like Pavlowa, and she looks like Pavlowa. Like Pavlowa she is slender, fragile as a Ming statuette, constantly in need of fattening up and as indestructible as a steel cable.

Alicia Markova not only is not Pavlowa's daughter. She is not even Russian. She was born Lilian Alice Marks in a London suburb, the daughter of an English engineer and a petite colleen from the south of Ireland.

The Ugly Duckling

As a child, Lilian Alice was a pallid, undersized moppet, and her legs, especially the left one, were straws. Out of all the doctors in London, Mrs. Marks happened to pick one who had been passing the time between patients reading a book on ballet.

He gave Mrs. Marks a choice: The child could wear an iron brace—the usual treatment in pre-vitamin days—or she could have a try at this ballet dancing he had been reading about. He had an idea it would strengthen the muscles. Mrs. Marks wasted not a moment. Lilian Alice was enrolled at Miss Thorne's Dancing Academy.

When Alice—the Lilian had been dropped by this time—made her first public appearance in that strictly English form of children's entertainment, the pantomime, she was billed as The Child Pavlowa. This led directly to the studio of the Princess Serafina Astafieva and the storm of Muscovite fury hereinbefore described.

The princess, to give her due credit, ate her words when she saw Alice dance. She kissed the child on both cheeks and led her back to her mother.

At fourteen, Alice was hastily graduated from the Chelsea studio into a real ballet company, the storied Ballet Russe of Sergei Diaghilev. Her father had died and, to bolster the tottering family budget, she would have had to go into vaudeville. This was unthinkable to ballet people, to whom a talented youngster is the most precious thing in the world.

So Sergei Diaghilev, the enigmatic, the mysterious, who had a finger in the career of every ballet dancer of the time, who above all detested children, took young Alice into his company, provided her with a governess and the greatest dance teacher there was, and patiently toted her about to concerts and museums because music and art were good for her education.

But the moment she entered a real ballet company she was Russianized: Alice Marks became Alicia Markova. Alongside her danced Anton Dolin, another young subject of his Brittanic majesty who had begun life as Patrick Healy Kay.

It had to be that way. Everybody knew that only the Russians could dance. If you appeared on the program as Alice Marks or Patrick Kay, you were fair game for the critics no matter how you did your arabesques. This transparent charade went on until quite recently; a boy from Seattle named Marcel LePlat became Marc Platoff when he joined the Russian ballet. Red hair and all, he turned out to be a fine dancer and a choreographer as well, but he's still Marc Platoff on the program.

The grief began when Sergei Diaghilev died. His death was the death of ballet, everybody said. To Alicia it was colossal tragedy. She was nineteen, and the season was to have been her first as a grown-up ballerina. The dancers scattered; Alicia went to Monte Carlo for a season, and then back home.

England was glacially uninterested in an English girl's attempt to keep ballet alive, and that got her Irish up. For a living, she danced three shows a day at London's Radio City, the Regal Cinema at Marble Arch, and with her make-up still on, she hurried over to the struggling Ballet Club to dance again for art's sake. When another English ballet company started, she went there. One performance in three weeks was all it could muster an audience for, and then you could count the house on your fingers.

The English Take Notice

Even English indifference, as easy to overcome as a stone wall, did not stop Alicia. She did the biggest ballets, classics which had never been done outside of Russia, productions in four acts, and she did them up brown. The English began to pay attention.

Pavlowa had her own company at twenty-eight, Alicia decided to have hers at twenty-five, and with Anton (Patrick Kay) Dolin, who was fighting the same fight for the boys' side, she had it.

By then, London was the ballet capital of the world. Only in London could two companies play full blast to packed houses a block apart for three months—and she was its undisputed queen. Along came Leonide Massine, the leading dancer and choreographer of our time, to put a pin in the lovely bubble. He was forming his own company. Would she join him and go to America? She wondered how she would look to non-English audiences, how she would stack up beside the top Russian dancers Massine had gathered. There was only one way to find out. She signed the contract.

She found out—and nearly paid the price of never dancing again. Her partner was a Russian, the darling of Paris. Trouble began when the new company made its bow in London, and the jammed Drury Lane Theater screamed, "Markova! Markova!" Nobody yelled for her partner, and he made it clear that he was not pleased.

Then came the New York première, the Metropolitan Opera House, Markova's first American audience, brilliant, distinguished, and also critical. Americans knew about ballet. They had been spending a million dollars a year at ballet box offices.

The big ballet on the program was Giselle, a ballet that's so good it has been playing for one hundred years. Called the Hamlet of ballet, it tells the sad tale of a peasant girl who is betrayed by a princely lover, goes mad and dies, to return as a lovely ghost in the second act and dance with her grief-torn lover who has come to scatter flowers on her grave.

The flowers, of course, are property lilies. Nobody wears or carries real flowers in the ballet; they make a slippery mess on the stage and slipping is every dancer's nightmare. You see them rubbing their toes in the *(Continued on page 57)*

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Meet a man who is busy on 4 home fronts

The man we refer to is your life insurance agent... and we should like to tell you about four of the important duties he performs as part of his daily work.

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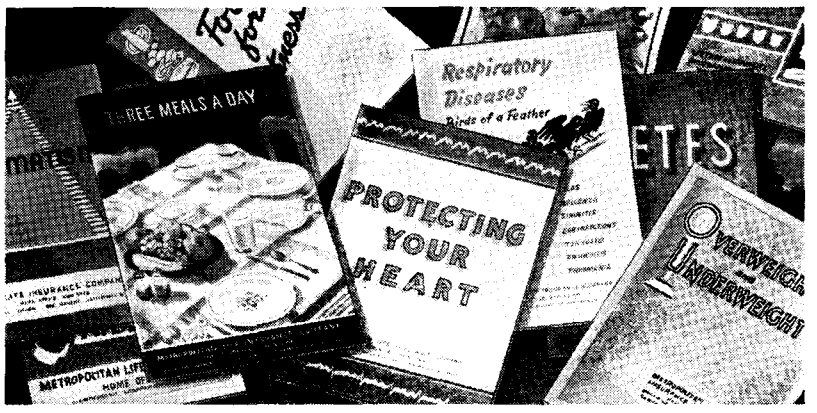

3. Metropolitan agents helped to distribute more than 100,000 booklets on health and safety, every working day in 1941. In addition, these agents are distributing this year thousands of diet and nutrition posters in the interest of the National Nutrition Program. Agents are also instrumental in bringing Metropolitan's Nursing Service to eligible policyholders. These are works of peace—but specially significant now, when time lost through sickness or accident slows down the nation's war production.

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5. All in all, your life insurance agent, indispensable in peace time, is doing *double duty* in wartime. His training and experience are at the nation's service in the interest of victory—on the fighting front in thousands of instances and on all four home fronts in the case of those who must remain behind.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

This is Number 51 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

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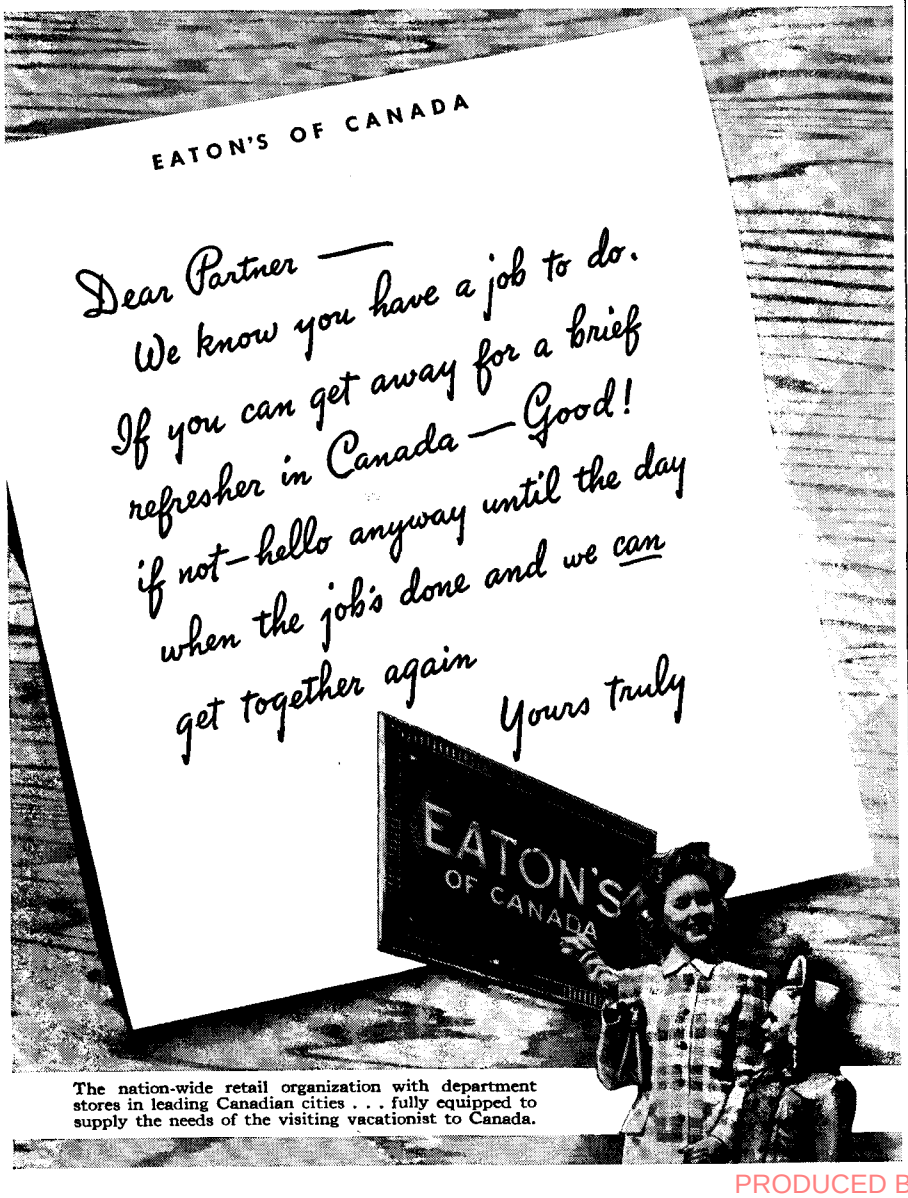
Time to Retire
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FISK
Chicopee Falls, Mass., Division of United States Rubber Company
MAKERS OF THE TIRE WITH THE SAFETY STRIPE TREAD


EATON'S OF CANADA
Dear Partner —
We know you have a job to do.
If you can get away for a brief refresher in Canada — Good!
if not — hello anyway until the day when the job's done and we can get together again
Yours truly
EATON'S OF CANADA
The nation-wide retail organization with department stores in leading Canadian cities . . . fully equipped to supply the needs of the visiting vacationist to Canada.

The Comeback

Continued from page 23

gray the little manager's hair was getting. Joe looked up at Jupe and didn't smile. He just looked at Jupe.

"I got your wire," Jupe said. "I came right away."

Joe looked at the floor and grunted something about, "Glad you could come." It wasn't a friendly greeting, but Jupe didn't expect one. He and Dawson hadn't been friendly since they fell out over Marian Giles. He and Joe came up together. They were roommates as rookies. They started taking Marian places together at first. Then Jupe found out that Joe was seeing her on the side and he got sore about it and was surprised when Joe got sore at him for doing the same thing.

"I hope you can cut it," Joe said. His voice was tired. "We need hitting awfully bad. They called Bairo up, you know. He's on a boat some place."

BAIRO was the center fielder the Giants' front office had paid the Houston Buffs twenty-five thousand for. He was young and strong and wiry and just the kind of boy the U. S. needed now in a lot bigger league.

Jupe said, "Bairo was a good boy."

"You're right he was," Dawson slid out of his pants and kicked them onto the floor. "Bairo could hit, he could run and he was in there fighting all the time."

There was a long silence. Jupe took his coat off and hung it over his arm. "Hot down here," he said.

"You in shape?" Dawson was looking at Jupe's mid-section.

Jupe pounded his flat, hard stomach. "Yep—I'm better now than ever. All I've been doing is hunting and fishing on that ranch of mine. I've got wind to burn."

"How's your arm?"

"I may have to relay them in for a few days."

Dawson grunted, "You'll have to relay 'em all in. All I hope is that you can cut it. We sure need hitting. That's what beat us today."

"I'll hit that Brooklyn pitching."

"Still as conceited as ever." Dawson shook his head.

"I'm not conceited. That's baloney and always was."

"Have you been playing any?"

"I've been playing every Sunday with the Lewistown team."

Dawson grunted again. "Did they boo you in the sticks?"

Jupe didn't answer that one. He thought it was uncalled for. After a while he decided to get it over with. "Well, how is she?" He caught Dawson off-base and the manager didn't answer. "How's Marian Giles?"

"Okay, I guess. She's fine as far as I know."

"Haven't you seen her?"

"Not since about a year after you left." Dawson turned to his locker and hung up his suit. He stepped into his street pants and was putting on a shirt when Jupe said, "Does she still live in the same place?"

"Far as I know."

Jupe turned to leave and Dawson said, "You're getting too old to be thinking about dames. Gee, you must be crowding forty!"

Jupe stood there and looked at Dawson, then he said, "You don't look like Louie Boudreau either."

HE FOUND her in the same apartment down in the Village. It was a walk-up with a little sign by the door that said: "Marian Giles, Lessons in Voice." It was an arty-looking place with a skylight. She ushered him in with the same friendly but cool manner that she had used to usher him out years ago. The yellow of her dress set her red hair aflame. She didn't look the thirty-three or thirty-four years she must be now and he told her so.

"You still look like the same old guy to me, too," she said. Even if he knew she didn't care about him, it was good to hear her voice.

"We won't go into it now," he said, "but I never was the 'same old guy' you thought I was."

She motioned to the couch. She pulled up a straight chair and sat opposite. "Do the newspapers know you're here?"

"I hope not. I haven't seen anyone yet. I've only been in town two hours."

"Have you seen Joe?" She hesitated before mentioning his name.

"Yes. I saw Joe. How are you two getting along?"

"Oh," she rolled her eyes and a wrinkle creased her brow. "Joe and I folded up ages ago."

Then it was true. What Dawson had told him was so. They hadn't seen each other for years. Jupe got up and walked to the window. He thought of all the lonely nights and days he had spent in Montana, trying not even to think about her—about their being together. He had made himself stay on the ranch, tormented all the time by the picture of Dawson and Marian together and they hadn't even seen each other for years! He walked back to the couch and sat down. He lit a cigarette and exhaled the smoke through his nose. "Have you missed him?"

She laughed. "I've been so busy I haven't missed anybody."

HE STARTED to tell her that Dawson had sent for him because Bairo had been called up and then he decided not to. He wouldn't even mention baseball if he could help it.

"I like your suit. You always did look best in pin stripes."

"Thanks." He felt his face color. "I like your apartment."

"Thank you." She rambled on about where she got this vase, that chair.

"It's an awfully cheery little place," he said, thinking all the time what a lonesome hole it really was. It was almost as lonesome as his old ranch house in Montana. He thought of what fools they had been for fighting, for not trying to understand each other. They could just as well have been together all these years.

"Are you ever going to get married?" he asked. His voice trembled a little as he said it.

"If somebody will ever have me." She laughed. "That is if he's nice."

"And you're never going to believe that I was just a misunderstood guy?"

"I remember the story," she said. "You were just a rookie and the reporters got hold of you down in Miami. You committed a sacrilege by saying you thought you could have hit Matty. But you didn't mean it the way they took it."

He broke in: "What I meant was I could have hit Matty if I could have got the hang of that fade-away of his. I was trying to give them a smart answer."

She went on in a singsong tone, "And they misunderstood you and typed you right away for a wise guy. They made you a pop-off and that's all the sports writers ever let you be from then on. They made the fans hate you. When you hit home runs you were lucky and when you struck out you were lousy

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and they all came to the park to see you strike out—or get beaned."

"That's right," he said.

"And when you proposed to me I said 'no,' that marrying you would be 'just like marrying the sports page.' And you got mad and went off to Montana."

"I never was the kind of guy they pictured me." He put out his cigarette in an ash tray and walked back to the window. Five or six kids had a baseball down in the street. That's where he started playing baseball, only it was across town. He came up the hard way, from the poorest little kid on the East Side all the way up to the Polo Grounds and the highest paid center fielder in baseball.

THEY may have hated him, but they had paid to see him and every time his bat cracked he heard the cash register jingle. "Besides," he said, as he walked back to the couch, "professional baseball never was a game. It's a business. The reporters got paid for panning me and I got paid for being something they could pan."

"Old fancy pants," she said. "You never got your suit dirty or mussed a hair."

"I just didn't get in the dirt."

"You mean, you didn't get in the game."

"I was the highest paid man on the club."

"If that means anything."

"It did to me. Because I never had anything. I went hungry when I was a kid because the nickels were few and far between. I wanted it to be different when I grew up and I made it so. I have everything I want now except—" He stopped.

She was cautious. "Except what?"

"Except you."

She looked down at the floor.

"I've tried to forget you, Marian. I've tried to for five years."

She was still looking at the floor.

"I—" He stopped. He took his hat off the piano and turned to the door. "I still love you, Marian. I guess I always will."

He put his hand on the doorknob and she was at his side. "Don't go so soon. Stay and tell me about your ranch and your cows and what you've been doing."

"I've got to get back to the hotel and meet the squad. I'll be in uniform tomorrow."

"In uniform?"

"Yes; I don't know whether I'll get in the game or not. It seems I never did anyway."

"Oh, Jupe, don't pay any attention to what I've said. You always were in the game. You were great."

"And knew it, too. Go on, say it."

"I won't say any such thing. Forgive me for saying what I already have." She was pitying him. Pouring out sympathy. Her brown eyes had softened and she was holding onto his arm.

"I'll do what I can to that Brooklyn pitching, if I get a chance." He laughed. "And I'll still make you believe that story about Matty."

"But why are you coming back, Jupe? I don't understand. I thought you saved plenty of money. If you're broke I've got a little—"

That's why she was pitying him! She thought he was flat! "It's not that. I'm not broke. Thanks, anyway, Marian. I've got everything I want—practically."

He left her standing there and closed the door.

THEY issued him a suit, the solid white home-team uniform, and he found an empty locker across from Dawson's.

Jupe stripped down, and dressed. It was good to be back.

The new Giants were a quiet lot. A few of them were talking as they dressed, but most of them were quiet. Doc Whitnell, one of the coaches, brought Jupe a warm-up jacket. It was blue with gold sleeves.

He pulled the blue cap down tight on his head and ran onto the field with the team.

After shagging flies for a while, he played catch with Shaw, the little left fielder just up from the Angels in the Coast League. Shaw was nervous and high-strung. He had a wife and three kids. Shaw had to make good.

The Dodgers were taking fielding practice. One of the coaches was hitting long high fly balls to the fielders and another was knocking the ball to the infield. The league champions had plenty of pep. They were talking it up and really hustling.

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**

"This is very embarrassin'. I can't seem to find my wallet"

When the Giants took the field Jupe could see the contrast. He knew why the team was in a slump. There wasn't any pepper out there. The Army had taken Bairo, Sanders and Jolly, and those behind had decided they didn't have a chance any more.

Jupe couldn't say that he blamed them much. You can't win without hitters.

MacAdams started in the box for Brooklyn. He was a thick-chested, long-armed hulk of a man with a smoke ball that whistled when it went by. After MacAdams had thrown his first one in there, a straight ball, at Darnell, Jupe knew they were in for it. You couldn't see MacAdams' fast ball, let alone hit it.

Darnell was the center fielder Dawson had bought last week to take Bairo's place. Darnell went down on four pitched balls and didn't get his bat off his shoulder.

Jupe sat in the dugout at the opposite end from Dawson. The stands were pretty well filled. There wasn't much New York cheering, but he figured a lot of Brooklyn fans had come over for the game. The Dodgers were heading west tomorrow and they wouldn't be around for a couple of weeks.

It was the third inning when Jupe realized he was sweating. It was hot down in the dugout. The sweat was running down his sides under the jersey and his face and forehead were wet too. He stood up and took off the warm-up jacket.

"Better keep warm," Dawson said. "I may use you pretty quick."

What did he mean by pretty quick? This inning? Next inning? Jupe wondered what it would feel like to be out there again. Darnell was covering the garden okay. This Shaw was a sweetheart in left field. He could run and throw. He didn't look like Emil Meusel, but he looked mighty good.

A lanky southpaw from Texas named Barnett was doing a pretty good job for the Giants. He eased off in the fifth and Camilli touched him for a safety. Medwick fooled around until the count was three and two. Then he teed off on a straight ball and the Dodgers had a 2-0 lead.

In the last of the sixth, with one down, Bladel, the Giants' catcher, laid out a Texas leaguer for a clean single. When Barnett, the Giants' southpaw, came up, MacAdams figured him for an easy out. That's what it looked like anyway when he threw a slow-breaking curve over on his first pitch and Barnett dropped it just beyond the first baseman's head where it rolled for a double. Runners on second and third. A chance to score.

The top of the batting order was coming up and Joe Dawson called Darnell back to the dugout. Darnell came in, his face clouded with disappointment. Jupe felt sorry for him.

"All right, Jupe! Go see if you can bring 'em in," Dawson said.

Jupe picked up his two bats and stepped out into the sunlight. He took off his jacket and swung the bats as he walked out to the plate.

HE HEARD the announcer's monotonous tone, "Davis batting for Darnell." Then the voice changed, "Wait a minute. Is that Jupe Davis? It is. It's old Jupe Davis all right." There were a few boos in the stands, not many, but a few old-timers were there.

Old Jupe Davis. Old Jupe. Old. The words pounded in his head. He tossed a bat, the heavy one, back to the bat boy. Runners on second and third. A hit meant two runs.

He stepped up to the plate and looked down to the pitcher's box. Well, this was what it was like. He had wanted to find out.

MacAdams stood with his foot on the mound. Jupe saw him look down at the catcher's signal, nod approval, start his windup. Jupe tensed his shoulder muscles, his belly muscles grew tight. He tried to relax the old knees. It was a fast ball, high and outside. He swung. His bat met the ball and he was running. It was a lousy hit—a piddler that dropped just over second base. In the corner of his eye he saw Barnett's legs. Barnett was nearly to third and rounding the bag when he lost sight of him.

He heard the crowd cheer and knew that Bladel had scored and then they cheered again and he knew Barnett had crossed the bag and the ball game was all tied up. But what a hit! It was terrible. But the crowd was cheering and stomping and calling to the next man in the lineup to sock one.

Jupe died on first base and when he came back to the dugout Dawson said, "Take center."

When he trotted out to the field he wondered if they'd give it to him like they used to. When he ran by second base he heard a rumble start in the center-field bleachers. That's the way it used to start. The rumble would increase until it was an almost deafening boo by the time he reached the spot. And there it was starting again. He ran on. He had asked for it. He wondered if she were here. He wondered if she were going to hear this.

And then he felt goose-pimples run up and down his back and he realized they weren't booing. They were cheering. The gallery gods in center field were giving him a hand for bringing in those two runs.

HE BACKED up into position and looked way down there to the plate. The first man up popped out to third. Barnett sent the next batter down swinging. The third man up grounded out to short. Jupe tossed his glove onto the ground and trotted off toward the dugout. His legs felt heavy. He remembered how he used to race in from the field. When he was twenty-five he used to go it on a dead-run all the way in. Now he trotted in, slowly.

"Yah, Old Jupe Davis," somebody called.

Old Jupe Davis. The chatter back of the Giants' dugout was picking up now. The New York fans had come to life. He could sense a change of atmosphere in the dugout. Bladel was talking loud and fast. Shaw was patting Barnett on the back. "Nice game, kid," he kept saying. "You're pitching a nice game."

Jupe smiled to himself. Bread and butter for the Shaw family if the Giants had any kind of season at all. Bread and butter for the kids.

Bladel said, "Davis, you sure smacked that ball."

"Luck," Jupe said. "Lucky as the devil." He looked at Dawson and caught the manager staring at him. He suddenly felt friendly toward Dawson.

The three batters went down one-two-three and he got up to go back to the field. He ran all the way out to his position and hoped they banged one out to him. This was the eighth and the weak side was up for Brooklyn. Barnett reared back and whiffed the first batter. He was going like a house afire. He struck out the side.

MacAdams was really bearing down now. The Dodger pitcher got the first three men to face him in the last of the eighth and the Giants were back in the field again.

Jupe could tell Barnett was faltering. He was working more slowly now and he didn't seem to have the sureness he had in the eighth. He wasn't rearing back and slamming it in there any more.

Owen got a scratch single. They fooled around in the infield and got two out—one on a sacrifice, but the Durocher strategy had worked Owen around to third base and now Vaughan was up. Barnett rested for a minute before he walked to the box and started throwing to Vaughan. Vaughan let two go by.

Jupe backed up and tried to set his eye on Vaughan's bat. Vaughan was

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swinging at this one. He smacked it too, with all the power in his mighty shoulders.

Jupe watched the little white pellet climb and grow bigger and whiter all the time it was sailing out into center field. He knew that Owen had already crossed the plate and Vaughan was nearly to second when the ball started coming down. It wasn't a homer. It wasn't over the fence. It was coming down to his right.

Jupe stretched his heavy legs out in great long strides and extended his right gloved hand. The ball was coming down and he was getting under it . . . the ball was in his glove and he was holding it in a one-handed catch. Brooklyn had gone scoreless in the first half of the ninth.

He could hear the New York fans back of the dugout giving him a nice hand when he came in. He wondered if Marian could hear them—if she were getting the game over the radio.

He remembered that he was leading off this inning so he didn't go over to the dugout. He picked up his two bats and started swinging them.

MacAdams was out there on the mound. He was dark and serious and Jupe knew the big Brooklyn pitcher was getting ready to settle down for a long stretch, maybe ten innings, eleven, twelve. MacAdams wasn't throwing with abandon now. He was putting every ball in there to count. Somebody said Higbe was warming up in the bull pen. Durocher wanted to win this one awfully bad. Jupe knew the old strategy—pour it to a team in a series and you might break its back.

THE Giants weren't broken, though. They might have looked like it before the game started, but they were fired up now. Before Doc Whitnell went out to coach on third he came over and patted Jupe's back. "Get a hit," the bald-headed coach said. "Get a hit, old boy."

They were calling to him from the dugout. He heard Shaw talking it up and even Darnell. Darnell was over his gripe and was calling to him to get on.

And out there on the mound MacAdams was ready to go.

Jupe tossed one of his bats to the bat boy. He tossed the light one this time and walked to the plate with his big stick on his shoulder. He was shooting the works.

He walked over to the batter's box and stood out of the box while the umpire dusted off the plate.

The stands were beating it up, but the announcer's voice rang out above the noise: "First batter up in the ninth inning for New York is Jupe Davis, playing center field." He paused a second and then said, "Old Fancy Pants, one of the brightest stars of his day, coming back to do his bit for baseball while the boys are called away."

Then they gave it to him. It was deafening. They all stood up and gave it to him. It wasn't a boo. There weren't any razzberries. The whole place was standing up and cheering. A cold chill surged through his body. He saw the players in the Giants' dugout come out and cheer him and the Dodgers came out of their dugout and clapped for him and Owen took off his mask and held out his hand. He shook hands with Owen and then with the umpire. He fought back a big lump in his throat.

MacAdams grinned at him. The big pitcher was standing out of the box and looking down at the plate.

He tried to forget about the crowd. He tried to forget about the team that was calling to him on the bench. He tried to forget about Joe Dawson and the way Marian looked in that lonely apartment in the Village.

MacAdams got ready to pitch. Jupe took a deep toe hold and hoped for a straight one.

The pitch was coming. It was a fast ball, right over the middle, and Jupe swung his bat and met the ball.

When he heard it smack he knew it wasn't a home run. It was a drive that went over the third baseman's head. It gained altitude and went up like an airplane out along the left-field foul line.

He dug his spikes into the ground and hit for first base. The first-base coach motioned him around, so he cut wide at the sack and ran for second. The ball was down in left field now and the left fielder was picking it up.

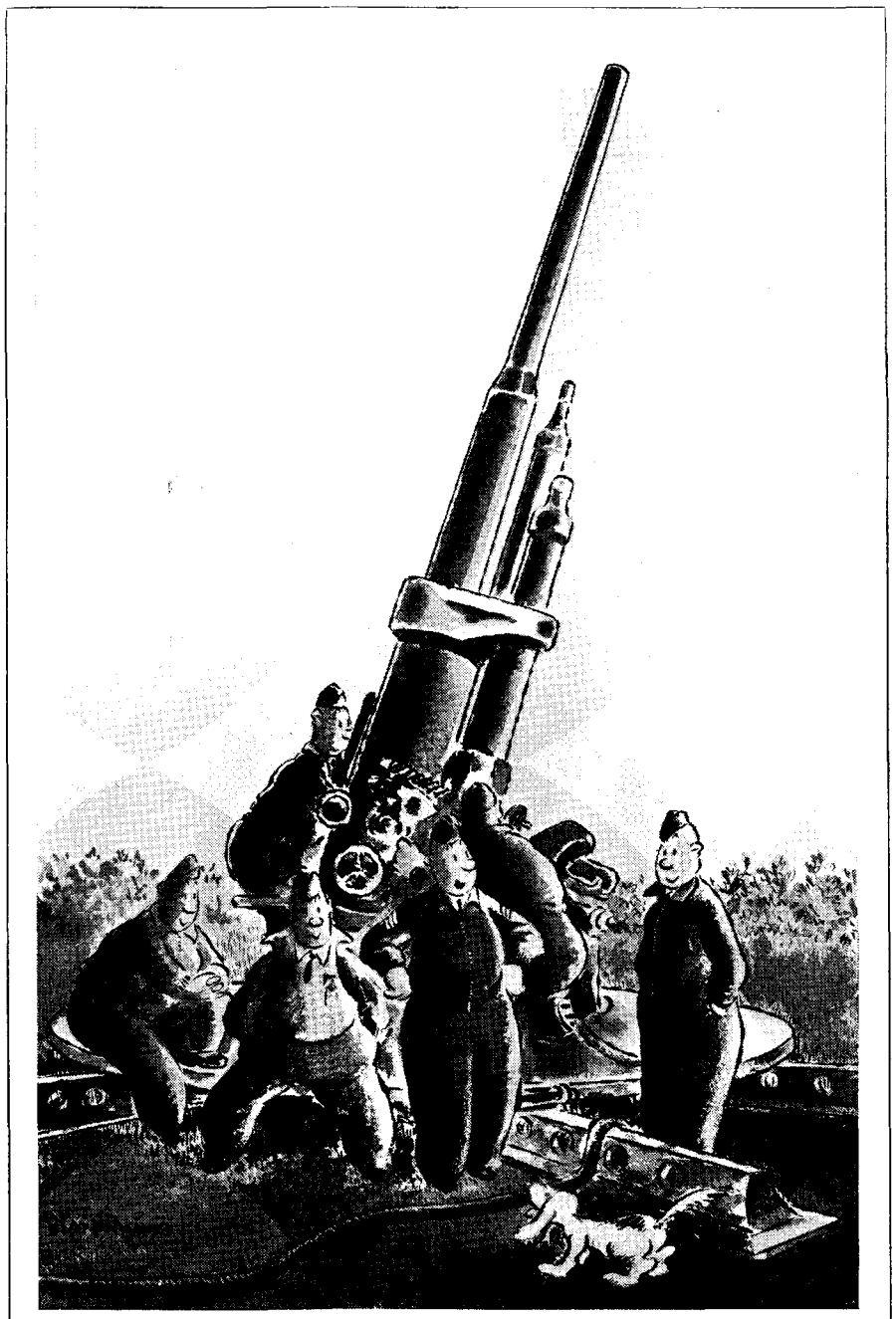
Jupe looked over at Whitnell and the coach was signaling for him to take third. He rounded second and felt his legs tying up. The muscles were drawing up like rope and his wind was gone. He could feel a pain over his heart, and his stomach was upside down and he was running to third base. He held up at third and didn't pay any attention to the cheering that was going on. His heart was pounding.

BUT now he could hear the stands again and Whitnell was talking to him, and Shaw was standing out in front of the dugout waving his cap. Bread and butter.

The stands were making so much noise he could hardly hear Whitnell who was standing close to the base talking to him.

Then Joe Dawson walked out to the plate with a bat on his shoulder. Joe was putting himself in as a pinch-hitter. Jupe saw Joe swing his bat twice and then spit on the ground before he stepped into the batter's box. It was the sign for the squeeze play. Joe was going to try to squeeze home the winning run.

Jupe looked down along the line toward the plate. When and if Joe bunted the ball Jupe would have to run hard to make it home. Maybe the Dodger battery knew what was up, the Dodger infield knew what was up. Probably everybody in the Polo Grounds knew what was coming off. That's what made the air so tight.



"How's he on retrieving?" JAY IRVING

Jupe could bust across the plate and take a chance on knocking Owen down, or he could hit the dirt. They didn't pay off on things like this. The front office looked at your batting average when it talked salary. But somehow the front office didn't seem to matter any more.

When MacAdams' toe plate touched the mound the cheering subsided. A voice from the dugout called, "You can make it, Jupe." It might have been one of the rookies or one of the coaches, but anyway it was one of the team calling to him. Maybe he could. Maybe he could make it.

MacAdams was starting his windup. There was the pitch. A fast ball high and inside and Dawson had to hit the dirt. MacAdams was no chump. The big guy was winding up again now. There it was, another fast ball. Dawson stepped back to let it go by and the count was one and one.

Jupe took a good lead off third. He dug his cleats into the dirt. *Watch it, don't get too far off the bag. Relax, don't get tied up. You've got to run for it!*

There came the next pitch, a high ball with smoke on it. Dawson, standing down there, short and stocky, suddenly came to life. He stepped back and reached up with his bat. He connected. The ball was spinning crazily into the dirt in the infield.

Jupe was running. The ball went by, almost underneath his feet. He leaned into his stride and his legs were driving. He leaned into it and ran with short driving steps and bent forward, heading for home.

OWEN was out in front of the rubber with his mask off. Owen's face was close, intent. And then Jupe knew the ball was coming behind him. As the ball went by his ear he dived, feet first, for the rubber. He lit on his side and hooked for the plate as he slid. He went under the catcher. A cleat cut his leg. He looked up and saw the umpire, palms down, signaling safe.

Jupe lay back on the plate. His uniform was caked with sweat and dirt. There was blood on his torn stocking. He heard Owen apologize for spiking him. He knew it wasn't the catcher's fault.

They wanted to carry him to the dressing room. The players and people from the stands were milling around home plate and everybody seemed to be talking at once.

"I can walk," he said. "I can walk to the dressing room."

He saw Joe Dawson come up and stand beside him. Joe patted him on the back and walked to the clubhouse.

Jupe saw Doc Whitnell come up through the crowd. Doc put his arm around him and they walked to the clubhouse together. Doc put a bandage on the leg and by the time he was taped up Jupe's breathing was normal and he felt better. His heart wasn't pounding any more.

He dressed slowly because he wanted to figure things out. He'd stay. He'd have to stay now. He knew he wasn't what you'd call a real good ball player any more. He'd had a lot of luck today. He wouldn't go out and set any batting records or be a vital cog in the playing machine. But after today, he knew the Giants would look to him in the clutches. They'd look to him to give the club pepper and he could do that for a couple of seasons anyway. That's about all the time it should take for the boys to win that pennant they were playing for over there. Bairo ought to be back in a couple of seasons and be ready to trade his fighting uniform for a playing one.

He'd stay until Bairo could come back. This wouldn't be the greatest part of his baseball career as far as records were concerned. It would be for other reasons. He smiled when he thought what those other reasons were.

SHE was waiting for him at the players' gate and put her arm in his.

"I'll call a cab," he said.

"Let's walk a while. I've got something to say. I want to say it here, by the Polo Grounds."

He patted her hand and they strolled down the street.

After a little while she said, "I believe that story about Matty, Jupe. I've been a fool for not always believing you. What's more I believe you could hit a cannon ball if they'd shoot it over the plate."

He stopped and looked at her. He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face to his. "In that case," he said, "in that case, I'll call a cab."

THE END

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 33

one in the world, pound for pound, in wing loading.

ONCE again we remind you to stay away from a student pilot who wants to take you for a ride. We are very bold about this warning because we are backed up by an official accident report of the adventures of a beginner with "approximately two and one half hours of solo flying time."

Having received clearance for a local practice flight, the ambitious student pilot high-tailed cross country for 50 miles and picked out a farm field for an operating base. The fact that he took several passengers for short hops without event inspired him to go to a near-by smaller field surrounded by trees and higher ground.

With the wind blowing at sixteen and gusty, the two-and-a-half-hour pilot experienced difficulty getting down with his innocent passenger. In all, he made three passes at the field, and on the third, while in a downwind turn and at a height of 50 feet, came the stall and guaranteed crash. The passenger died; the pilot was slightly injured.

The dual controls were in operation, contrary to regulations, and the pilot was not authorized to carry passengers or to be that far away from base.

See what we mean?

"SHOT down by unexpected enemy action."

So ends the official file of two Piper Cubs in the records of the Safety Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics Board, which is charged with the investigation and report of accidents to civil aircraft. It's the first such notation to be made.

The pilots of the two planes, Clyde Charles Brown and Henry C. Blackwell, were both in good standing as private pilots, so they were able to rent the planes from a flying service. They had two friends with them on this pleasure flight, one of whom was identified as Warren D. Rasmussen. The identity of the other passenger still remains unknown.

They took off at 7:45 A. M. from John Rodgers Airport, Honolulu, T. H., December 7, 1941. A competent witness recalls he saw the two planes happily flying in the Hawaiian morning light two miles from shore off Fort Weaver. Then he saw a number of Japanese airplanes dive on the two Cubs and shoot them down into the sea. No trace of the four occupants has ever been found.

BECAUSE the airlines are being absorbed into the war effort, the year 1941 will stand as a high-water mark for peacetime domestic air transport operation for some little while. Here are a few figures to jot down and refer to when we've won the war:

Revenue passengers carried: 3,849,360. Passenger revenue: $69,784,675. Revenue for flying the mail: $21,868,854. Express and freight revenue: $2,926,652.

At the end of 1941, the domestic airlines owned 351 airliners of the following types: 224 Douglas DC-3s, 45 Douglas sleepers, 13 Douglas DC-2s and 2 Douglas Dolphins; 16 Lockheed Electras, 13 Lockheed Lodestars; 28 Boeing 247Ds and 5 Boeing 307s (four-engine Stratoliners); 2 Sikorsky S-38Cs and 3 Sikorsky S-43s.

F. R. N.

A Man without a Village

Continued from page 15

long enough to ask him about a serious thing like the Japanese, and he forgot about them himself. Halfway through the feast he was laughing away—laughing with the men who ate in the row opposite him and telling them of the chairs and fedora hats and striped shirts a man in Surabaya buys. He talked of tables, of rugs on solid floors, of doors that close, of privacy. He told them these things were not Japanese things, but Dutch things, American things, British things, and therefore right. He told them the village was shameful without them.

But the men who were neighbors and relatives and friends did not laugh as he talked on. They only listened uneasily, looked out at him from under bowed head and ate. . . .

THE feast was over. The men got up, so the women could eat.

In the evening under the village banyan, they sat watching a white shadow screen where monkey warriors chased a lecherous giant to rescue a beautiful, beautiful princess—each of them knowing the words of the story before even the storyteller could say them. Girls danced a dance of love. Youths chanted a poem of love; and all the while, the mystic mellow gamelang bells rippled the music of love.

Rindi heard these one minute, and the next it was morning. He knew it was morning without opening his eyes—that clamorous crowing of cocks, the scratch of a twig broom on courtyard earth, water pouring from jars into the big stone crocks, the humming whir of brass-belled pigeons circling over the house, the pulley squeak of dove cages raised to high platforms—all of them noises; none of them balm to his aching head.

Nor was his father's voice when the elder said, "Son, we will go now for the morning bath. You've to hold your head under falling water. I've to talk."

"Where to?" the elder said to women hurrying to market with pottery. "Where to?" he greeted the duck tenders leading their birds out to the paddies. But he spoke no word to Rindi until they were sitting in the stone pool.

"You caused me ridicule last night," the father began.

"I am sorry, Father," Rindi bowed his head. "The palm beer. . . ."

"I do not mean the palm beer. You were intemperate with it, yes. But every man has it in him to be intemperate with food and drink at some time. It is natural. Intemperate speech is not!"

"Intemperate speech! What did I say?"

The elder took a long breath. "Son. I told you no good could come of stepping foot on that demon-infested thing, the sea. But you had been down to Denpasar. You had seen white foreigners and wanted to see more of their ways. You, in your headstrong boy's way, had to go away to the dense city of Surabaya . . . and you came back wearing outlandish covering. For that, I forgave you. Refusing to chew betel, I overlook. It is like eating or not eating a banana. But when you speak of chairs and tables and shoes and privacy, then I know your mind is diseased."

"But, Father," Rindi said earnestly,

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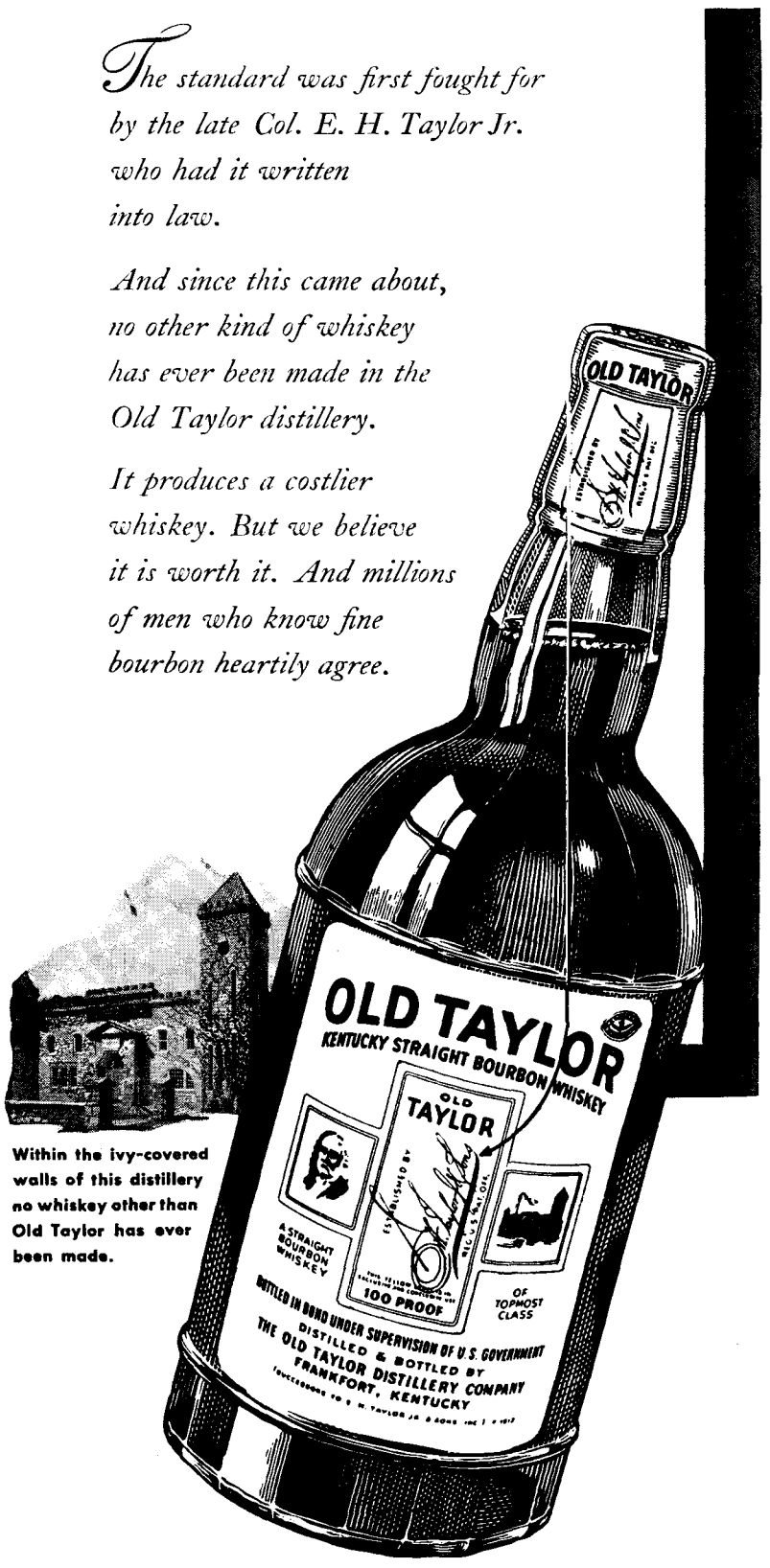

Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

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"those things are progress! They are civilization!"

The elder looked gravely at him. "I do not know those words," he said. "I only know those foreign things you speak of—they are not of our life here in Bali."

"We must improve ourselves, Father. Don't you see? We must be modest. We must wear clothes."

"Clothes for beauty, yes," the father said. "Made of cloth that has moonlight and sunlight and the grass and the flowers woven in it. For beauty, yes. But what is that stiff white thing? *White*—a witches' color—with legs to it! Can you climb a coconut palm in it? Is it cool when the sun leans down like an unruly stove?" The father belched contempt.

"It is modest. It covers the body," Rindi told him angrily.

"Enough! I see what I must do," the father said, shaking his head. He looked long at this favorite son of his, sitting there with the water pouring on him from a stone crocodile's mouth. "In our village," he said finally, "no man can live his life apart or differently. Each must work his share or the village work is uneven. Each must give pleasure to his neighbor or the day is uneven and the village is not happy."

Rindi shook his head, unconvinced.

The father said, "As elder Gusti of the village, I say you are not ready now to live amiably this way with us. Therefore I exile you!"

Rindi stared, aghast. "No, Father! No!" he whispered.

"I do not exile you from our island, as is customary, because there is war beyond. I exile you from our village. For half a calendar, you may not enter into our village or live in it until you have decided finally to take the foreign way or to take ours. For half a calendar, you will think these things over on the Kuta beach!"

"Not the lonely seacoast!" Rindi pleaded. "Not where the wind howls, talking to the devils in their watery home!"

"It is the only land on this island where a man without a village may live. You know that," the father said dispassionately. "You will go there this day. I will have enough food prepared for two days. After that, you will make your own. I condemn you to privacy for half a calendar."

Rindi stood up, fiercely proud. "I shall start now—in my white suit," he declared.

ON THE bleak white Kuta beach, Rindi found the bamboo frame of a fisherman's old shed. He laughed aloud looking at it. Was this difficult?—he asked the steaming sand and the scant shade. A man could cut a few nipa leaves and tie them easily to the front and back poles, lay a few more—sparingly of course—on the roof slats, and the place would do comfortably for two or three days, for a week or two weeks, until a real house was built.

Mud plaster was the thing, he told himself, for his permanent home—a low, sturdy house of mud plaster, whitewashed the way the dwellings in Surabaya were. . . .

But later, when he found a clump of nipa palms and cut their broad flat fronds, there was the matter of what to use for tying. Rattan didn't grow down here on the sand. It was a day's walk to where the tenuous black lianas wove a tight net through trees. Shredding sugar-palm fiber was a week's work. So he used beach creepers. They were brittle and they broke. They snapped while he was still tying them or they held until he laid an overlapping frond, and then let go; so both had to be taken down and tied again.

He was hot when he had finished tying the sides and the back of the hut. He wanted a wet thing for his throat and measured with his eyes the slant of near-by coconut palms. They were easy, he saw.

He slipped his shoes off, clasped his arms about the furry bole and spread his great toes for the grip. Three, four steps up he took and then his feet slid out and he was standing on the sand. The trousers bound his knees.

He tried again, got farther, but not far enough. He tried again, burning his hands with a sudden quick descent. He tried again and the trousers split. Then he walked, as though on stairs, to the top, hacked a green nut from its stem, plugged it and drank the sweet, teasing drink.

It took him until sundown to lay the scant roof thatch. After that, he had no light, only the phosphorescent scratch of waves against the night. He pulled close the palm-leaf door to shut that devil-light out, but he could not shut out the hollow boom of waves rapping, rapping on the world beneath the sea. He huddled, listening to it. It was more insistent than sleep.

Not that night, but the next, it rained. Rindi wakened to find himself lying in water that had dripped through the thatch onto his mattress. There was nothing he could do—except sit in the driest spot and wait for the morning light, so he could cut more thatch and tie it and have it break and tie it again.

AND sitting there waiting for the slow morning, he tried to remember exactly the way Gedog, the village thatch man, used to plait pandanus and lay thatch so it was dry and snug. It had seemed so easy, watching Gedog.

Rindi found the place for his plaster house and set to the work of laying it out. Clay was well back in the first hills. He carried it on trays slung from a shoulder pole until his arms and shoulders and neck refused another load. So he mixed what he had with sand, slapped it into a foot-high wall. For three days the sun beat on it, drying, baking, hardening; and then he saw the wall crumble and slide away. He had used too much sand.

He carried more clay . . . to watch rain wash the second wall away. It rained the next day and the next, and Rindi knew then that the rainy season had come early to cheat him of a solid house. For five months it would rain each day and the sun that came out during those months would only set the earth to steaming like a rice pot. A man's house would not harden in such wetness.

RINDI ate breadfruit and papayas. He walked to the far end of the beach to gather pineapples and the sweet rambutan. Some days he poked a purple-clawed crab from its hole; twice he caught the big, arm-long lizards, but he longed for a fat roasted chicken.

Then miraculously he came back to the hut one day to find brown chopped chicken laid out for him; and a savory sauce was there, stinging with pepper, scented with mashed spices.

The next week it was duck baked in coconut juice and stuffed with bananas and ginger and turmeric seeds. He thought of his mother, of his father's other wives, of his sisters, and knew somehow that this was not their doing. With his mouth full, he stopped chewing once at the thought that it might be devil food to bewitch him. And then his eyes lighted on a yellow-spotted hibiscus lying on the floor. Those yellow ones grew thickest in the grove by the village, the grove where Madé-rai picked her hair flowers. He smiled, thinking of this.

But he never saw her the times she came, and it made his loneliness a sore thing. Some days he saw the triangular sail of a fishing canoe, hurrying out, hurrying back. Some days the coral gatherers passed on the beach below his hut but they drew away when he came near, shaking their heads, afraid of a man who lived alone so close to the sea.

He went for days speaking no more than a road greeting to other men, for days without the sound of music, without the sight of dancing and shadow plays. Twice, after dark, he walked the three miles to the nearest village and sat himself behind the hedges to listen to the music and the singing and the dancing. But each time there was the dark devil-haunted beach to go back to, with its devil-red light flashing out from the troubled waves.

His trousers were split and torn and thick with green mildew, and were loathsome things. He no longer wore them, even to sleep in; and long since, he had thrown away his once-precious white coat. But whether the rain fell like spears, whether the wind howled like a frantic ghost, or the great hot burning sun turned the earth into a steaming cauldron, Rindi never missed cutting a square tab of coconut shell each day and threading it on the wire stretched across his room. That way he knew when half a calendar had gone by.

WHEN he came to the bridge he stopped, thinking of that first homecoming, thinking of Madé-rai as she sat in this pool. He looked now, and she was there again. He laughed even before he could speak, and Madé-rai laughed, seeing that he was home once more, seeing that this time he wore nothing on his feet and nothing on his body but the skirt cloth of a proper Bali man.

Rindi backed off the bridge, going round to a place on the stream bank across the pool from where Madé-rai sat. He waded in, casually lowering his body, casually throwing his skirt cloth up on the bank as though he had never heard of a city called Surabaya. Settled luxuriously in the cool clean water, he watched it flow through his fingers and wondered a little that any man could feel reluctance toward a thing so natural, so fitting, as bathing with a friend on a hot day.

"Madé-rai," he said after a while, "if I should kidnap you a week from today as you come from market—and take you to my cousin's house two villages away—how hard would you struggle?"

Madé-rai caught her breath. "Have you become a Bali man for all time?" she asked anxiously.

"For all time! And from this day on!" Rindi promised. "I do not know what was wrong with the other way. I only know it wasn't right for me or right for our island. In these months I have come to see that the ways of my father are clever. They follow the seasons. They follow nature. They follow the feelings of a man for music and dancing and fellowship. And that is enough for me!"

Rindi spoke on, his voice throbbing with the ache of loneliness: "You see, Madé-rai, I have learned, in these months, that a man without a village is not a man. He is no more than a beast, for he does not give pleasure to friends and is not pleasured by them."

Madé-rai lowered her shining eyes and whispered over the water: "Then, Gusti Rindi, if you should kidnap me I would only struggle the polite way . . . only enough to convince passers-by that you are not stealing a cheap bride."

"A week from today it shall be," he said solemnly and yet fervently. A minute later he reached for his skirt cloth. "Are you cool enough to walk now?" he asked.

"I am cool enough," she said.

"Then walk with me part way while I return to *my* village," he said, straining his eyes toward the old stone gates and the thatched roof peaks of his beginning.

THE END

"I'm buying some. I don't think we should submerge our femininity entirely" WADE MONROE

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JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:
The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
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The Vitamin B1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
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The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
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Flight with Quezon

Continued from page 27

The undersea craft returned to Corregidor to take off High Commissioner and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre and their party.

After resting a night in San Jose, the party went to Iloilo, at the southern end of Panay. On the night of February 24th, they boarded the Don Esteban for a run to the near-by island of Negros. Awaking at dawn, they found the ship anchored off a small island opposite Iloilo; they hadn't gone anywhere. The skipper had turned back because a vital navigating light was not burning. But in the morning sunlight, this place was not safe from prowling Japanese planes.

It was decided to transfer to a smaller, harder-to-hit vessel—the Princesa de Negros—and risk a daylight crossing. Bombs had missed the Don Esteban only the week before. In the following week, she was bombed and sunk.

All hands watched for planes during an otherwise uneventful run to San Carlos, Negros, where Quezon and the family spent the night before going overland to quarters at a sugar mill in the town of Bais, where they stayed for several weeks—until March 18th.

Osmeña, Valdes and Santos crossed to Cebu to inspect it as a possible site for the government. It had relatively strong defenses under the command of Brigadier General Bradford Chynoweth.

A few days later Osmeña and Valdes decided to return to Bais. Santos remained behind with General Chynoweth.

When Cebu was captured, in April, a plane waited for Santos until Japanese soldiers were within sight of the field. He didn't make it.

Dodging a Japanese cruiser, Osmeña and Valdes went to the southern end of Cebu Island where they could cross to Negros in an hour by motor banca.

Japs Capture Quezon's Ship

Before going to Quezon's headquarters, the two men motored to San Carlos. Running short of clothes, they got their baggage off the Princesa de Negros. They were eating lunch in the town when the Japanese cruiser sailed serenely into the harbor. A line was put over the bow of the Princesa de Negros and the little ship was calmly towed out of the harbor. In her hold were President Quezon's provisions, whiskies and wines.

This incident killed the idea of moving the government to Cebu, and the party settled down at Bais.

On the hot afternoon of March 16th, President Quezon was lying on a couch in the center of a wide-windowed living room. His younger daughter, Zeneida, was reading aloud to him as Major Soriano walked in.

"When did you come?" Quezon asked in Spanish.

"Just now, sir," Soriano replied in the same language. "I have come by plane from Mindanao, where I saw General MacArthur. He is on his way to Australia. He sent you a letter."

In some five hundred friendly words General MacArthur related developments, invited Quezon to join him at the headquarters he would set up in Australia and outlined how the journey could be made.

Finishing the letter, Quezon took off his glasses and sat up. With characteristic decisiveness, he said:

"I'll go."

Having stowed away on one of the boats that brought the MacArthur party out of Bataan and Corregidor, I was hiding out on a beach in Mindanao when the letter was written and delivered, but later I saw a copy of it. When eventually I reached Melbourne, General MacArthur graciously gave me a full pardon.

Naval hero Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley was to take the Quezons and their party from Negros to Mindanao in motor torpedo boats, the same boats MacArthur had used. The presidential party was to go on to Australia in Flying Fortresses, as the general had.

Bulkeley had two boats in running order: the PT-41, squadron flagship skippered by Ensign George Cox of Watertown, New York, and the PT-35, commanded by Ensign Anthony Akers of Los Angeles.

They left the anchorage on the northern coast of Mindanao almost an hour before sundown on March 18th. Bulkeley sailed on his own responsibility. Major General W. F. Sharp, in command of Mindanao forces, told the naval officer three Japanese destroyers had been reported near Negros. Although the general had authority through MacArthur, he would not order Bulkeley to take the risk.

A familiar figure around the boats by this time, I did not find it difficult to manage to be aboard. A stranger could not have got away with it, of course.

The two boats ran by dead reckoning for four hours over a choppy sea under a moonless, starless sky. A dim shadow loomed up—the Negros shore—and the craft began easing into the appointed cove, twenty minutes early.

One Torpedo Boat Damaged

Abeam the PT-41, a light started blinking. It was a signal from the PT-35. The signalman read the message aloud as it came: "O—N." Then in a rush of breath, "Bottom!"

The PT-35 backed engines furiously and pulled off. She had hit a permanent fish trap. Her five-eighths-inch plywood hull was badly crushed in and she was making considerable water. However, Akers took her outside the cove to run a short patrol while Bulkeley was talking with the beach.

Soriano boarded the PT-41 from a banca. He asked Bulkeley to run down the coast fourteen miles to Dumaguete, where the party could embark from a sizable pier.

On the way, Bulkeley took aboard Akers and his crew. The PT-35 was left to drift onto the beach for salvage by the beach guard.

With two oversize crews aboard (thirty officers and men), the PT-41 touched the Dumaguete pier just before midnight. Bulkeley and Soriano jumped ashore. Osmeña and Valdes were there. But Quezon and the others were on their way to Bais, twenty-two miles away.

Quezon had received a wireless message from Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright at Corregidor, relaying a report that seven enemy destroyers were in the neighborhood. Wainwright advised that the venture be postponed.

Hurriedly consulting, the four men on the pier decided to pursue the president, persuade him not to wait. They overtook his ten-car caravan after a twenty-mile chase over a rough island road.

It was pitch black under the coconut trees when Quezon stepped out on the roadside. He walked a few steps toward the car's headlights with the four men.

Supported by Osmeña and Valdes, Soriano told the president it was safer to go than to wait. He reported on his personal observations.

"I went myself," Soriano said, "because I would not trust any eyes but my own. I assure you there is no blockade tonight, and they could not see us or catch us in the dark. We may not have another chance as good as this."

Lieutenant Bulkeley edged nearer, almost into the beam of the headlight.

"We can make it tonight, sir," he said. "It will be harder and riskier if we try to come back later for you. I strongly urge you to come now."

Quezon looked sharply at the speaker. Bulkeley was a picture of skill at sea. His training in the Naval Academy, in the Army Air Corps, in China as a Naval Intelligence officer, in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and his recent successes in attacking and sinking Japanese ships off Bataan lent strength and sureness to his soft voice and easy stance.

Quezon turned back to Soriano. And again he said, "I'll go."

The caravan turned around. It went back to Dumaguete.

At 3:15 A. M. Bulkeley ordered Skipper Cox to get under way. There was still no moon, but the Southern Cross was a third of the way up the sky, as the heavily burdened little boat roared seaward, slapping spray over the crew gripping handrails on the narrow deck and over Soriano, Nieto and other hardy members of the party.

The president walked up and down in the wheelhouse. In the chartroom Mrs. Quezon and Father Ortiz sat on a step. They prayed during the four-hour dash across the violent sea. Their prayers were answered. For the boat rode safely through its greatest peril midway in the voyage.

The officers in the cockpit were considering dropping a couple of the torpedoes to lighten the load when the boat staggered under a tremendous jolt from a heavy sea.

Retaining pins were sheared, and both aft torpedoes slid half out of the tubes. They hung there, one on either side.

Tripped by triggers, the propelling mechanisms started whirring. The torpedoes, out of water, were in a "hot run." Mounting temperatures would soften the metal, and charges of compressed air would explode. Even one bursting air flask would be as disastrous to the tiny boat as a TNT warhead.

On the wet, crowded deck two men began fighting their way toward the stern, to the emergency firing pins. The PT-41's torpedoman, James D. Light of Vallejo, California, reached the tube and fired the impulse charge, sending the torpedo on into the sea.

On the starboard side, the PT-35's torpedoman, John L. Houlihan of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, fired the charge of the second torpedo. The tense moment quickly ended. With the deck again safe, the boat was wheeled sharply to avoid the running torpedoes.

Safe at Mindanao

The remainder of the voyage was uneventful, although the sea continued very rough. On reaching quiet waters in the sheltered bay at Oroquieta, Mindanao, everyone aboard took a deep breath of relief. It seemed that even the little boat sighed as it slipped into the smooth harbor.

The first morning light was filtering through a heavy overcast when President Quezon bobbed up in the open cockpit. His face showed weariness from the hard night's journey, but his eyes were bright and full of fire as he scanned the horizon, then turned to face the shore.

He gazed toward a rapidly approaching village of eighty thatched and iron-roofed bamboo and nipa houses tightly set in the middle of a coconut grove stretching out of sight along the beaches on both sides and fading into a mountain background.

As the boat touched the rough pier, fifteen hard-fighting, fire-tested Navy men—Bulkeley's men—leaped ashore. In the motley dress and beards of Captain Kidd's pirates, these tough young Americans walked with businesslike precision toward the town with an array of tommy guns, riot guns, pistols and rifles at the ready. Ensign Bond Murray of Danielsville, Georgia, led the patrol. He wore a service pistol outside a blue topcoat. With trim cap on his head and tommy gun in his hands, he looked like a Chicago gangster. One of the sailors, in blue shirt and dungarees, with curly blond hair and beard, looked like Long John Silver as a young man—before he lost his leg. He even had a star set in the lobe of his right ear. Another bearded giant wore only shoes and pants, with dog tags dangling on his hairy chest like a necklace.

If Japanese had landed there during

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the night they were going to wish they hadn't.

The patrol stopped at the inshore end of the pier, where white-clad villagers began to gather. Held there, they did not see Quezon as he stepped down on the bobbing deck. He was wearing two light leather jackets, but no shirt; khaki riding breeches, but no boots; leather bedroom slippers, but no socks. He stepped up on a trunk and climbed to the pier.

Within a few minutes the family and remainder of the party appeared on the pier and advanced toward the town in ragged formation. Mrs. Quezon walked with Father Ortiz. She was wearing a dark blue dress with white figures and had a dark serapelike shawl around her shoulders. Daughter Zeneida, in white schoolgirl dress with blue spots, walked wearily, head down, her braided hair swinging. Drowsy-eyed son Manuel, Jr., scuffed along in khaki shorts. Daughter Aurora strode, head up, wearing a light green pajamalike slack suit and dark jacket. She was talking to Miss Aureau Labrador, former nurse and now companion and household manager. Helping the sailors with the baggage was the president's widely traveled, smile-wrinkled Chinese valet, Ah Dong.

The family went into a house near the pier after passing through the silent, staring crowd of villagers. No word or sign of recognition passed between the crowd and the party. The travelers rested half an hour, attended Mass in the town church, then motored inland.

Four of the party had missed the boat in Dumaguete: Lieut. Col. Jaime C. Velasquez, presidential aide; Major Diño; Serapio D. Canceran, the president's private secretary; and a code expert, Captain Salazar. Two days later they hired two native outrigger bancas and made the water journey by daylight. Although prepared for capture in their helpless craft, the quartet reached Mindanao without sighting an enemy ship.

After arriving at Oroquieta at dawn on March 19th, President Quezon spent the day at the upland town Jimenez and went by motorcar next day to Dansalan, capital of the northern Moros on the shores of Lake Lanao, 2,000 feet in the mountains. He spent two nights in a resort hotel there and set out at 8 P.M. on March 22d by motor caravan for Del Monte, a pineapple plantation on the island's great north-central plateau. From Del Monte, then headquarters of General Sharp, the president could easily reach the airfield.

The caravan reached Del Monte at three o'clock in the morning after seven hours on rough, dusty roads. I know it was a wearying ride, for I went along with the rear guard. At Del Monte, the president and his party were warmly welcomed by General Sharp.

In the next four days there were several flights of Japanese bombers overhead, but no bombs were dropped.

By Plane to Australia

Three Flying Fortresses from Australia sat lightly down on a near-by field shortly after dusk on March 26th. The party was ready, with baggage sorted and trimmed and weighed. At ten o'clock a caravan formed in the darkness in the plantation compound and moved quietly to the field. The drivers had a moon but no headlights. On the field, President Quezon and his family were helped to places in one of the huge planes. A motor was balky, and the Quezons were asked to get into another of the planes.

I stood in the chill wind on the field and watched the red and green riding lights race toward the end of the long grass runway. The plane imperceptibly rose into the air and in a few minutes the lights faded out against the horizon.

Arriving in northern Australia next morning, the party had breakfast near Port Darwin and flew on to Alice Springs, near the middle of the desert that is the core of the Island Continent.

One of the planes did not reach Alice Springs that afternoon. In it were Osmeña, Soriano, Miss Labrador and Ah Dong. The president refused to go on until they were found, and his section of the party spent the night there in a small, one-story hotel.

On the Australian desert, as at sea, aviators have to fly by the sun and stars —unless they follow the one highway and railroad crossing it north and south.

The missing plane, coming across the desert, was running out of gasoline. Alice Springs was somewhere near. But where? The pilot put the plane down on a smooth stretch of sand.

His radio would not work. While he and the crew were trying to repair the radio, Osmeña and Soriano took a stroll. There was a windmill a mile away; they hoped to find a rancher's house—and food. But there was no rancher's house, and no food.

When night came, they drank from canteens in the plane, and stretched out on blankets under the wings.

Next morning the radio worked for a while. Then it went out again. They didn't know whether they had been heard.

Rescue in the Desert

In the afternoon, however, they joyously saw a plane coming toward them from the flat horizon. It brought gasoline, and the Flying Fortress took them the remaining 50 miles into Alice Springs to rejoin the party—and to break a 30-hour fast.

From this mid-desert town the party was taken in comfortable transport planes to Adelaide, where they boarded a train for the last leg of their journey to Melbourne.

There Quezon was met by General MacArthur. During his stay in Melbourne the president and his family lived in a mansion loaned by a wealthy Australian. He conferred often with General MacArthur and met Prime Minister Curtin, his cabinet, and high officers of both the Australian and American forces. He also met the governor general of Australia.

Within a few days it became apparent that the president could do little for his people from Melbourne, and he began to think of accepting the invitation to come to the United States. Soon after he decided that he could accomplish most in Washington, arrangements were made for President Quezon and his party to sail on a transpacific liner—now a transport—leaving at noon April 21st.

Having flown with Major General Ralph Royce from Mindanao to Melbourne the week before, I embarked on the same transport.

The Quezons, who have traveled much, had their smoothest, easiest crossing. Not once did the ship pitch, and the roll was seldom perceptible. The ship was blacked out from sundown to dawn, but the passengers felt safe. Always within half a mile was the cruiser assigned to protect the president.

One afternoon late in the voyage the president and I were discussing Lieutenant Bulkeley's fine qualities. He told me that Bulkeley, who was his luncheon guest in Melbourne the day before we sailed, had cut off his whiskers.

"You know, he looked just like a boy," the president said. "If I had seen him like that on the night we were talking on the road near Bais, I wouldn't have set foot on his boat. But that night, with those fearless eyes and that black beard, he looked as keen and able as an old Spanish pirate."

Chuckling heartily, the president added: "It was the beard that did it."

THE END

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Conclusion

The Story Thus Far:

WINSLOW GREENE, a geologist employed by the Boca Grande gold mine in South America, goes to the seaport of Santa Rosa to meet a girl—Henrietta Simpson—who will soon arrive from New York, to work in the company's office.

On the way to the boat on which the girl is a passenger, Greene has a curious experience: A stranger—who says he is Eduardo Lopez of the secret police—stops him on the street and urges him to beware of two men, Gruber and Martinez, who have been drinking heavily with Milton Bird, a Boca Grande metallurgist.

Puzzled by what Lopez has said to him, Greene meets the boat, welcomes Miss Simpson and promptly falls in love with her. . . .

At Boca Grande, Miss Simpson gives Greene slight encouragement, and when Jim Walters, the mine manager, finds it necessary to go to Santa Rosa, he informs Greene that she is accepting attentions from Milton Bird (a married man) and must be discharged! Walters says, furthermore, that, in his absence, Greene is to take his place—and fire the girl!

Meanwhile, a mysterious German—Herr Bauer—has arrived on the scene; and when Greene reluctantly tells the girl she must go, Bauer insists on escorting her to the coast.

The following day, while Greene is well on his way to a river boat with four boxes of gold, he is halted on a jungle trail by Miss Simpson—*and knocked unconscious by a man: Herr Bauer!* When he comes to, he is lying on a berth in the stateroom of a river boat; and the girl and Bauer are standing near him.

In answer to his queries, Bauer tells him the brutal truth: He says that he, Bauer, is a German naval officer; that he has taken the gold to purchase motor oil for a German raider that is off the coast somewhere. Then he leaves the room—taking with him some poisoned darts that happen to be among Greene's possessions, *but not taking a gourd of poison.*

A few hurried words from the girl—and Greene knows the truth: Henrietta Simpson loves him! Losing no time, he rips a splinter—sharp and strong—from the floor. He tells the girl to call for Bauer. She does so.

Bauer comes quickly. He opens the door. "Well," he says irritably, "what is it?"

WINSLOW had calculated perfectly. In order to see, Herr Bauer had to close the stateroom door and he closed it at once, very quickly. Herr Bauer's left hand was just leaving the doorknob, his right was still at his side. It was one of those instances when everything seemed to move very slowly, but in vivid detail. Winslow never forgot the sight of Herr Bauer's hands, the long muscular fingers, the roughness of the skin. He never forgot that first moment of surprise in Herr Bauer's eyes when Herr Bauer saw him standing not two feet away.

"So," Herr Bauer began, "what?" But Winslow interrupted him. He had planned exactly what to say.

"You didn't take them all," he said. "Curare, Mr. Bauer."

He moved as he was speaking. It was all done so quickly that it never appeared difficult and, in fact, it was ridiculously easy. With a swing of his right arm he plugged the wooden sliver diagonally into the back of Mr. Bauer's left hand.

It was only a matter of a split second, but Herr Bauer's expression—the open mouth, the slightly protruding eyes—was printed indelibly upon his memory. Herr Bauer was afraid, and fear as much as surprise must have shaken Herr Bauer's judgment. His breath whistled through his teeth. The wooden splinter was lodged at a rakish angle in the back of his left hand and his right hand moved with an instinctive jerk to pull it out.

That instant of distraction was all Winslow had wanted, all that he could hope for. He threw his whole weight against Herr Bauer and snatched for the holster beneath his coat. A second later he backed away with Herr Bauer's pistol in his hand. Just before Herr Bauer sprang at him Winslow fired, and when Herr Bauer's arms were around him he fired again. When he pulled himself free, Herr Bauer lay sprawling across the bunk, his body thrown backward, his legs dangling on the floor. Winslow held the pistol ready, but he lowered the muzzle when he saw there would not be any further trouble with Herr Bauer.

THE cabin door opened again. It was Captain Garcias of the company's river boat in a soiled undershirt, with bare arms smeared with oil. Winslow's acquaintance with Captain Garcias had been too casual for him to appreciate, until then, the broad tolerance which Captain Garcias had developed during years of drinking and bickering along the river.

"Ah," said Captain Garcias, "trouble?" His dark eyes moved incuriously from the figure on the bed to Henrietta Simpson and back again. Captain Garcias stretched out a grimy paw and felt of Mr. Bauer.

"In the heart," he said; "excuse me, Señor. There was something odd about the man. He said that you were ill."

"Yes," Winslow answered, "but I'm feeling better now."

Captain Garcias still gazed thoughtfully at the body of Herr Bauer.

"I do not understand," he said. "The gentleman told me he was your great friend and the lady here, too, was so careful of you. It all seemed unusual, but then, there is always sickness. It was fever, the gentleman said, and he was so concerned with your health that he carried you aboard himself. We were all concerned for you, Señor Greene. He told us we must take you at once to Santa Rosa, and then a few minutes ago, he said something very strange. He said another boat would meet us and take him away. Perhaps I have been a great fool, Señor Greene, and my wits are slow. Then I heard the shot, and you were not sick that way. You have no fever. Had he harmed you?"

Winslow pulled himself together. He had been standing stupidly, half stunned by everything that had happened. He had experienced a temporary fierce exhilaration but now it was wearing off. All that was left was a sort of dull wonder that he should be standing there at all, or that he should have any conceivable part in such a scene.

"Captain," he said, "put something over him, or—or whatever you ought to do." Then he saw that he was still holding Herr Bauer's pistol, and he tossed it on the bed.

Captain Garcias still frowned at the body of Herr Bauer.

"That fellow—" he said. "Señor Greene, did he wish to steal the gold?"

"Yes, that's it," Winslow said. "He and his party held us up five miles away from the landing. They killed Pedro and two soldiers."

"*Caramba!*" Captain Garcias said. "I do not know what to do."

(Continued on page 63)

Señor Lopez was holding an automatic pistol. "I have been searching for you for the last hour everywhere"

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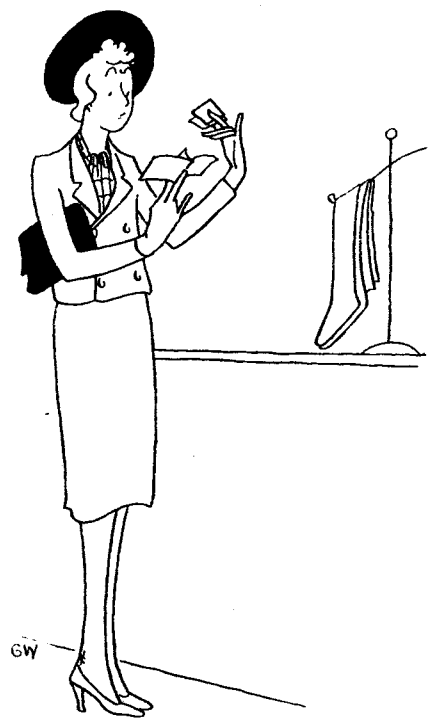
Mr. Woollcott was the first to admit that this was not a testimonial to his wit or beauty. "I am a man of foresight," reported the good round fellow. "I come laden with silk stockings and lipsticks"

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

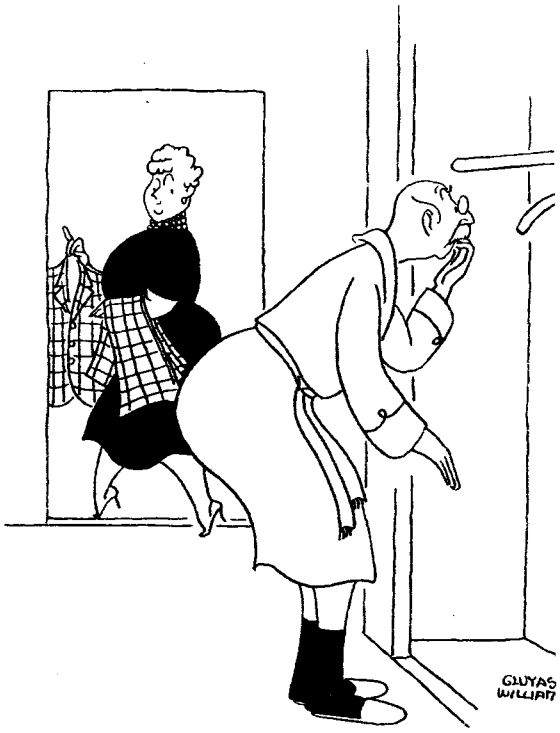
Britain Mends and Darns

By Helen Kirkpatrick

An American woman reporter in London, widely admired almost as much for her chic clothes as for her brilliant daily dispatches on the Battle of Britain, here describes the War on the Clothes Front. Miss Kirkpatrick tells how British men and women make old clothes and hand-me-downs do. Even the queen might have a darned stocking



People think nowadays in terms of coupons—rather than money



Tailors are altering men's suits into women's. Watch your new suit, mister

WHEN Alexander Woollcott arrived in London last year the lobby of the Dorchester Hotel was filled with women trying to see him; the switchboard was jammed with calls for him. Mr. Woollcott was the first to admit that this was not a testimonial to his wit or beauty.

"I am a man of foresight," reported the good round fellow. "I come laden with silk stockings and lipsticks."

Visiting firemen planning a trip to England no longer need scratch their heads trying to think of original presents for their friends here. The worst-looking tie in the world will elicit joyous thanks. Ladies will take anything. People aren't walking around threadbare or anything like that, but as the latest musical comedy song hit says: "You Only Want It Cuz You Haven't Got It." When everything you wear, except your hat, costs coupons, every item seems very important.

The thrifty, ingenious and the once extravagant are getting along well under the present clothes rationing system. Those who couldn't ever afford to keep well supplied aren't too happy. And the shiftless who never bothered to peg runs in their stockings or mend seams are downright miserable. Maintenance is the motto these days, whether it's applied to airplanes and tanks or to suits and shoes.

You are all right if you have something to maintain. From that point of view rationing is hardest on the lower income groups, those who couldn't afford to buy the best quality or more than one of anything. The government has had to help this group; the others can be controlled by cutting off goods at the source, as they are doing. Only fifteen per cent of last year's high-grade tweed supply is available this year and last year was severely curtailed.

Rationing will probably change the clothes habits of the British public. Having a limited number of coupons to spend, fifty-two per cent of the British women are paying more and buying better quality than they did before. They are taking greater care and wearing clothes longer. Ingenuity and resourcefulness have become extremely important to the woman determined to look smart.

During the last few years before the war while Paris models still represented the height of chic, New York and Hollywood were making steady inroads here. More important, this meant wider range of sizes. English ready-made dresses always have been sold in three sizes: small, medium and large. As a result, every well-dressed woman who could afford it had her own dressmaker or, if she couldn't, made her own clothes.

War production called for more and more workers. This resulted in the standardizing of clothes and produced "utility" clothing. And here New York's influence is definitely marked. These utility clothes, to be ready for market in June, will be made in the usual American sizes, for which every Englishwoman is profoundly thankful.

Utility provokes a picture of something practical and unattractive. The opposite is true. For the first time, models designed by the foremost and highest paid designers in the country will be available to women of the lowest incomes. It will be possible to buy a basic outfit of a suit, coat, underwear and shoes for thirty dollars and all of them designed by people whose clothes usually sell for hundreds of dollars.

Most people will spend more than thirty dollars. There's every indication that the demand for utility outfits will far outstrip the supply, certainly at first. Utilitarian apparel was planned for the lower income brackets and in order to eliminate waste of material. They are so attractive the demand is requiring their manufacture in higher priced m terials and greater quantities.

Although people who had a large stock of clothes when rationing started

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in May, 1941, are definitely better off than others, they have problems too. Shoes make first call. Women's shoes cost five, men's seven and children's two coupons. Last year's shoes will have to do this year. Actress Bebe Daniels, who has been doing a marvelous job entertaining soldiers, sailors, airmen and factory workers, gave me an idea on shoes. Bebe, like most American women, can't wear English sizes. She needed new yellow and brown summer shoes, so she dyed a pair of tan and brown ones the colors she wanted and they look very smart.

Young girls sometimes wear evening dress when they are out dancing with men on leave, but since Dunkirk it is rare to see anyone over twenty in real evening dress. Any woman with few evening dresses and imagination is well off: turning evening dress into dinner gown, then into house coat and from house coat into spring street dress and even into underwear, depending on the material.

The Duchess of Kent, certainly one of the best dressed women in Britain, has converted some of her evening dresses into tea gowns by adding little coats. Several of them the Duchess had remade with bodices and sleeves. These will be particularly useful during those months when she isn't going out. The Duchess of Gloucester, during the past year before Prince William was born, had several of her many evening coats made into warm dresses.

Accessories Turn the Trick

American women have always appreciated the value of accessories more than Englishwomen, so they can understand the many changes of costume possible with a basic outfit. Belts and small accessories aren't rationed. The Duchess of Kent is particularly clever with accessories. She has many ideas on remodeling and has her dresses made over several times. Even in peacetime she wore her clothes several seasons but few people would have suspected it. New facings on a suit, different belts and hats and the Duchess was described as appearing in a smart new costume.

Such alterations seldom require coupons unless new material is added. To reline the jacket of a suit is pretty expensive—five coupons. People think nowadays in terms of coupons—rather than money as most of them have more money than coupons to spend. While most agree it would be wise to budget coupons, few do so.

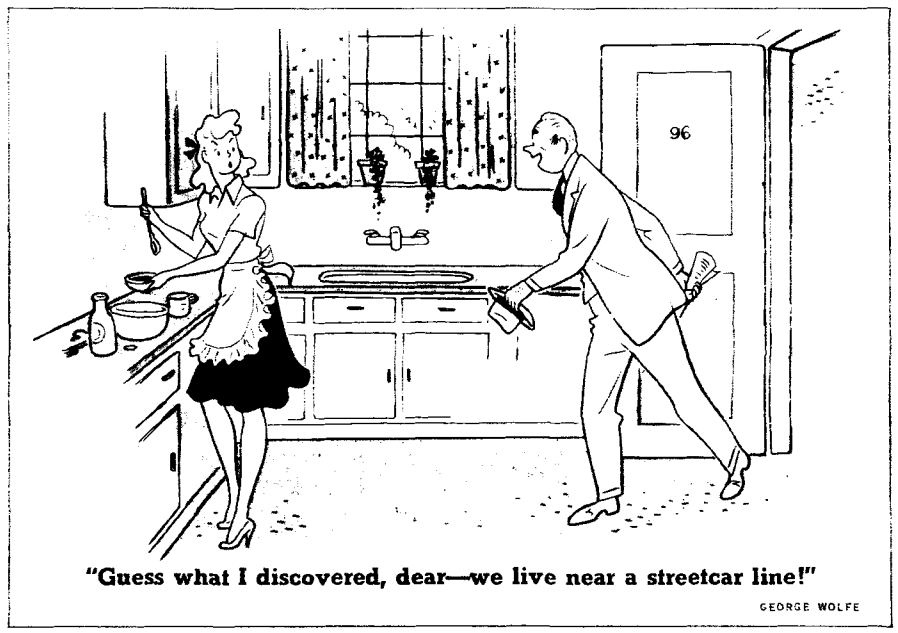
Women have made a fascinating discovery here recently. No longer can they torment husbands by giving away old suits to tramps or to the Salvation Army. Every shred of clothing is precious. A more refined torture exists—smart tailors are converting men's suits into women's, so the suit that disappears probably won't be an old one. A man's full evening dress, however, makes the best woman's tailleur. The tails are used in panels to make the jacket long enough. One enterprising firm of "alteration specialists" makes a specialty of this at a pretty fancy price.

Men haven't much scope in the remodeling world but there are some means of renovating their clothes and they are all being used here. Men's shops have picked up the idea of taking the shine out of suits—a new idea here. Shirt collars and cuffs are turned, also trouser cuffs—no longer allowed on new suits. Entire suits are turned and look like new, though they can always be spotted by the breast pocket on the left instead of the right side.

Ben Lyon, who is an important part of the Lyon-Daniels team, reminded me of some of the handicaps men suffer from rationing. Most of their clothes cost more coupons. And while Bebe in the show gets her costumes under a special theater rationing system, Ben wears his own tuxedo and day suit as they aren't regarded as costumes. Bebe thought she would be helpful and as she had brought stockings back from New York with her, she bought Ben some ties with her coupons. He insisted that it wasn't her taste in ties that made him exchange them but his sock situation was getting pretty acute.

In their tours to factories, Ben and Bebe wear their own and not theatrical clothes, so the wear and tear is pretty considerable. The public expect royalty and movie stars to look the same as ever. Bebe and Ben have their weekly broadcast to the Forces with Vic Oliver, Winston Churchill's son-in-law. Hundreds of men on leave pack into the studio every Sunday evening and the glamorous Bebe can't just dash out in an old sweater and skirt. Neither of them has any complaints, but it gave me an entirely new slant on the theater world.

The Board of Trade is stingy with coupons for the theater. Stars can't keep costumes at the end of a show's run unless they are so worn out as to be useless. No stage costume designer can get costumes approved if they are fragile and likely to need replacing. But the shows on in London look very well and prove what ingenuity can devise. There aren't any lavish Earl Carroll displays but costumes are colorful and audiences seem enthusiastic.



"Guess what I discovered, dear—we live near a streetcar line!"

GEORGE WOLFE

When rationing first started, the men and women in the Forces could buy uniforms without coupons, but that is no longer true. They get more coupons than civilians and they have to give more per item of clothing. When their basic requirements are filled, they haven't many more to spare. Airmen complain that they have only three left—not enough to buy a pair of pajamas.

Uniforms Save Clothes

Everyone else in the country from king and queen down to the youngest air cadet has to hand over coupons and everyone gets the same number. Women's Voluntary Service have to give coupons for their uniforms. Uniforms do save clothes. The Duchess of Gloucester finds it a great help. Members of the royal family have to make many public appearances, opening hospitals, visiting factories and airdromes, and the public likes to see them looking smart. Both royal duchesses are frequently seen in the uniforms of the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance Brigade.

Queen Elizabeth never appears in uniform. But her lady-in-waiting (title with no more literal meaning than a Kentucky Colonel's title) told me that the wardrobes assembled for the state visit to Paris in 1938 and the United States and Canada in 1939 have given the queen a very good supply of clothes, many of which have had to be altered and made more practical. Hats weren't rationed at first and still don't require coupons but the queen made a point of wearing those she already had.

Because hats are the only things you can splurge on, the new ones seem wilder than ever. "Austerity," the keynote of spring, hasn't affected them a bit. Even the Board of Trade seems to sense what a new hat can do for morale.

That is the brightest side of the picture. There are plenty of headaches, and stockings head the list. Constance Spry, a resourceful expert on gardens and food, swears that one pair of nylon stockings washed out every night have lasted her for over a year. There are few women so clever about stockings. They cost two coupons a pair—we won't go into prices, which range from unshapely coarse ones at a dollar up to the very scarce best at five dollars. The average stockings cost about three dollars a pair.

Sixty coupons are the total number any individual can get yearly. Last year it was sixty-six. And there isn't any way of wheedling any more out of the Board of Trade. At the rate of a pair a month, that is nearly half the total year's supply of coupons, leaving few for shoes, gloves, girdles, blouses or other essentials. The old "stoppeuse" who invisibly mends runs, does a land-office business, and almost every shoe on even the wealthiest woman conceals at least one darn.

Where rationing really hurts and where it seems unfair is in its application to heavy workers, miners and others doing jobs hard on clothes. Many of them get extra coupons on presenting certificates from employers but they all say they don't get enough. Electric welders in shipyards say they wear out twelve pairs of overalls a year. That means forty-eight coupons and they get twenty-five.

Babies, expectant mothers and brides have other problems. Expectant mothers get an additional fifty coupons for layettes but none for themselves. While all children's clothes have a much lower coupon value than adults', fifty coupons don't really give babies an adequate layette. Most women spend their own coupons on their children.

British War Relief layettes from America have helped tremendously in poor families. It is the average mother-to-be who has the greatest difficulty. Baby Prince William, son of the Duke of Gloucester, received an American Red Cross layette and presents from the Dominions. His grandmother, Queen Dowager Mary, also gave him things, probably from the store she had accumulated from numerous bazaars she attended in peacetime.

Wool costs a coupon for two ounces, so all baby sweaters, suits and caps mean a lot of coupons. The expected addition to the Kent family will probably receive many gifts. And in addition, the Duchess of Kent is planning to use the outgrown clothes of her two children for the new baby.

There is probably not a child in the country with older brothers, sisters or cousins who isn't wearing "hand-me-downs." Almost every school here, whether it is Free Council school or smart "public school" has its own distinctive uniform. With Susie and John outgrowing their clothes every six months, it is a terrific problem. Eton was the first to start a clothing exchange. Its traditional jackets and tail coats are handed into exchange and boys can buy them secondhand without coupons.

The secondhand market hasn't developed to the extent to which it might have been expected. Nor is there any real racketeering. A few smart operators began by pretending a new suit had been worn and selling it as secondhand without coupons but they soon stopped when they discovered they could only get as much new material as they had coupons to give. There is brisk exchange among friends. When in Scotland recently, I acquired a tweed kilt jacket outgrown by a sixteen-year-old boy. A few alterations made it into a grand jacket to wear with skirts.

Coupon Pools for Brides

Brides are just out of luck. Not many nowadays attempt white weddings unless there is a wedding dress in the family. Some are able to do it with the family pooling coupons. Most families do this to give the bride a trousseau. Linen and household items aren't rationed but aren't easy to find either. One white bride told me she had gotten a wedding dress and planned to have two street dresses made from it afterward when she had had it dyed.

Which raises the question of dyeing and cleaning—all important in maintenance of clothes. Not only are cleaners rationed on cleaning fluids but they have lost many of their staff to the armed services or factories. It takes at least two and usually three weeks to have anything cleaned. Prices haven't risen much and are controlled now. You can still have a suit cleaned for about a dollar at the best cleaners.

Dyeing takes months and the range of colors is limited. Blues and browns are scarcest as those dyes are needed for the army and air forces. Shoe repairs take just as long, even for fixing run-down heels.

There is a lot of song and dance about rationing but the English are that way. They love to laugh at themselves and their difficulties. No one pretends that rationings have yet caused hardship. If they have, nine times out of ten it will be the fault of the individual and not of the system. Over sixty per cent of the people in the country in a recent poll said they hadn't really been affected by it and only eight per cent said they've felt it a lot.

Rationing, together with utility clothes is going to turn out a nation of much smarter-looking women by the end of the war, I believe. And they will all develop such thrifty habits that they will be a perpetual headache to the clothing trade. On the other hand, buying better quality, British women may prove to be more of a headache to husbands than to the trade. Someone's going to have a headache, anyway, and probably it won't be women themselves.

THE END

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Shoemanship

Continued from page 20

disciplining the vet had contracted. Once agreed, promptly carried out. Zinke mounted the steed and was agreeably surprised to find him a fine, upstanding, docile animal. Suddenly the horse shuddered, leaped high in the western sky, executed a *pas seul* and seven arabesques in mid-air and landed on all fours. Zinke landed four corrals away, bearing in his mind certain constitutional dicta from which he has since never wavered.

"To wit: no more cutting corners. If it's an expert's work, hire an expert. Never trade for anything except money."

But it was a small boy in that same town who gave Zinke the idea for his future shop. By mistake the boy forgot to ask for rubber heels on the shoes he had brought in for repair and when he got home, his mother sent him right back again. He pleaded with Zinke to change the leather heels that had been put on.

"Mother would have come herself," the boy said, "but she was afraid. All the women are afraid to come down here. They say they can't pass the saloons around here or the loafers that hang out in these side streets."

The Enterprising Mr. Zinke

That made up the Zinke mind and when he opened in Denver in 1905, it was on a main street. It was a district where only department stores had formerly been able to pay the rent, and Zinke had a job convincing the landlord that he could meet it. He got a nice wide shop, with clean, inviting windows, a few machines and a hurry-up air about the place. He concentrated, above all things, on having work ready when promised.

He was aided historically by the fact that the shoe industry itself was going through a drastic change. The old clod-hoppers were giving way to the lighter, more fashionable footwear for a public that was riding in cars and railroads. The shoes coming out were light, elaborate and frail.

"Shoe millinery," the salesmen called them, with scorn.

In repairing them Zinke tried to make them as if they had just come from the factory. His idea was so sound that he soon had four stores in Colorado. He made the rounds of his enterprises in a one-cylinder car. He got the idea of his Pacific Coast branches from a visit out there.

"This is the place for me," he wrote back to his friends. "They're practically in bare feet here."

It wasn't that bad, but the fact remained that the Coast was taking to light sandals and tennis shoes. It was a heaven-sent chance to show them what the shoe-repair business could be when it furnished a prompt, while-you-wait service.

Zinke sold all but his original shop in Denver and raced back to the Coast.

Remembering his experience with the Oklahoma nag, he hired an efficiency expert to work out a plan for routing shoes through the shop in the shortest possible time. His first shop on Broadway in Los Angeles was a sensation. To get it started he put up every cent he had in the world and even sold his automobile. It presented a corps of neatly jacketed service men busily manipulating their trim machinery in full view of the public.

"Shoemanship," is what Mr. Zinke calls it.

The public stood outside and said "ooh" and "aah" and the place became the talk of the town. What Zinke was doing was scouting the city and district for new locations and that brought about the drive-in, a California phenomenon in many fields. Zinke wasn't missing a chance like that. He can unshoe you, fix you up and reshoe you before you're through the first page of the sports section.

But he did more than create the shoe drive-ins; he brought order out of chaos in the shoe business. By insisting on it, he is responsible for machinery that reduces the 154 machines and the 174 separate operations once required for the making or re-making of a shoe. He is responsible for a factory devoted exclusively to shoe repairing. The stock is so prepared that expert workmen in his shops reach into indexed cabinets and pull out the required sole or heel, already trimmed, punched, polished and cut to size. Then they apply it.

Zinke has 237 expert shoe repairmen working for him at all times, in addition to apprentices, polishers, service men and factory workers. He sold a lot of shines on customers' shoes last year. If an ambitious, unmarried shine boy from Bummin'ham had been able to shine all these shoes and had received a 5-cent tip on each shine, he would have had to pay an income tax, after personal deductions, of $19,326.61.

Assuming that tire-rationing boards would allow them a priority number, 43,264 people could each have had a tire retreaded with the camelback made from all the Zinke rubber heels sold last year. Three Chrysler medium 28-ton tanks would just about equal the weight of all Zinke sole leather used in a year.

Everyone knows the ladies wear little leather lifts attached to the bottom of the spike heels on their shoes. If all the women customers who bought these lifts were gathered together in one place, there would be more voices discussing the prospective girdle shortage than there were people listed in the 1940 San Francisco census.

Nothing but the Best

The Zinke bill for laundry alone—jackets, blankets, towels—is in excess of $1,500 a month. He buys nothing but the best in equipment and metal furniture for his shops. Employees trace that to his first adventure in business. As an experiment in "setting up shop," when he was about twelve, he placed a chair on top of a soft pine box in front of his father's store and went into the polishing trade.

"Shine, please, mister, just a nickel."

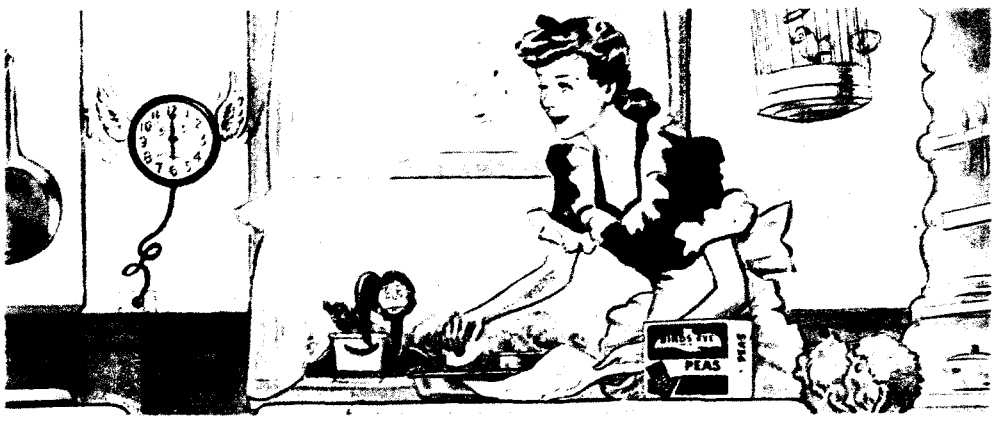
The first customer, a heavy man, brought disaster. The box broke, the chair fell, and the customer crashed his head on the front of father William Zinke's shop. The boy, scared stiff, dashed around the corner, out of business in two minutes.

"Now I make the chairs strong," says Mr. Zinke sagely. He keeps busy, chasing up and down the Coast looking after his establishments. It is generally agreed that he has done a good job. He thinks so himself. His experiences and recollections have been gathered into a serious little document called simply The Life of Mr. Zinke. You will find it at any of the Zinke shops, neatly packaged under a portrait of the great man and a sign saying "Take One."

"We can hardly keep enough of those biographies," the manager of one of the twenty-five Zinke stores said. "A lot of people want to know about Mr. Zinke."

THE END

This SSSumptuous SSSummertime Meal cuts Kitchen Time to 14 mins!



1. Today, you want to put *more time* in War Work—*less time* in that scorching kitchen! So try this Birds Eye *miracle meal*—ready to *cook and serve in 14 minutes flat!* Birds Eye Red Perch Fillets...*summer-fresh* Asparagus Cuts!

2. These *ocean-fresh* Red Perch Fillets come *cleaned, trimmed,* ready to cook! Mr. Red Perch is filleted, and *Quick-Frozen* in a flash! He's got vitamins, too—A, B,, and G! Plus iodine, copper, calcium, and phosphorus!

3. Garden-Fresh Birds Eye Asparagus Cuts . . . *cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook!* Peas, too . . . popping with vitamins A, B,, G, and C! Cook 'em in 7 *minutes flat!* Try this time-and-money-saving Birds Eye Meal—*today!*

SPECIALS!

One Week Only—July 27 - Aug. 1

RED PERCH FILLETS

PEAS

FITTING WINDUP to this marvelous meal—your favorite dessert!—is Strawberry Shortcake. Make it with those tempting, flavorful Birds Eye Strawberries—they're *garden-fresh!*

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Bataan Nurse

Continued from page 13

dry river. Drinking, washing clothes, cooking, bathing—all depended on this one small stream, with the result that illness spread alarmingly. Everyone had jungle complaint—dysentery. Finally as Open Base Hospital No. 2 got organized, we obtained a chlorinator to purify our drinking water. From this plant, three or four times a day, a truck carried precious water to the mess and quarters and wards in old milk cans, pouring it into Lister bags hanging from tree branches.

On New Year's Day we found new sites for nurses' and officers' quarters. The river here ran in two streams; we lived on one side, the doctors on the other. A few yards of burlap we found in an old storehouse gave us some little privacy. A bulldozer soon cut a road down the bank to the river, doing away with the necessity for packing all food and supplies and wounded men by hand down the narrow, hazardous trail.

We nurses were soon able to quit doing K.P. duty and got busy at a man-size job of setting up wards and opening an operating room under a tent. Patients were coming in faster than wards could be set up for them. More beds were put under the trees, with shelter halves overhead. Well hidden as we were, the bombers found us again and again. Day and night, the crash and jar of explosives accompanied our work. Surely, we thought, help would come soon. They told us it was on the way.

Manila Falls to the Japs

Our hopes fell early in January, however, when we heard that Manila had been invaded and all communication was shut off. It seemed unbelievable that the Jap flag was waving over the Manila Hotel and from the flagstaff at Military Plaza. The Army and Navy Club, we heard, had become headquarters for the YBB's—which was the American-Filipino abbreviation for what everyone called the Japs. It's something you can't print.

Through the hot days and nights we worked on. The dust and vermin were terrible. Little trails were cut in every direction between wards and mess places and our quarters. Several times a day, natives carried water from the river to dampen down these trails and lay the dust. We nurses clumped around in heavy Army shoes and coveralls, both several sizes too large. These, with a helmet and gas mask, became the American Army nurses' uniform on Bataan.

We had no social life to worry about. There was a radio set in camp and when the Japs let us we could listen to KGEI in San Francisco, or the Voice of Freedom on Corregidor. But the interference was so effective we heard little of what went on in the outside world. We worked long shifts, which was perhaps best, because it left us little time to think.

There was a tiny chapel near by, with bamboo benches and pulpit. From somewhere, Chaplain Dawson had salvaged a field organ. Sometimes we gathered there to sing hymns and the old songs that sounded strange and heart-tugging out in the bombed jungle.

Women came to the hospital, some of them wounded, many to give birth to little brown babies, while the bombs crashed, and the antiaircraft banged in the sky. As the weeks passed, the front lines grew quieter and quieter. Our boys were getting fewer and fewer and thinner and thinner. Food was scarce. Malaria swept the camp. The quinine supply grew low, and the drug could be dispensed only at the hospital. It was impossible to fight the fever this way because many of the stricken soldiers could not reach us.

One night stands out: It was the night we didn't have carabao stew. We had horse steak and gravy instead. It was wonderful—even though we speculated whether the horses hadn't come from the Twenty-sixth Cavalry—and whether we hadn't ridden some of them in the days gone by.

During the lull on Bataan, the soldiers and nurses had time to enjoy a little relaxation with an adopted monkey, Tojo. He bore a remarkable likeness to his namesake but he was a great morale builder. He was lots of fun but as the days went by he disappeared. Someone asked, "Where's Tojo?" The boys smiled and said, "Well, he made a good stew."

"But, lady, I can't fix the leak until I open the door!" LEO GAREL

Another good morale builder for me came later: Two radiograms from the folks down home in Texas. The only RCA station still operating in the islands was down at Cebu. From there, messages and small supplies were flown up in a huge American plane which sometimes had to fight its way through. A third spirit-stiffener was General Jonathan Wainwright; his leadership proved him a truly great man. When he would not give in to the first demand for surrender, the Japs battered us day and night. There are no words for the utter disregard of those devils for human life. Twice Base Hospital No. 1 was bombed. The first attack was followed by "So sorry!" After the second attack, there was no comment.

Days and nights were an endless nightmare until it seemed we couldn't stand it any longer. Patients came in by the hundreds, and the doctors and nurses worked continuously under the tents amid the flies and heat and dust. We had from eight to nine hundred victims a day. Beds had to serve two—the mattress on the ground for one, blanket-covered springs for another. Soldiers, Filipinos, women, kids staggered in, half dead from exhaustion and wounds. Every night the burial parties worked in black darkness.

So we came to the day when the front lines were no more and there seemed no place to retreat. It became every man for himself; that was the order. We had faith in General Wainwright. He had said, "I couldn't face my country, I couldn't ever face my wife if I didn't rescue every American woman on Bataan." He kept his word.

One evening at five o'clock, shells from Corregidor forts began to whine over our river-bed hospital. Then we heard rifle fire from Lower Bataan—and then the news that the Japs had landed only two kilometers from the hospital. At eight o'clock the commanding officer came by hurriedly and called to us to report to Miss Josie Nesbitt, our chief nurse. Finally, taking just a few small possessions, eighty-eight nurses and civilian women were huddled together in the jungle darkness to make a dash for Corregidor.

Two hours later, ten cars and busses and a garbage truck were driving slowly through the darkness to Mariveles landing fifteen kilometers away. About halfway there, we were stuck for hours, while our few remaining soldiers dynamited ammunition dumps and destroyed stores. The road was jammed with vehicles and soldiers and frightened civilians; the night crackled with rifle fire, and the ammunition dumps sounded off every few minutes. The sky flamed redly with a sort of weird beauty.

As dawn came through the smoke and dust, we clattered down safely to Mariveles pier—only to see our rescue boat steaming away across the bay. That was a bad moment but all we could do was wait. We huddled into a tunnel the departing engineers had left and found some food abandoned by the swiftly evacuating Navy. So we had a breakfast of hash, tomato juice, peaches and crackers.

For hours we waited for a ship. A flight of Jap planes came over but dropped no bombs. Roll call sounded but not all of us answered. Some of our nurses had shoved off in rowboats and bancas—native boats—headed for the Rock on their own. A small steamer came in and fifteen of us swarmed aboard. There was the drone of planes and the steamer drifted swiftly into the stream, trying to dodge. Half an hour later it steamed back to the dock and more women got aboard, just in time. A few minutes later, as we steamed away, the Japs blasted the pier and the roadway to bits. We were about five hundred yards out at the time. Bombs rained down but luckily none hit us, though the ship rocked.

At the Corregidor Island pier we lost no time getting ashore. American Army officers hurried us into the dark, cool safety of the Melinta Tunnel. This tunnel is under four hundred feet of solid rock. Laterals from the main tunnel afforded space for regular Army quarters and a hospital. Every inch of space was in use. There were double- and triple-decker beds, and equipment was piled to the roof. Great ventilators blew fresh air.

For a couple of weeks, life in the tunnel was quiet. The good Army chow was like old times. It didn't seem possible that there could be so many niceties in Corregidor—while across a few miles of bomb-blasted water in Bataan, thousands were hungry.

In a Corregidor Tunnel

Meanwhile, the shells flew back and forth between the Rock and the Japanese batteries on the conquered peninsula. In between the shellings, it was a treat to sit at the entrance to the tunnel; and, come what might, Nurse Clara Mae Bickford and I took a thirty-minute walk around the outside of the tunnel every day. It was a life saver for us.

Sometimes the concussion and shell bursts on Corregidor hurt our eardrums, even down in the tunnel. The Japs' one ambition was to cripple our big guns atop the Rock with bombs, shellings and dive bombings—until we wondered how long things could hold out. Surely, we prayed, help is just over the horizon. But no help came.

Late in April, along toward evening, a group of nurses were called secretly into the mess hall. Orders: "At nine tonight report at the entrance to Hospital Tunnel." We could bring along a small musette bag with personal belongings, nothing more. A few goodbys and we were on our way. As we came out into the night, the quiet seemed strange.

Somebody said, "It's Hirohito's birthday!" It was, and the Japs had all given up bombing for a few hours to go to conquered Manila and drink toasts to the emperor of the YBB's. This Japanese holiday made our escape so much easier.

It was just midnight when we boarded a big PBY plane. Not far away was another, also filled with women, for General Wainwright, not content with getting us off Bataan, was going to get us safely away from Corregidor. The motors roared and we flew away. At four-thirty in the morning we ran into a dense fog, missed a lake on Mindanao we were looking for, and came down on the choppy Pacific so hard I thought we were headed for the bottom.

We floated around in the fog until the sun came up and burned away the mist. Then we headed into a tiny cove, where we stayed hidden. Ashore in Mindanao, we had our first real food for months—fried chicken and all the trimmings. As dark came, we went back to the cove, boarded the plane and soared southward again in the night, dodging Jap reconnaissance planes . . . and then one morning a coast line and a town appeared below. We circled slowly and landed in Port Darwin, Australia—safe at last.

THE END

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Putting the HEAT on Hitler!

"If the shippers and consumers of this coal want to help win the war, they will ship and buy and stock all the coal possible in the spring and summer months." JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, *Director, Office of Defense Transportation.*

. . .

"A full coal bin is the best possible insurance anybody can have against a wartime coal shortage." H. A. GRAY, *Acting Director, Office of Solid Fuels Coordination for War,* HAROLD L. ICKES, *Coordinator.*

. . .

"To produce and transport the tremendous quantity of oil required for war, we need, and will continue to need, the ever greater efforts and cooperation of every individual." HAROLD L. ICKES, *Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Coordinator for War.*

AMERICA today is pouring out war materials faster than all the Axis powers combined.

The months ahead will see production of guns, tanks, planes, ammunition in a rising flood beyond anything ever imagined.

That's putting on the heat—and it takes *heat* to do it.

It takes millions of tons of coal—millions of gallons of oil—to keep America's war factories booming.

Production of bituminous and anthracite coal, most of which moves by rail, has been stepped up to *nearly 12,500,000 tons a week.*

About 750,000 barrels of oil a day are rolling into the East by rail—*more than 50 times the volume the railroads normally bring in.*

The railroads will keep right on doing their part in "putting on the heat" to the best of their ability. But there *is* a limit—set by the number of tank cars and coal cars in existence.

And that's where *you* come in.

In normal times, one coal car in every four is needed to move fuel for home-heating.

If you fill your bins *now*, that means more cars—more power—more heat to keep our increasing production program going full speed ahead through the winter.

Buy the rest of your coal now and help put the heat on Hitler!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNITED FOR VICTORY

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An Emergency People of the

How can you help? The answer is on this page. I hope every American citizen will read it and act on it.

D. M. NELSON, CHAIRMAN, WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

A crisis exists in our war production program which can be solved only by the patriotic cooperation of the American people.

We are faced with a serious shortage of steel scrap, rubber and other vital materials.

This shortage must be filled.

By scrap we mean the ordinary Junk which today is lying in the barnyards and in the gullies of farms; in the basements, attics and garages of homes and stores throughout the country.

★ ★ ★

The steel industry operates on the basis of half-and-half—about 50 per cent metal from pig iron and 50 per cent remelted scrap metal.

Therefore, about 50 per cent of every tank, every ship, every submarine and every gun is made of scrap iron and steel.

The steel industry has been rapidly stepping up its production—from 67,000,000 tons in 1940 to a record-breaking 83,000,000 tons in 1941. Production in 1942 is already ahead of 1941, but we need to get production up to the industry's full capacity of 90,000,000 tons—a total equal to the output of the rest of the world combined.

This volume of production cannot be attained or increased unless an additional 6,000,000 tons of scrap iron and steel is obtained.

We are faced with the fact that some steel furnaces have been allowed to cool down and that many of them are operating from day to day and hand to mouth, due only to the lack of scrap.

The rubber situation is also critical. In spite of the recent rubber drive, there is a continuing need for large quantities of scrap rubber.

We are collecting every possible pound of scrap from the factories, arsenals and shipyards; we are speeding up the flow of material from automobile graveyards; we are tearing up abandoned railroad tracks and bridges.

But unless we dig out an additional 6,000,000 tons of steel and great quantities of rubber, copper, brass, zinc and tin our boys may not get all the fighting weapons they need in time.

Fortunately, the material exists in America's great "mine above the ground."

There is enough iron and steel on farms alone, if used with other materials, to make:

Twice as many battleships as there are in the whole world today, or

Enough 2000-pound bombs to drop three per minute from big bombers incessantly for more than three years.

Locating and collecting this scrap is going to require a canvass of every house and every farm. ***Even one old shovel will help make 4 hand grenades.***

We have set up the machinery for this, but it is not perfect. It is a problem that can be licked only by American resourcefulness, American organization ability, American muscle and American will to win.

★ ★ ★

We now have in every state a state salvage committee of volunteers working directly under the governor.

Under these state committees we have county committees and local committees. We have special industrial committees working with executives of plants in 335 industrial centers.

In rural communities we have the County War Boards.

These committees can tell you the quickest way to get your Junk into action.

In behalf of the governor and the state committee we urge every committee to organize itself into a band of "Salvage Commandos."

You can either sell your scrap to a Junk dealer or you can give it to a charity, which in turn will sell it to a Junk dealer who performs an important func-

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Statement to the United States

tion by sorting it, grading it, packing it and shipping it to the right place.

We urge local charities and civic organizations to cooperate with the local salvage committee and devise a plan of action and collection.

We urge the scrap dealer to cooperate as fast as he can in the collection and shipment of materials.

We urge industrial executives to appoint Salvage Managers who have both the responsibility and authority to salvage obsolete machinery, tools and dies.

We urge every farmer and every householder in America to act at once.

Go over your premises with a fine tooth comb. If you have already turned in your scrap, look again—you'll probably find more.

If you do not have enough of your own to warrant someone coming after it, form a neighborhood pool, or take it yourself to the nearest collection point.

If there is an old heater or boiler in your basement too heavy for you to move, get your neighbors to help you.

This is a People's job. It is something you can do without interfering with other war work or personal duties.

It is not enough to pile up a little stuff and expect somebody to come and get it.

Most of the work is being done by patriotic volunteers with inadequate facilities. They need your help in collecting scrap material in the largest possible amounts and in getting it to the right place.

It is a direct and personal obligation to all of our boys on all fronts.

You may think, "My little bit" won't help, but your "little bit" multiplied thousands and millions of times can create a mountain of raw material which can actually turn the tide.

The situation is serious. Your help is needed now.

HOW SCRAP IRON AND STEEL GO TO WAR

The steel used in our war machines is made by melting together

1. **Pig iron** (about 50%)
2. **Scrap generated in the steel plant** in the process of steelmaking (about 25%)
3. **Scrap purchased from outside Junk sources** (about 25%)

We have plenty of iron ore to make the pig iron needed. But our furnaces operate faster when there is plenty of scrap to mix with the pig iron.

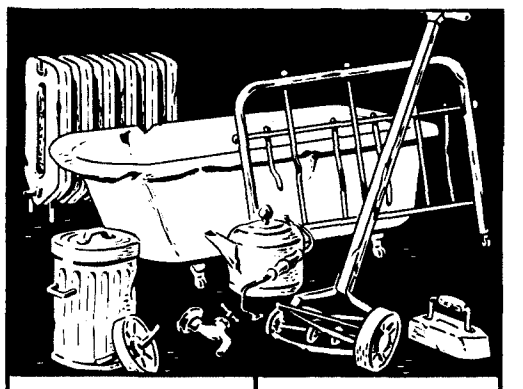
This so-called "scrap" which goes into the furnaces to make the steel for tanks, ships and guns is actually refined steel—with most impurities removed. Some of the finest quality steels are made 100% from scrap.

The iron and steel scrap which you collect is bought by the steel mills from scrap dealers at established, government-controlled prices.

Throw YOUR scrap into the fight!

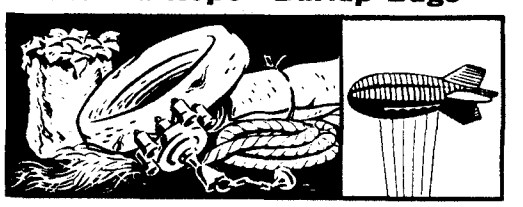
JUNK needed for War

Scrap Iron and Steel



Needed for all machines and arms of war. Fifty per cent of every tank, ship and gun is made of scrap iron and steel.

Other Metals—Rubber—Rags
Manila Rope—Burlap Bags



Needed for making bombs, fuses, binoculars; planes; tires for jeeps; gas masks; barrage balloons; wiping rags for guns; parachute flares; insulation for electric wiring.

HOW TO TURN IT IN

Sell to a Junk dealer . . . Give to a charity . . . Take it yourself to nearest collection point . . . or consult your local Salvage Committee.

If you live on a farm, consult your County War Board or your farm implement dealer.

WASTE FATS—Drippings and deep fats, after they have served maximum cooking use. Strain into large tin can and sell to nearest meat dealer after you have collected pound or more.

TIN CANS—Cleaned, opened at both ends, label removed and pressed together. *Wanted only in areas close to de-tinning plants, as announced locally.* Collected at stated intervals by city trucks.

WASTE PAPER—Needed only as announced by local committees.

This message approved by Conservation Division

WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

This advertisement paid for by the American Industries Salvage Committee (representing and with funds provided by a group of leading industrial concerns.)

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PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

Jars of preserved fruits and vegetables load the shelves, while smoked meats hang from the rafters—a pleasing sight for Mrs. Watkins, an Alabama client of the FSA, when she inspects her smokehouse

Big Discovery in the South

By James C. Derieux

Rehabilitation of the downtrodden sharecropper is bringing profound changes—all for the better—in the social and economic patterns of the agricultural South

OLD JOHN WILSON has been a tenant farmer all of his days. He has tried farm after farm, as cotton tenants often do, but he never has had much luck, though every spring his hopes have been high. Things will be better this year, he would think.

All farmers-at-heart are like that every spring when they see and smell and feel the great annual resurrection. But every autumn Old John was disappointed. He just couldn't seem to make enough to pay out and keep his family fed and warm until the next cotton-picking time. And, reviewing his failure, he'd become restless. Maybe if he could get some richer land, everything would be all right. That farm down the road a piece—it looks pretty good, and the house on it has two rooms, not counting the lean-to. And so Old John would move, leaving behind him such stuff as was mortgaged or pledged if he hadn't paid out that year, and usually he hadn't.

People began to say he was a trifling, shiftless, worthless fellow who wasn't fit to be trusted. "He'll leave his crop in the grass to work on the highway," they said. "You can't do anything with a man like that."

And the charge was true. Old John had, at times, left the grass growing in his cotton to work on the highway for cash money. Why? Listen to what he told me.

"You can promise your back," he said, "but you got to pay your stomach. I can get along without new clothes, but there ain't any such thing as eatin' old food over again. They tell me a man's got to work if he's gonner eat, and I say yessir to 'em. But I know a piece of Gawd's truth, and this here's it—a man's got to eat if he's gonner work. You ever been hongry?

"A man can't wait from June to cotton-pickin' time for food, and his wife and his children can't neither. If he ain't got any credit, he's got to get some cash money quick when his stomach hollers for pay. What's a man gonner do when he ain't shaped up good enough to tote him th'u till cotton's sold?"

Old John was caught. He was caught in the snares of a system that had failed even before he began to fail under it. The system is a kind of remnant of a kind of feudalism. It is anachronistic. It ruins land. It sickens hope. Its operations cannot yield generally satisfactory American results, notwithstanding the exceptional records of exceptional landlords and of exceptional tenants.

A Too-Common Belief

Individuals never have been able to remake the system, and many of them have not cared to try to remake it. There has been a too-common belief that Old John and scores of thousands of his companions in failure, white and colored, were of the "worthless, shiftless, trifling class" of poor whites and Negroes, and that if you tried to do anything for them—anything much—they'd make you regret your interest. They have lived and died in poverty, the best people say, because they are lazy. They have failed and failed, moved and moved, leaving eroded land and debts behind them because, if the best people have been correct, they have not had what it takes to make good. They have been unprepared for the tasks of peace, and even less prepared for the tasks of war.

The boy at the left, ill-clad and underfed, was a typical southeastern Missouri sharecropper child. At right: The same lad two years later, after his parents had become "rehabs"

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In former conflicts some of them, who happened to be robust, made acceptable cannon fodder; which is not so important in modern warfare.

But a profoundly important and sociologically sensational discovery has been made in the cotton fields. Within a few years thousands of these bottom-rung farmers, of both races and of the in-betweens, have ruined the Southern Bourbon concept of the social order by proving that they are not worthless or shiftless or trifling, and that they are worth much more than a dam. Only the intellectually blind among the best people can today offer any impressive support for the snoots-aloft attitude inherited from the past and, incidentally, one of the most damaging attitudes preserved from the Old South. It has survived because children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Secessionists have tried to salvage something from the consequences of that awful error.

Old John is still a tenant farmer, growing cotton. But he has paid all he owed four years in a row. His landlord gets a fixed sum of rent in money, instead of a share of the crops. There is food, home-canned and home-cured, in Old John's house. There is more food in his pig pen, his cow pasture, his henhouse and in his garden, where he grows vegetables such as he never grew before or cared for.

"The guv'ment," Old John explains, "has shaped me up good. Yessir, ever'thing's all right."

"You owe a lot of money to the government, don't you?"

"I owe some, but they tell me I'm keepin' up. Anyway, a debt ain't no bother if the other man'll do all the figgerin' and come out and get his due. That's the way the guv'ment does, and there's been plenty left to see us th'u the winter and spring. Debt? Shucks. I come up on it."

A New Start in Life

Old John is a rehabilitation client (a rehab, for short) of the Farm Security Administration, and that is the explanation of the change in his farming, eating, paying and working status. That agency rescued him, and more than 600,000 other farmers all over the United States from relief rolls, from roadsides, from worn-out fields, and from accumulating debts. The big purpose was to "shape" these farm families up with five-year loans at five per cent and occasional emergency grants, and show them how to avoid failure in the future. This was relief designed to do away with the need for relief. It was a peacetime farm plan, but it fits snugly into wartime needs. Practically all of the hundreds of thousands of low income rehabilitation families have contracted to make good in the Food for Freedom program—and that is about the only way that many of those families can contribute to victory. "I'm too old for fight," says John, "an' I ain't so good inside a fact'ry, but there ain't any man can follow a mule longer'n I can up and down the rows, and I can swing a hoe at weeds like I was choppin' down Japs."

In South Carolina, where I know the Farm Security story intimately, and all over the Southeast, where I know it well, the degree of success has been amazing. Eighty per cent of the rehabs, who had failed so regularly that they could borrow nothing at all when they came to Farm Security, are today abreast of their repayments to the government, and another ten per cent are only slightly behind. Just about five per cent of all the bad-risk families accepted have proved to be worthless, shiftless and trifling, and have been dropped from the program. All the others have more food than was attainable under the usual landlord-tenant system, stronger clothes, better equipment for field and home work, and good prospects for the future.

They even have plans for next year. Imagine that! Imagine knowing where you will live, if you live, next year. And remember—not one of these earlier rehab families could get commercial credit. Total failure was a prerequisite for acceptance under the FSA program until more recent years.

The general background of the early rehabilitation families is suggested in a quotation from a report by South Carolina's state director of Farm Security work, Mr. R. F. Kolb. Here is what he says:

"Sixty-two per cent of the 165,504 South Carolina farmers were tenants or sharecroppers in 1935. In that year some 6,000 rural families of the state were transferred from relief rolls to the Resettlement Administration, whose functions are now carried on by the Farm Security Administration. Their average net worth was but $33.63 per family. . . ."

Get the implication of that figure. The total possessions of the average family—clothing, household equipment, farm tools, work animals, everything—were worth $33.63. This was not over and above their accumulated debts, either. It was their net worth as they were found, without going into the past.

"Their cash farm incomes the previous year had averaged $264.92 per family or $44 per person," says Mr. Kolb. "One-room shacks housed many families. Lacking livestock, tools, food, household equipment and other essentials, they also had lost their credit. Their diet made pellagra and other deficiency diseases widespread. Lack of medical care and sanitation took heavy toll in sickness and death."

That's the "before" picture. What does the "after" show? Something like this: net worth, over and above the not-yet-due balances on debts, approximately $600 per family; every family equipped with the necessary work animals and utensils; 95 per cent curing their own meat; almost all of them with cows and chickens; many of them producing three fourths of their own food and feed requirements; all have received medical attention, if needed; all have improved household equipment, including, usually, pressure cookers which sometimes are called "pressum" and sometimes "precious" cookers; against less than one quart of preserved food per person when taken into the program, all will have upward of 50 quarts of canned berries, fruits, vegetables and meats this year for each person in the family; and—take a good look at this—at the start of the program in 1935 only 35 per cent of the rehab children of school age were attending school, while today 98.9 per cent of the school-age children attend school.

Something is happening to these people, something profoundly good for them, for the South, and for the nation. You can see it in vegetable gardens where formerly no gardens grew, you can see it in bright curtains at cabin windows, in food on shelves where formerly there were not even any shelves, and no need for them, in decent work clothes, in fat mules, in cow pastures, chicken houses, screened doors, pigpens—and you can see it in eyes that are brighter than they were, and hear it in the merrier laughter of children. . . . Old John Wilson is right. Food helps a lot. You got to pay your stomach.

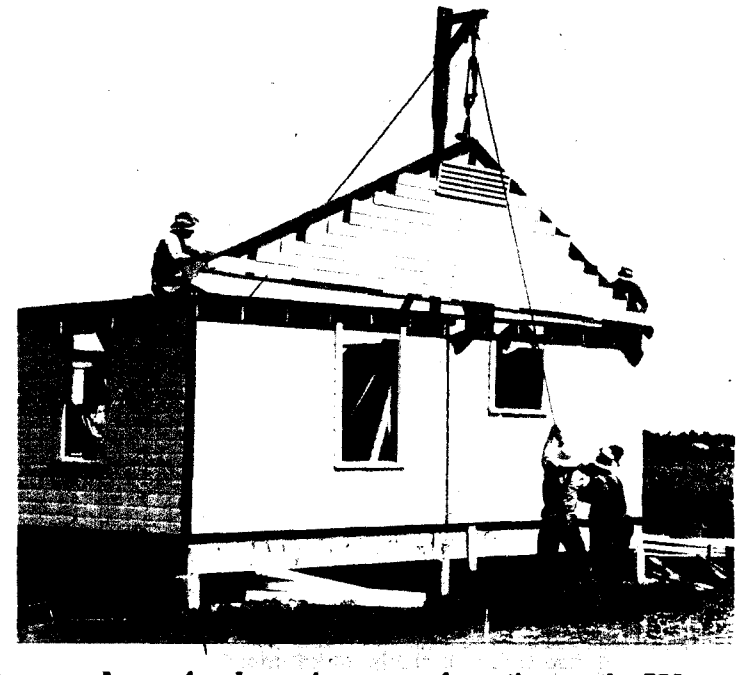
"I used to hate to go to the cook room," Helena, the wife of a rehab, told me, " 'cause there wasn't anything to cook. But now Lafe has to holler for me to come away from the stove. It's fun to cook when you got something fitten to cook."

Starling Goodson was plowing with an ox a few years ago, trying to get a living out of sandy land. Things were so bad he knew something was bound to happen.

"People just didn't know what we been up against," he says. "After the depression come along they said, 'Grow food, there ain't any excuse for a man to be hongry in this climate.' But I didn't have any seed, or any fertilizer, the land was poor and I didn't have any cash money, and couldn't borrow any. I wanted to grow food, all right. But when a fellow can't get started, he ain't got a chance to finish."

Starling was shaped up by Farm Security, and now he is a "postgraduate" rehab. That means, he has been passed on as worthy to own a farm, and he has bought one through the government, with forty

Farmers living with their families in shacks like this one, near New Madrid, Missouri, were hopelessly handicapped under the sharecropping system



A new farmhouse in course of erection on the FSA southeastern Missouri project. The gable end is being lowered into place by means of the gin pole

Educational conditions have improved under the FSA's new regime. The schoolroom below is near the southeastern Missouri farm project

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years to pay for the land and the new house on it. The new house is painted, the first painted house Starling and his family have lived in. It is a huge house, with four or five rooms. And it has windows with real glass in them!

"We been in the dark too long!" said Starling. "I got so I dreamed of a house with glass in the windows, 'stead of the solid shutters that shuts out the light along with some of the cold in winter."

"Think you can pay for everything?" Starling was asked.

"Oh, yessir. Fo' thousand dollars ain't too heavy a load for me and my family. I got two good mules, my wife—she's got plenty of chickens and she does washin' too, and my children's big enough to help. We'll make it all right. . . . Looka yonder at the sun how it comes through the window glass."

Wimberly Thomas had one feeble mule and a dry cow when Farm Security got him five years ago. Now he has three good mules, eight head of cattle, several giving milk, 24 pigs, more than a hundred chickens, enough homemade sirup, meal and canned food to do him for some time, $40 in the bank after paying all debts due, and he is sending one of his daughters to college with produce, paying with that rather than with cash money.

The Moates family of eight had nineteen chickens and a little hay in 1938. Now they have two mules, two cows, seven pigs, forty laying hens, sixty baby chicks, a wagon, plenty of home-grown flour, meat and other foods.

Okies on the East Coast

Charles Pruitt, his wife, five daughters and two sons were "blowed out" of Oklahoma in 1936, but they tried Florida instead of California. Farm Security helped him when his mules died, and a recent report shows his possessions are worth about $1,800 more than his debts. "They can't beat me now," he says.

Caesar Turnipseed (sic) is a dignified old man, always self-supporting, never wanting anybody to do any planning for him, and not much bossing of him, either. But Caesar's mule died and this is the way he explained that tragic situation to me: "There ain't no way to live in this world 'thout a mule. I had to have a mule, so I let the guv'ment git me. But I'll work free again."

The Burtons had an odd experience. They almost ruined themselves by succeeding. They were tenant farmers, and did so well that the landlord upped the rent on them so much they could not afford to pay it. He said, and he could prove it, that the farm was worth a lot more than it was when they came to it. The land was richer and the house was in better repair. The Burtons had done that. But it was his house and his land and he had a right to more rent. The Burtons moved, and FSA got a three-year lease for them, so they will have some incentive to improve the land and repair the house. Later, they will buy, probably.

All of these sketches are taken from real life in South Carolina, Alabama and Florida. They are representative of a majority of the 100,000 rehabilitation families of the Southeast, especially of the veteran rehabs who came on the program when total and apparently chronic failure was a prerequisite for acceptance. In the past two or three years, however, Farm Security has broadened its field to include young farm couples just starting out, and some older farmers whose failures have been less than total.

This broadening of the activities has resulted in at least one entertaining protest from a group of landowners who accused Farm Security, in its tenant purchase operations, of aiding their very best tenants to buy farms. Terrible, isn't it? Helping the worthy like that. Farm Security does not seem to know that people should stay put, if some landlords wish it so. Feudalism dies hard in spots.

Changes, as a rule, are not effected within a generation. Folkways and value systems are altered slowly, and between generations. Anyway, that is what some sociologists say, and it seems to imply that there is not much hope for improvement in grownups, but that our children may move ahead of our fixed position. The rehabilitation farmers, however, appear to have upset this sociological theory, even as they upset the easy old Southern explanation of failure offered by those who knew the government was a fool when it offered big loans to the failing class.

These rehabilitation loans sometimes ranged up as high as $600 for a single family, and higher if the family operated more than a one-plow farm. That was much too much, said everybody who was anybody. Now many thousands of the grown-up rehabs, some of whom are old, have changed their farm ways, cook ways, table ways, dress ways, viewpoints, and they have lifted their sights.

"Why don't you have a garden?" an investigating professor friend of mine asked a tenant farmer.

"Because we never have had one," was the shut-out answer. A man cannot miss what he never has had, or imagined having. He cannot like the unknown. But when the unknown becomes known, he may like it. "Seems like these vegetables I'm eating now have a heap more taste than they used to have when I first started growin' 'em," a rehab said. "Carrots, now. I thought they was rabbit food and nothin' else. But we've took to carrots ourselves."

Growing Their Own Biscuits

Until the past few years, wheat was uncommon in South Carolina and in other Southeastern states, but wheat was included in the Farm Security farm plan, enough for consumption on the premises of the grower. Some farmers bucked a little. One, illustrating the general viewpoint, said he wanted to grow cotton, or other stuff that could be sold for cash money. Who wants any wheat? But the farm planners insisted, and he gave in. Now, listen to him:

"Me, I've learned to grow my own biscuits and they taste a heap better when they've been mine since they wasn't anything but a bag of seed. Gives a man a sorta good feelin' to sit down to a table full of his own makings." His value system, you see, has expanded. He likes to do what formerly he never had done.

All this is good, profoundly good. It may be the most important development in the South in recent years. It is, in effect, a revolution that is mainly constructive, and good even in its destructive influences. The discovery that a numerous class of people wishes to rise and will rise, when offered a helping hand that also is a guiding hand, may recast some old Southern social and economic patterns.

The war, of course, has affected the Farm Security families. Ordinarily a storm uproots trees, while leaving the lowly grass undisturbed; but this storm is different. Fundamentally, however, the meaning of Farm Security discoveries remains the same—men, even those of the lowest economic status, have desire and capacity to participate usefully in democratic society. This is the great discovery, with significance in time of war and in time of peace. The stimulating, guiding fact is not that twenty per cent of these little people lag, but that eighty per cent make good.

THE END

"Stop worrying about me coming home from Jane's unescorted, Mom—there are always three or four men following right along behind me!"

JEFF KEATE

Any Week

Continued from page 4

would have gone next day to the procurement officer's superior if it hadn't got mixed in with some IMMEDIATELY URGENT papers for the War Department. The War Department inquired into the bicarb requisition, now a husky file of twenty-seven pages, and after satisfying itself that it should have been sent elsewhere, sent it elsewhere marked *Immediately Urgent Today*. What happened after that we're not quite sure. All we do know is that five pounds of bicarbonate of soda arrived the other day at the desk of the bureau chief who, about six months ago, had a stomach-ache. Neither he nor his secretary was there to greet it, he having become a captain in the Army Air Forces Intelligence Section, and she having been married, retiring to so-called private life in New Orleans.

"I HAVE it on excellent authority, a minister of the gospel, in fact, that less than one tenth of one per cent of the men in our Armed Forces touch beer or liquor in any shape, form or manner," writes Mr. G. Murdock Symmes of El Paso, Texas. "This being the truth which I doubt not, coming from a clergyman, is it not the bounden duty of all America to follow the example of our boys and cease to waste our substance in riotous living, including the imbibing of spirituous liquors?"

AN EXCEEDINGLY fair question, Mr. Symmes, and one which does not catch us unawares. We're a little suspicious that Mr. Symmes' informant's percentages are—well, optimistic. But about this substance-wasting by us noncombatants we have few if any doubts. No one we know or know of would enjoy a brief season of substance-wasting more than we would. But we've just straightened ourself out with our insurance company, paid an installment of our income tax, signed up for a flock of war bonds, met our mortgage, sent the kid off to camp, had the house painted and bought ourself a couple pair of cuffless pants. With what remains we are about to have our shoes shined. What we mean is that anyone looking for a companion in a little riotous living needn't stop here asking for us.

MANY people have telephoned us about the discovery of Mr. Conklin Mann, the genealogist, that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are eighth cousins, once removed. They seem to see Mr. Churchill and the President filling in gaps between dispatches from the Near, Middle and Far East with something like this: The President: "Let me see. Uncle Elizar Cooke, he married Sara Warren, that pretty daughter of Preserved Warren and—" Mr. Churchill: "No, it was Charity, Sara's half sister. Sara married Confidence Bowser and if you don't mind my saying so you're the spittin' image—" And so on into the night, until Mrs. Roosevelt, agreeing with neither of them, gets out the family album.

W. D.

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Alicia in Wonderland

Continued from page 36

rosin box in the wings, and going back to rub again, and making the sign of the cross just before they leap out on the dazzling stage.

But the darling of Paris declared he could not get in the mood for Giselle with paper flowers. So Markova, rising from Giselle's grave in a green spotlight to do the hardest dancing in all ballet repertoire, found herself hopping over squashed lilies.

When the curtain went down, she knew she had won the New Yorkers, even on a stage oozing with mangled vegetation. The newspapers next day accorded her a personal triumph—and then at the theater she found a note waiting for her. "Don't dare to dance tonight!" it said. No signature.

She wasn't frightened. It hadn't occurred to her that a man, even a very jealous man, might have thrown real lilies around the stage just to make her fall and that when his ruse failed he might try something else. She danced the first act with its mad scene. She floated out for the graveside second act into her partner's waiting arms. And suddenly she was set down hard on one foot, and a searing pain shot up from her ankle.

She finished the act—they always do in the ballet if they're conscious—and then the doctor took over. "Three weeks off your feet," he said, "and you're lucky it isn't forever."

Since she has been in this country, Markova has joined a new company, the Ballet Theater, almost all-American in cast and management. She has always believed in the Americans in ballet, and it turns out that she's right. This company will dance in every major city from coast to coast this year, with all the symphony orchestras.

She is like Pavlowa in every way but one: she has never thrown a tantrum in her life. A ballerina's career is short and stormy, and they fight like wildcats for every chance to dance an important role. Not Markova, however.

I followed the call boy to her dressing room one night. He staggered under about a hundred dollars' worth of florist stuff, including orchids. They were from people out front who had come expressly to see her in The Bluebird, a short piece but full of technical fireworks. The flowers were to have been delivered on the stage, as she took her bow, the big moment in a ballerina's life. But—

"I'm getting my flowers in my dressing room tonight," she said cheerfully.

With a Chinese coat over her tights she was helping the wardrobe woman hook another ballerina into her own—Markova's—Bluebird costume. The other girl had tossed a high-powered demonstration of temperament, wanting to dance The Bluebird that night, and Markova had gracefully bowed out and let her have the part. The Markova fans out front would be disappointed, but London's daughter gave a convincing Russian shrug of the shoulders, meaning "Nichevo" or "It doesn't matter!"

For that kind of co-operation, a ballerina has to be either very, very nice or very, very sure of herself. Markova, it turns out, is both.

THE END

Fair Dinkum

Continued from page 12

in a moment, she felt as though she could have recited the hard history of the woman's coat. Immediately she thought: Why should I pity her with her let-out seams? When she's through with window shopping, she'll likely go home to a houseful of young children and a husband to take her in his arms. I wouldn't mind growing stout and piecing my old coat year after year, if somebody's face lighted when I opened my door.

MRS. PINNOCK was almost ready to hate the woman beside her, out of envy for her good fortune; but she could bring herself neither to speak nor to walk away. Although she had been speaking, monosyllabically, to the hairdresser just a while before, she was suddenly afraid that she had mislaid the knack of conversation. She had spent too many weeks whistling to a canary, saying briefly *No, I cannot,* on the telephone, looking at letters that did not speak back. With an effort she said to the woman:

"Is this a reliable shop? I fancied one of those blouses."

"I dare say," the woman replied. "You see, I never buy them ready; I make my own."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Pinnock. "I wish I were able to."

The woman stared at her before she asked: "You would not be one of those Hong Kong evacuées, would you?"

"I?" Mrs. Pinnock exclaimed. "I've lived here for twenty-one years; my husband was born here, my son—" she broke off the sentence.

"It was your voice then," the woman said, as though she were apologizing. "It put me in mind of one of them I used to sew for, last year, until I couldn't stand for it a minute longer and my husband he just told me to up and quit it."

"Why, what made it so frightful?" asked Mrs. Pinnock.

"It wasn't anything she did to me, exactly," the woman said, wrinkling her forehead. "It was the way they went on, her and her friends, the other Hong Kong ladies, carrying on and screaming because they were in this awful hole. The words they used and worse, too. They were fair mighty about being sent here while their mates were allowed to stay in Hong Kong and all they could think of was if girls named Olga and Sonya, and goodness knows what, were dancing with their husbands. And here they were in the Black Hole of Calcutta or something." She sniffed.

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Pinnock said weakly and then she added in a small lame voice: "But don't you think women are sometimes a bit upset when their lives are so altered?"

"Women and men," the woman said briskly. "But in my opinion, and I've said it to my mate, those ladies didn't think about anyone but themselves when they were in Hong Kong. They didn't think of their men then and they didn't think of them really when they got down here. Poor chaps. Who knows where they are now? And maybe the ladies feel ashamed now," she said charitably.

"Still, it's different for you," said Mrs. Pinnock, almost pleading. "When you go home now, your husband and your

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"
"ARE YOU KIDDING?"
asks Betty Field in her new Paramount hit, "ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"... co-starring Ray Milland.
"When he gets that gleam in his eye and starts to wander, it's time to wonder. And when an old flame can warm up that ex-romance, things are getting hot. But when he gets tipsy and whiffles—yes, whiffles with her before my very eyes . . . well!
"PARDON ME FOR BUSTING IN...BUT ARE WIVES NECESSARY?"
"Sometimes wives are the best arguments for living alone—and liking it. Especially when they run up bills that make a piker out of the national debt. And what's wrong with a night out? Even a prisoner gets time off for good behavior!
"Yes, it's Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, scrapping their delightful way from the pages of the best-selling novel right onto the screen in Paramount's 'ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?' From now on, the Cugats (George and Liz to you) are your favorite couple!"
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Bigger than biggest! Better than the best! The most extravagant superlatives pale before the dazzling magnificence of Irving Berlin's "HOLIDAY INN"! Bing Crosby! Fred Astaire (with 2 dancing partners)! Thirteen Irving Berlin Hits! It's a year's holiday packed into two unforgettable hours!
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Go see Cecil B. DeMille's "REAP THE WILD WIND" in Technicolor
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little children will all be there to welcome you, won't they?"

"When I do get home," said the woman and her smile made her look like a girl. "First of all, to tell you the truth, I'm meeting my husband in a tavern. We'll sit and tipple ale till it closes. I don't mean you should think we'll get full to the ears. We've just always taken an evening out every week since we got married."

"But who takes care of your little children?" Mrs. Pinnock asked.

"Oh, our nippers aren't all so little any more," said her companion. "Our biggest, he's old enough to be flying with the R.A.A.F. Our second—she's thirteen—I've taught her to look out for the others."

"And once a week all the years of your marriage," Mrs. Pinnock said dreamily.

"All but times like when he was working over at Whyalla and couldn't get back here at all," said the woman. "We were just set to move to him when he got his transfer to a machine shop here."

"And never quarreled, I dare say," Mrs. Pinnock said in the same dreamy voice.

"Like Turks!" the woman said cheerfully. "He'll kick up a dust now, me being late." She started to move away, calling over her shoulder: "Not that I've ever had call to complain."

FOR a few moments, Mrs. Pinnock continued to watch the woman's broad back in its pieced-out coat. "Tooth's ale, that's what they drink together," she said aloud, and immediately she decided to buy the yellow blouse and wear it out of the shop.

It fitted admirably, and the shade was becoming, Mrs. Pinnock thought.

Outside, continuing her way through the Arcade, Mrs. Pinnock put a cupped hand to her rolled dark hair, glossy out of the hairdresser's hands. Originally she had planned to look for some inconspicuous restaurant off Martin's Place, to have her tea before taking the streetcar to her flat. The Australia Hotel was little more than a block ahead of her. The Australia was always jolly. She had not been inside it for nearly two months, unwilling to risk meeting *him* or to recall too piercingly the last night of her son's leave, when his father had taken Russell and her to the hotel's main-floor bar.

Now she did not know. She felt more distracted and uncertain even than earlier and she hesitated before a chemist's shop, unable to dislodge the vision of the machinist and his freckled-faced wife who had sewed, disapproving, for the Hong Kong Englishwomen. She saw them sitting together, cosy and snug, at a table under a sign that read: Tooth's Lager, Tooth's Ale. No younger than Mr. Pinnock and herself, they had always put each other first and then their nippers and, last of all, their own individual vanities.

Abruptly she walked into the chemist's and asked for advice on shades of rouge. The girl clerk helped her to apply the cream, discreetly in the rear of the shop, holding up a hand mirror while Mrs. Pinnock rubbed two little spots high on her pale cheeks. Although she decided it did not look at all artificial, her entire face became rosy for an embarrassed minute out in the daylight of Castlereagh Street. But no one seemed to be gaping at her. Indeed, all of Castlereagh was thronged with pairs: girls with soldiers, wives with husbands, women with men.

In her new yellow blouse and her tinted cheeks, Mrs. Pinnock began to feel more reckless than she could remember. Ordinarily she would never have asked for more than Russell swinging along by her side. But now it seemed to her that if a strange man approached her, she would not hesitate to speak to him, even to keep him at her side—against the dark outcast hours before her, alone once more in a flat with a live canary and a fur koala bear.

Suddenly her eyes smarted, for straight ahead of her marched an unaccompanied youth; he looked, from the back, just like her son. He wore an American officer's uniform; he turned to his left, right into the Australia. Without another thought, Mrs. Pinnock followed him almost to the hotel desk.

The American officer was at least five years older than Russell, with the wrong color eyes, the wrong face. And he was no longer alone but surrounded by three charming Australian girls who reproached him for keeping them waiting. Mrs. Pinnock made a point of turning away casually to look into the lobby displays while she collected herself. The displays were showing the newest slippers with matching handbags; they always presented the most fashionable trifles. But you did not pin a brassy new flower to your lapel merely to sit at home, looking, without seeing, over Mosman's Bay. No, she could not return to her flat now. She could not seek a quiet tearoom where quiet lonely women sat at forlorn tables.

The lobby was alive with American men and Australian girls, pretty and animated. Mrs. Pinnock compromised with herself; she resolved to take the elevator to the smaller café on the second floor.

THE second-floor café was as crowded as the lobby, although the captain was able to seat her at a small table along a side wall. Still feeling bold, Mrs. Pinnock ordered a whisky-and-soda, instead of sherry. She looked at the American youths at the tables near her and turned her eyes from the youngest faces to fit a cigarette into the carved ivory holder that Russell had sent her from Singapore, too long ago. Presently, the waiter, with the tin badge shaped like the Australian continent, fetched her a drink. Before she had touched it, she heard herself addressed by the tall, stocky, gray-haired man standing now with his hand on the chair opposite to her own.

"You've no objection?" he said. "It seems the only vacant spot left."

Mrs. Pinnock was unable to command either the poise or the pleasant bantering voice she wanted. "Not at all," she murmured, her face rosy again but her tone cold.

While he ordered his drink, she fidgeted with her cigarette holder and kept her eyes on the table, until he said, agreeably:

"Hanged if I know why I happened to come up here."

"I dare say it's no less crowded downstairs," she managed to reply faintly.

"I believe I was following someone," he said and stared at her before he added: "Not a woman. A young lad, a Yank." He leaned forward, looking behind her. "He joined some young folks back of you."

HELPLESSLY she turned her head. It looked like the same back she had followed to the hotel desk, unless more of the Americans held themselves as Russell did. She might have told him: I think I followed the same one, too. She was unable to produce the words.

"A lot of young men look alike from the back," she said.

"As deceptive as women," said the man. "Although if a man followed you, he wouldn't feel cheated when he saw your face." He held up his glass. "Cheers."

"Cheers," she said mechanically.

"Although hanged if you don't look a bit formidable, after all." He grinned. "You know, you look like a woman who could never forget she was born in England."

"That isn't true!" she cried out. "If it once was, it is no longer. I can't explain why." She caught herself, balanced her voice and said: "It must be late, I should be leaving."

"Don't!" he said sharply and he added, almost beseechingly: "Stay a little longer, please." He signaled the waiter and ordered two drinks, while Mrs. Pinnock lowered her head and played with the catch of her handbag.

"What would you do, if you went now?" he asked in a low voice.

"Nothing," she said without looking up.

"I'll tell you what I'd do," he said. "I'd have dinner in there probably." He nodded toward the dining room on the same floor. "By myself. Then I'd go home and look over my stamps. I collect stamps."

"You *do?*" Mrs. Pinnock looked up. "Somehow I always thought stamp collecting was for young boys—" she hesitated— "or very lonely grownup men.'

"You're wrong. Philatelists and all that sort of thing," said the man. "Not that I'm one. I only just started. Cheers." He held up his glass and waited for her to respond before he said: "I did it to keep my mind off—things. I did it to keep from drinking too much and doing what I didn't want to do, just to keep my mind off . . . things. You wouldn't understand that, would you?"

"Yes, I would understand it," Mrs. Pinnock said slowly. "I wouldn't have before but now I do."

The man looked thoughtfully at her until she turned from him and seemed to be absorbed in the American faces and American voices, sounding young and free at the neighboring tables.

"They're very young," the man said gently. "I don't doubt but what some of their mothers may never see them again or fear that they won't. Still, all those mothers cannot be so—unforgiving."

Mrs. Pinnock wet her dry lips. She dug into her handbag until Russell's letter was between her cold fingers and she could withdraw it.

"Fair dinkum, those lads, although the way they'd say it, I guess, would be just okay," said the man. "You'd probably prefer to say they're a bit of all right." He mimicked her intonation.

"Fair dinkum," Mrs. Pinnock said anxiously. "I would prefer to say that."

The man shook his head. "Hanged if I can make you out."

Mrs. Pinnock's eyes were too bright. She held out Russell's letter to the man. "I thought you might want this stamp for your collection," she said nervously.

SHE watched him delicately handle the letter. She watched him take it from the envelope. She watched him read and return the letter to its envelope.

"I meant it," she said, still nervously. "The stamp, for your collection."

"My stamps don't amount to that much," he said. "I wouldn't disfigure this envelope for my collection."

"I meant you to keep the letter yourself, George," she said in such a gauzy voice that his face lighted. "I was ashamed of having kept it. I mean, of being unforgiving." And she added: "George" as though now she could not speak his name often enough.

"That's the first time you've called me by name," said George Pinnock.

"It's worse than that," she said. "I got to the point where I couldn't even think of you as George. I couldn't go any further or lower maybe. And then, I don't know, I guess I grew up. Only yesterday or the day before or maybe just this afternoon." She looked at him like a suppliant. "Rather late in life," she finished miserably.

"Quite so," said Russell's father. Then he grinned. "And you all of forty."

"Thirty-nine!" she said quickly and, for the first time, she laughed at herself.

"Coo," said Mr. Pinnock mockingly. He stretched out his hand to take her own. "That's young enough to start all over again." His face became grave. "If you really think you're ready to make it up with me."

"I shall make it up *to* you," she said fiercely. "This time I shall."

"And we shan't quarrel," he said. "Not ever again."

"Not ever would be fair dinkum," said Russell's mother.

"Oh, a bit of all right," said Russell's father.

This time, both their faces lighted; and their laughter sounded as young and free as the American boys and their girls at the tables surrounding them.

THE END

"We'll Get You Yet!"

That's what they told the man from Texas. And they weren't just talking, as you'll see when you read the stirring romance of the old Wild West . . .

ACTION BY NIGHT

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 10

But my folks have always lived in Bakersfield," he said.

"Around the world!" There was longing in her voice as she looked at her own little strip of the wet, wooded world that lay below them. "China—India—" she mused. "Did you go alone?"

"No; on a cruise. I played the piano in a four-piece orchestra," he explained.

"D'you play the piano?"

"Enough for that. I never had a lesson. You say we don't know much about each other, but I think we know enough to know that we—we like each other, don't we?"

He moved closer along the fence and put his arm about her. Loveday was outwardly motionless, but her thoughts and emotions raced and tumbled in a mad confusion. A boy—a tall, nice, likable boy had his arm tight about her. She felt his breast hard and strong against her own; his mouth was close to her cheek.

"We know we like each other, don't we?" he said again. She managed to raise her lashes and their eyes met. She caught her breath childishly.

"Well, of course," she managed to say. And then he was kissing her.

WHEN, after a long moment, they drew apart, and the familiar scene stopped swaying and revolving before Loveday's dazzled eyes, the sun had dropped behind the western hills, and the long shadows that had lain across the new sprouting green of the orchard floor and the muddy paddock had disappeared.

"I've got to go in," Loveday said. But she said it without conviction, her folded arms on the top rail of the fence, her bright head laid on them, and her face turned sidewise toward Larry with a sleepy smile. She was a tall, slender girl, with something about her broad shoulders, her squared chin with its deep cleft, and her wide mouth that made her beauty a little unusual. Today she was dressed carelessly enough in old blue cotton slacks, well-worn brown sneakers and a pink sweater. "I must go in," she repeated.

"No; you mustn't," Larry said jealously.

"I must. We have dinner at six, and I have to take a bath."

But still she made no move to go, and presently he had his arms about her again, and again they kissed each other. And this time Loveday did not feel afraid.

Five minutes later she raced up through the farm yards, cut through a dark line of cobwebbed evergreen hedge into a dilapidated old garden and threaded its buckled and mossgrown paths to the entrance of the old red brick mansion that was called "Friends Haven."

Trees, enormous oaks and bays, had encircled the house for its almost hundred years, but there were other trees, too, planted long ago as frail saplings to fill bare spaces in the garden, but now towering over it and keeping the lower rooms of the house dark all the year around. The somber tall plumes of the red-barked eucalyptus, gnarled peppers, long lines of birch and poplar, and the lower masses of firs and cypress and hawthorn, pressed upon one another, with here and there a redwood trying to spread its cramped layers among them.

There had been nothing pruned or cut for years; the encroaching jungle was all ready once more to absorb the petty traces that human living had left upon it.

But to Loveday it was all too familiar to have any significance; it was simply "the front garden" that faced north and was always cold.

At the south side of the house and at the back, things were pleasanter and brighter; there were old greenhouses and berry bushes, and her mother gardened there in warm sunlight three hundred days a year.

She went in at a side door that opened upon a square entry flanked by other doors, and scented, as the whole house was scented, with the faint odor of rotting wood and old plaster and Annie Lum's gallant attacks with ammonia and yellow soap. A passage from this entry led to the great front hall and the formal parlors with their shrouded mirrors and dark shining tables and chairs. But Loveday never took this way upstairs. She used instead the narrow back stairway, peeping in upon Annie Lum and Wing Foo as she passed the kitchen, and emerging, at the top of the flight, upon an upper hallway across which the light in a big south bedroom was lying in a warm rosy slant.

This was her grandmother's room, and her grandmother was in it now, talking with her mother. The older woman, established in a winged big chair beside a coal fire, wore the Friends' garb, infinitely becoming to her placid face, that was broad, with a cleft chin, like Loveday's. A fold of white hair showed under her prim cap; her hands, busy with knitting, were large and firm and white. She gave her granddaughter a keen look as Loveday came in.

"Thee looks like a gypsy," she observed in mild disapproval.

"You're late, Loveday," her mother said. Mrs. Gurney was unlike her Quaker mother-in-law; she was small and wiry with no gray in her thick, plainly dressed hair, and, despite her more than sixty years, with something young—almost childish in the abrupt quickness of her manner. Life had dealt Martha Gurney heavy blows, but Loveday never thought of her as being abandoned to grief or changed by grief.

MOTHER had always been like this, rather silent and always busy, interested in flowers and cats and birds and all small animals rather than in people, sleeping sound, eating with relish, loving books, contented. Her husband's mother had lived with her all through her married life. Loveday had said something once to her mother of the usual attitude of young wives to mothers-in-law, but her mother had countered quickly, "No one could quarrel with your grandmother; no one could not like her!" and Loveday had been silenced.

"We walked up to the Widney place!" Loveday explained, still breathing happiness and excitement and of the cold, sweet out-of-doors. "It's heavenly in the woods!"

"Who's 'we'?" Mrs. Gurney asked.

Loveday flushed and laughed.

"Lawrence Ingersoll. The boy I told you about. The boy I met at the school dance the night I went with the Bettancourts last week."

"I thought you saw him yesterday, too, Loveday."

"I did. But only for a moment downtown. I was in the market and he saw me go in—his office is right across the street, and he came over. Today I was just starting to walk when he drove up the road and said he had to go up to Widney's to see about putting a pole line through their place. So he parked the car and we walked."

Her mother said nothing to this, and her grandmother apparently had heard

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nothing; she had a way of abstracting herself from any scene and entering into celestial communications of her own, and Loveday fancied that she had done so now. But some time later when the girl came back to the room, bathed and fresh and with trimly brushed hair, she found old Betsey Loveday Gurney alone, and almost immediately she realized that the old woman was perfectly conscious of what was going on.

"Thee likes this young man, Loveday?"

"Larry Ingersoll?" Color flooded Loveday's face and she laughed. They might ask questions all they liked, but they would never know of that happy time when she and Larry were hanging on the paddock fence. She knelt, tending the fire, and looked over her shoulder at her grandmother.

"He's terribly—" she began, and paused. Grandmother did not like extremes in speech. "He's really nice," Loveday amended it. "We like each other."

"What does thee know of him?" The knitting needles that had stopped for a moment were busy again and Loveday felt a little relieved.

"His people live in Bakersfield, and he went to Princeton, and he's working for the Gas and Electric people."

"Mother?"

"Mother and father and three sisters, I think. He seems very fond of them all." Loveday added the last phrase to fill a silence.

"How old would thee say he might be?"

"Twenty-seven next week. We have the same birthday. We found that out at the dance. But he seems," Loveday added, drawn against her will, in the delight of speaking of him, to volunteered confidences, "but he seems younger—sort of boyish and—and sleepy and young—and laughing about everything."

THE room was old-fashioned and cluttered with the flotsam and jetsam of a long life.

But it was a comfortable room—a room rich with memories of gracious living, steeped in an atmosphere of faith and peace and deep affection.

"Has he kissed thee?" old Betsey Gurney asked quietly, after a silence. Loveday looked over her shoulder with a startled laugh.

"What—what made you ask that, Grandmother?"

"Thee looked as if he might have." The old voice was untroubled and unreproachful.

"Yes. He did. Today," Loveday admitted, busy with the coals again, the tips of her ears red.

"Don't promise thyself to him unless thee means it," said her grandmother.

"Promise myself to him!" Loveday echoed, scared, happy, taken by surprise.

"He'll ask thee to. Loveday," the old woman said, "I want thee to make me a promise. I am ready," Betsey Gurney said, looking upward, the pure ivory of her placid, broad face showing a sort of heavenly transparency in the soft fire and lamplight, "for a long journey. The messenger is on his way. And before I leave thee I want to ask thee for a pledge. Be a woman of thy word, Loveday. If thee loves this man, then bind thyself to him with ropes of steel. Through good, through bad, bearing his children, keeping his house. If thee does that, thee'll work thy way out to happiness in the end. If thee engages thyself to marry him, keep thy word. It's a troubled world today," the serene old voice went on, "because we have not kept our covenant with the Lord. Men have broken their promise to Him, and so He keeps no promise to them. But let it be different with thee. In little things, in big things, keep thy word. Pay thy bills—"

"She sounds as if she was reading out of the Bible," Loveday thought. Seated on a hassock beside the fire, with her eyes respectfully fixed upon her grandmother's face, she nodded seriously.

"If I made a promise I would always keep it," she said.

"Not many do. Not many do," her grandmother murmured, half to herself.

For a while there was silence; the girl sat on her hassock, the folds of her dark red gown making a warm spot of color where the firelight touched them. What her grandmother had said made her feel thrilled and pleased. Grandmother knew nothing of Larry, and yet she thought he might be in love with her. Loveday had wanted to feel so almost from the first moment of knowing him.

It had been Doctor Knowles, superintendent of the high school, who had introduced them. Loveday, like the rest of the girls, had taken her contribution to the evening's feast; she had been standing at the cake table in the big schoolhouse corridor with Mrs. Knowles, when the two men had come up.

"Oh, Loveday, a marble cake!" Mrs. Knowles had said. "I'm going to put it out of sight under the table here and see if I can't get it when they raffle off the leftover cakes! Did you make it?"

"Who else?" Loveday had been in holiday mood that night; the atmosphere of the decorated and lighted schoolhouse, the flags and banners and ropes of evergreen and the scraping of the violins as they tuned up, had been exhilarating. She had worn her only dancing dress, far from new, on this New Year's night, for it had been worn by her mother many years before it had been made over for her. It had been exhumed from one of the attic trunks; it was neither smart nor young in pattern. But that had not mattered; it had been infinitely becoming to Loveday Gurney's fresh, glowing beauty and she had found no fault with it.

THE man who had come up with Doctor Knowles had been of the type that no girl at the New Year's dance could quite ignore, be her affections placed where they might. Larry Ingersoll was tall, with a mop of thick fair hair pushed carelessly back from a wide forehead, and from a face whose very lack of handsomeness was attractive in itself. High cheekbones, deep-set eyes with a sleepy smile perpetually twinkling in them, a mouth firm above a hard young line of chin, and a long thin body that he carried with a slight stoop; there was no analyzing what made him fascinating, but fascinating, without the slightest effort, he was.

HE DANCED beautifully, and Loveday loved to dance. It had been a bitter disappointment to her when at ten o'clock Joe Bettancourt had come up to her apologetically with the news that Maria was worrying about the baby, and he had to get up early in the morning, and they were going home. Loveday had promised to go home with the Bettancourts. But at ten o'clock!

However, Larry had been dancing then with one of the Varney girls, and in any case she could not have asked a perfect stranger to take her home. The dream that he might have done so died. It was four dark miles up the hill; nobody else would be going up that way. She must go.

But the disappointment had been somewhat softened the next day when in the post office down in the village she had met Larry, and after that laughing talk they had managed to see each other every day.

Once, thought the girl dreaming in her red dress in the red firelight, once in the pouring rain, when they had gone, dripping and breathless, into Singer's for ice cream, and more than once in the library, whose dimly lighted alcoves had afforded them a chance to talk unobserved.

But today had been the best. Today, leaving the gate of Friends Haven with more than a vague hope in her heart that somehow, if she walked to the village, she might encounter Larry, she had been thrilled to see his mud-spattered car racketing up the rough road, and to have him stop to ask her—before even recognizing her—if this was the road to Widney's.

The winter sun had been shining warmly on the rain-soaked world; the sky had been high and blue. Larry had jumped out of his car and they had stood smiling at each other, almost too pleased for speech. And when she had said that Widney's was only two miles above, but that the road was closed because of landslides, what more natural than that they should decide to walk it together? And what a delicious walk—scrambling through bits of wet woodland and stepping cautiously over clods of plowed orchard—it had been! Loveday had fallen into so deep a vague blissful dream beside the fire that she jumped up surprised when Wing Foo's dinner gong sounded downstairs.

After dinner they came upstairs again to her grandmother's room. Dinner, as always, was good but unexciting. The Chinese cook never failed and never varied. For lunch, some simple meat with vegetables and a dessert. For dinner, soup in winter, salad in summer, cornbread or biscuits always, cooked fruit. Wing Foo raised all the vegetables himself, preserved them and the fruits and berries, tended the chickens, and chuckled with Oriental triumph over the smallness of the bills. He often walked down to the village, a slim, gentlemanly figure in his black silesia, to do his own bargaining among his compatriots for bacon or rice. It was largely due to Wing Foo that the household finances at Friends Haven were always in a state of solvency.

Long after this particular evening, when all her thoughts were so absorbed by Larry Ingersoll that Loveday could hardly recall herself sufficiently to hold her own in the quiet family conversation, she was to look back to this night with wonder. Just why the talk then should not have followed its usual quiet bent she did not know; often there was no talk at all, as her grandmother knitted steadily, her mother fingered her solitaire cards and frowned over them, and she herself sat buried in a book. Sometimes for half an hour there would be no sound in the room except the comfortable sound of the clock ticking and the fire gnawing at a lump of coal, and the soft swishing of branches outside in the dark, as the wind fingered at the window blinds.

TONIGHT there was a change. As if she suspected the approach of that change for herself that she had called "the long journey," or as if what Loveday had told her before dinner had brought her suddenly to the realization that the quiet little girl of the household was changing too, old Mrs. Gurney spoke up in a sudden silence:

"How old will thee be next week, Loveday?"

"Twenty," Loveday's mother answered, stopping her game and looking at the girl. "It seems impossible!"

"It seems old," Loveday said simply.

"Old!" her grandmother echoed with her gentle laugh. "Wait until thee's eighty-two!"

Eighty-two was much too great an age to hold any interest whatsoever for Loveday. Her mother's age was less, but even that seemed outside the range of personal interest to a girl of twenty tonight.

"Mother, how old were you when you got married?" she asked. She knew, of course, or she could work it out very simply, but the whole subject was fascinating, and she wanted to develop it.

"I was thirty-three, Loveday. And that was thirty years ago."

"But, Mother, wasn't that rather late to marry?"

Her mother's sensible, attractive, sunbrowned face twitched with a smile.

"Your father and I waited eleven years."

"Eleven *years!*"

"That would be thirteen years from now, for Larry and me," Loveday thought. Aloud she said, "Why that long time?"

"My father was an invalid. He needed constant care, day and night. I've told you this before."

"I know. And you'd been married ten years before I put in an appearance."

"There was your brother, of course." Martha Gurney had resumed her game, but now her fingers stopped again. She could speak of him quietly, although she did not often speak of him at all. "Hugh

"I'm so proud of George—he let them draft him" IRVING ROIR

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was born when we had been married about five years," she said.

Old Mrs. Gurney knitted steadily. But her heart was shaken to remember the joyous thrill of that night: the lights going up and down the stairs, big Hugh crying, herself busy with hot water, sheets, and the sudden wail of the new acid little voice of her grandson ringing through the shadowy bedroom.

"Then you came, after we lost him," Martha said. "You were the thing I had to live for. I was glad then that your father wasn't here to know it."

LOVEDAY knew the story. The little brother, not five years old, had somehow wandered away on a summer afternoon; there had been family alarm, later a general alarm. Little Hugh had somehow gotten far up into the woods; his small body in its faded, weather-soaked, familiar little blue playsuit, had been found long afterward, in a culvert high on the mountainside, into which the child had apparently crept for shelter. And only a few weeks later Loveday had been born to the stricken house, to be the comfort and delight of her surgeon grandfather and his Quaker wife, and of her widowed mother.

Knowing what she meant to them, feeling their love about her like a strong shield, she had never felt her days incomplete. She loved every inch of the decaying, magnificent old house and its untended gardens; she loved her lonely walks and her books; she loved winter evenings, like this evening, when she sat beside the fire in her grandmother's room, half listening, half reading, wholly satisfied with life as she found it.

"You know about your grandfather's money, Loveday?" her mother asked unexpectedly, after an interval of silence.

"I know it's lost," Loveday answered, half closing her book.

"You know a search was made everywhere for it, or for papers, or notes, or any indication of what had become of it?"

Afterward—not so long afterward!—she was to try to remember this conversation, to recreate this evening in the snug upstairs chamber of the drafty, dark old house, to recall everything they had said. But tonight she was only half attentive, sometimes letting her eyes drift to her book, sometimes looking into the fire while her thoughts went back to the cold, sweet-scented walk of the afternoon.

"Was it bonds or money or just a will or what was it?" she asked idly.

"We think it was money," her mother said. "You see, Loveday—pay attention, darling, for it's important for you to know this! It was bonds first, your grandfather put everything he had into bonds. He saved for forty years to build a children's hospital—a hospital for little cripples."

"Incurables," Loveday put in, to show that she was attentive.

"Not necessarily; no. But for all crippled children. There were to be cottages and terraces and a clinic and dispensary, of course, and possibly a nurses' training school, all on this place."

"I know. All that stone," Loveday said, nodding. Her grandfather had bought up granite blocks wherever he had been able to find them, and an immense pile of them, on one of the level fields of the estate, the size of a small house, still remained as evidence of his plan.

"We know now," her mother pursued, "that he was—was not himself for months before he died. He had had a fall from one of the orchard ladders and they thought afterward that it had injured him. For months he was turning his securities into cash and depositing it in various banks. We knew nothing of what he was doing, but I think if we had known we would have felt that whatever he did was right. But after his death there was simply no trace of it. No papers, no notes. Every cent had been withdrawn from the banks. There was his old will, written when you were a baby—after your father died—leaving you one third of everything, leaving Grandmother and me this place, and leaving all the rest for the hospital."

"Was it much, Mother?" Loveday asked, dreamily interested.

"It was a great deal. We knew it couldn't simply have disappeared; we had detectives here. Every closet and nook and corner of the whole place was searched; they tapped walls and groped through the rafters and tore out the chickens' nests and took up the carpets. No use."

"I remember them scouring around here," Loveday said. "Was it thousands?"

"It was possibly several hundred thousand."

"Oo-oo!" the girl said, impressed. She had never thought of the mythical lost fortune in connection with herself personally before. Now she thought, with a sudden delightful twinge at her heart, that it would be fun to have plenty of money—if one married—a darling little house like the Spanish bungalows in Santa Pepita Canyon—

"It may be found some day," her mother was saying, "and if it is, you must be ready to claim it. Not for your sake, but because of the hospital. Some day there must be an Owen Hugh Gurney Memorial Hospital here, and all that stone must help to build it."

"He couldn't have spent all that money, Mother?"

"No; he didn't spend it," old Mrs. Gurney said quietly. "Thee knows that, Martha."

"We would have known if he had spent it," Martha Gurney agreed. "He never spent anything on himself. He worked in the garden here; he went in to some hospital for consultation; he seemed absolutely normal right to the end. But afterward we heard from different sources that he had been worried about the money, talking of it. He had drawn out all he had saved from various banks. He had said to one or two persons that he thought he was being followed."

"I remember his ninety-fourth birthday!" Loveday said with sudden animation. "I just thought he was old. I didn't realize how extraordinary it is for a person to be ninety-four! That gives me seventy-four years to go. I remember his always drinking hot water before meals and telling us all to do it," she went on, smiling into the fire.

HER grandmother looked at her over her glasses.

"What does thee think thee would live on, were thy mother and I to be taken away?" she asked. "Doesn't thee ever think of that?"

"Not often. Especially if you both are going to live to be ninety-four," Loveday told her, laughing.

"You would get in touch with Mr. St. George at once," Martha Gurney said.

"Well, I must say this is a cheering conversation!" Loveday protested. "I don't like Mr. St. George. I remember his disgusting little boy—what was his odious little name, Rodney?—laughing when the blackberry vines tore my skirt off!"

"Warren St. George of San Francisco would be a good friend to you, Loveday," her mother said. "He has managed everything since your grandfather died. We would not have known what to do without him."

"I remember him. Gray hair and nice," Loveday said. "I called him 'Uncle Warren,' didn't I? He's the father. And Chris—I remember Chris St. George; that was the older brother," Loveday went on; "he wasn't so bad. I got stuck on the conservatory roof, nasty little Rodney had lured me up there, and Chris lifted me down and dusted me off and held my hand while we walked back to the house. He was—well, I was nine, and I know he was in college. And then Fanny—wasn't there a nice fat girl named Fanny, with a white dog?"

"They are fine good people," old Mrs. Gurney said.

"How did we happen to spend a day with the St. Georges, Mother?" Loveday asked.

"Well, we had done it before. About once a year, perhaps, we would all go there, or they would come here. But of late years—"

Martha Gurney's voice dwindled into silence.

"I don't know why we stopped doing that, except that old Judge St. George got very feeble, and Mrs. St. George, the children's mother, hasn't been very well now for a long time," she went on, after a pause, "but he would be the person for you to trust, Loveday," she finished.

"Supposing you both should die tonight?" Loveday asked. "I think I'll move my bed in here tonight, Granny. I never heard such gravediggers!"

Her grandmother's laugh, thin and sweet as an old silver bell, rang out suddenly. Loveday always liked to hear it. It was not heard too often and always had a little note of protest and reluctance in it as if audible laughter were not quite the dignified thing.

THE next day was like every other day at home but spiced with the expectation for Loveday of an encounter with Larry. Rain was pattering down softly and gently when she left the house for her walk after luncheon, equipped with rubbers and a raincoat. When the rain stopped there was a strange, murky hush over the world. Once the sun came out for a watery second and sparkled upon diamonds everywhere, and Loveday could hear the wild crowing of faraway cocks.

Her hair was jeweled, her cheeks glowing when she ran up the red brick steps of the library and dropped into a leather-backed chair at the long magazine table. Miss Violet nodded to her from the desk with a flash of strong spectacles. Loveday was early, but Larry was early, too; not one full moment had passed, and she was still among the advertisements of the current copy of "Vanitas" when with a rush of fresh air the yellow coat had slipped into the chair nearest her, Larry's big, wet hand was over her own, and she heard the voice that made her heart beat with such sudden terror and delight.

Immediately they were out in the street again.

"Let's walk," he had whispered. "I want to talk to you!"

"Let's walk to the graveyard?" They had laughed as she said it. "If you have time?" she added doubtfully. For they had planned for only five minutes together.

"I have plenty of time. I've resigned!" he answered cheerfully. And there was something in his sleepy, affectionate manner, the puppylike cocking of his tumbled tall head, that made even this statement amusing. "No! I wasn't fired," he said. "But I had a notion they weren't any too crazy about me. And then I got this offer." He pulled a letter from his pocket. "To go to Florida and learn to fly airplanes," he said.

"Florida!" Her face was blank with dismay.

"Yep. There's a swell aviation school down there near Pensacola, and they teach you all about flying—an' you know—how to build airplanes. I got a friend—he's a congressman from New York—and

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he's agreed to pay my tuition, and a guy I know is driving back and he's promised to take me along. But, gosh," he ended, with a boyish note of wistfulness in his voice, "I'd like to get into that business."

"Not as a flier?"

"Well, sure. But this," he amended it hastily after a glance at her troubled face, "this is factory stuff. Finding out how they're made. Big business!"

"I know, big business," she said, a shadow on her face that was spattered with rain and glowing from the brisk exercise. "War business."

"Listen," he said, stopping suddenly, and arresting her with a hand on her arm. "I don't go unless you promise to marry me."

"Oh," Loveday said vaguely, swallowing. A man was actually saying these words to her, but they did not sound real. "You mean—be engaged?" she said confusedly.

"I mean promise. Look," he began eagerly. "I'm there a few weeks on probation, see? I make good. Then they start me at thirty a week."

"Thirty dollars a week," Loveday said, surprised. "That's nearly as much as we have! Mother gets a check for two hundred from Mr. St. George every month and that's all we have," Loveday said, properly impressed.

"I thought you had a couple of servants?"

"Wing Foo and Annie Lum? They get only twenty-five. But he raises chickens and vegetables and they have four boys who live there," Loveday explained. "It isn't exactly the usual thing. It's home for them. Wing Foo's been with the family for forty years."

"Well, we'd be able to manage," Larry said, returning to the personal problem. "I'd rent a little place and throw some furniture into it, and then you could come along and we'd be married and get started."

THE sun had fairly come out now, low over the western hills. The air was warm; larks shot up with their piercing, exquisite cry. Loveday's heart was singing with excitement and joy and pain. To leave her mother, and go so far away! Yes, but for the thrill of joining her man, of standing in some distant little church to make the mighty promises about sickness and health, better or worse, life and death, of going to her own home with her hand in Larry's!

"Promise," Larry's lips said hungrily, close to her ear.

"Oh, but, Larry—are you sure?"

"Am I sure? It's you. Are *you* sure?"

"As sure," she said breathlessly, drawing away from him to look into his eyes, "as I have to be!"

"But you mean that, darling?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes; I mean it. But couldn't you—would you—hadn't you better come up to the house and see Mother, and meet my grandmother? They'd—they'll be so hurt if I just tell them I'm going to marry someone they don't know."

"But, of course, I'll come! I'll come up tomorrow before I go."

"You don't go tomorrow!"

"Late afternoon. Link Carey is driving all the way down to San Diego, and he'll drop me off at Bakersfield. I've got to get some things—my other coat and my camera and so on. And I'll go on my way Friday or Saturday."

"Oh, *Larry!*" It took her breath away.

"Just as soon as they move me up to—say, thirty-five a week," he said in a businesslike tone as they turned toward the village again, "I'll wire you. From the beginning I'll be looking around for some little place that would suit us; we won't be fussy—"

Her face was radiant. To think of her first little home as a wife! No gloomy great halls smelling of carpets and decaying woodwork; no stairways; no Annie Lum blundering about; no high-shelved closets filled with china that had not been used for years! Instead there would be snugness and brightness and floods of sun, new crisp dish towels and new curtains, and big Larry coming home to lunch. And after a while a baby, her own small delicious bundle of a baby—

"You'll love it!" he was saying.

"Oh, I *will* love it! . . . But, Larry, won't your mother feel bad about your marrying a girl she doesn't know?"

"Why should she?" He was genuinely astonished. "She'll fall for you like a ton of coal!" he said. "We'll get married in Florida, but when it gets too hot there we'll come west and see the family."

"Should I perhaps go down there to Bakersfield—I mean when our plans are made—and get acquainted with your family?"

"Well," he said, considering, "it would be swell if you did. I've got three sisters; they're all peaches. Margie's next to me, and then Alma—she's your age, about twenty—and then Betty Lou. You'd like 'em, and they'd be crazy about you."

"I'll write you." There would be a terrible blank when he went away; she was reaching about for some anchorage.

"I'll write you. Lord, I'll write you every day!"

"How much does it cost to get to Florida?"

"I don't know exactly. A couple of hundred, maybe. Would that cramp your style?"

SHE laughed at the phraseology. They went into Singer's candy store and found a table in a dim curved ingle and ordered chocolate malted milks.

"You can manage the money for the trip?" Larry asked.

"I can manage anything. My mother'll tell me how to get it. And clothes, too," Loveday said, confidently.

"And you do love me, dearest?" They had not said this half enough; they came back to it continually, always with a fresh sense of the miracle of it.

"Otherwise," she temporized, avoiding the great words, "otherwise would I be planning to go all those thousands of miles, and cook your breakfasts for you, and put away your laundry—after I'd washed and ironed it myself—and discuss with you whether we could afford a new car—"

"Oh, gosh, gosh, gosh!" he muttered when she paused, unable to find more eloquent phrases in the excess of his joy.

"Everyone does this," Loveday said with childish innocence, "but doesn't it seem different when it's *you?* I've imagined myself liking someone, and, of course, I've always thought I'd get married some day. But it all seems so—so thrilling. As if it was the first time anyone had felt this way!"

"You promise me you'll wait, Loveday?"

Her eyes met his.

"I promise."

"No matter if it takes a year?"

"No matter how long it takes."

They went on talking, talking, talking, and they were very happy.

"I never thought of marrying any girl before now," Larry said. "I always thought I couldn't get married until I had money saved up and a job. But when it hits you, well, you see how it can be done."

"I never thought it would be like this," she admitted in her turn. "I thought it would be someone Mother and Grandmother have always known, one of the Waites or the St. Georges or the Owens. We've got cousins named Owen in the East, and in Scotland there are Owens and ffoulkes, spelled without a capital. My brother was Owen Hugh Gurney."

"I didn't know you had a brother."

"Oh, he died long ago—wandered away toward the ridge when he was about five. It was just before I was born. They didn't find his body for a long time; he'd wandered an incredible way for such a baby. Three miles, up through the woods. There was no Skyline then—no road at all—but there was a sort of culvert under the power line, and they found him there. My mother kept the blue playsuit he had on. She still has it, I suppose. But they said she never showed any grief. My grandfather and grandmother didn't either. They're Quakers, strong on self-control. But they said they all spoiled me."

"I don't believe anyone could spoil you," he said adoringly. "Now listen, it's half past five."

"It isn't!"

"It is! I'll get my car and run you home. And can I come in, and meet your mother and grandmother and give them some idea of what's going on?"

"Oh—" She was taken unawares; she looked frightened for a minute. "Oh, well, why not? But—but we—we aren't losing much time, are we?" Loveday said with a fluttered laugh.

"We haven't much time to lose." They went out to the car together, and when she got in beside him on the front seat he said with a sidewise glance: "Realize how often you're going to be sitting there?"

"I hope I realize what's going on!" Loveday answered. "But it all seems like a dream."

At the house she told him in sudden misgiving that she thought he had better go away, and let her prepare the family for the news. But Larry, somewhat to her surprise, showed an unexpected firm streak, and assured her that the sooner it was over the better for all concerned.

"Only—you see we always sit in my grandmother's room, evenings, and the parlors aren't warmed up," she objected. "Oh, I know!" she said suddenly. "You can wait in the dining room. Annie Lum always lights the oil stove in there. And I'll tell Mother. She'll come down anyway, even if my grandmother doesn't."

"Be careful of that gun, John—you know Junior doesn't like to have you play with his toys" LEONARD DOVE

THEY went in at the side entrance. Loveday pushed open the dining-room door and Larry saw the table set for three, with candlesticks and tall goblets of fine old chased silver. Loveday disappeared into the spacious gloom of the great shadowy house; an old Chinese woman peeped in, said something amiable to him, presently brought him a glass of tomato juice on a little silver tray. Larry stood waiting, waiting.

Loveday was back in a whirl, her eyes wild, her face white.

"Larry!" she said, catching strongly at his arm. "It's my mother! She fell—she was with my grandmother, talking—she went to her room only a few minutes ago—"

Her hand was locked in his big hard cold one as they raced upstairs. A warm bar of soft light lay across the upper hall from the door of old Mrs. Gurney's room. Larry saw in the doorway the tall figure in its plain Quaker dress.

"Loveday, is thee in any trouble, child? What has happened?"

When Martha Gurney was established comfortably in a smooth white bed, and the doctor had gone, Loveday and her grandmother and Larry had a few whispered moments together in the old woman's room. Then Loveday went back to her mother's room and sat there quietly, watching the strange silent woman who lay so still in the bed. After a while she came out into the hall, where Larry was sitting, and told him to go home.

"Let me stay here, Loveday. You might need me."

"No." She leaned against him wearily. It was infinite comfort to feel his arms about her. "No; it's only waiting now," she said.

"Don't break down, Loveday. It's so wonderful to have you so strong."

"I can't tell whether I'm going to break down or not. I'm just—dazed. . . . Mother opened her eyes a few minutes ago, and spoke to me. She whispered, 'Who is the boy?' and I said, 'The boy I told Granny about,' and she said, 'Tell him to take good care of you.' "

Larry's eyes came up to hers solemnly in the strange dim lights and shadows of the great hallway. He cleared his throat.

"That's the—that's the idea," he said.

Four days later Martha Gurney died; a few hours later, Betsey Gurney, unable to endure the shock, followed her.

(To be continued next week)

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 46

"Cover him up with something," Winslow said. "That's all you have to do."

But Captain Garcias was shaking his head violently.

"He does not matter, but the boat that was coming to meet him, Señor. There is a large gray launch headed for us now. She's only a mile off the bow. This man sighted her and signaled before he heard you call."

For a second Winslow's mind was blank. It would be the cutter from the Sieglinde of which Herr Bauer had spoken. Winslow pushed past Captain Garcias to the passageway.

"All right," he said; "we'll have to put the helm over and run for it. We've got to get the gold ashore."

Winslow was already approaching the pilothouse when he heard Captain Garcias' voice behind him.

"But, Señor," Captain Garcias said, "they will be alongside before we get to shore. There are the mud flats and the sand bars. We are entering the bay."

Winslow stood close by the pilot at the wheel, staring out of the open window while the moist muddy-smelling breeze struck his face. They were entering the brackish waters of the bay, as Garcias had said. A raft loaded with bananas was floating on the current. The banks of the river had dropped away on either side into a dim distance that seemed greater because it was already growing dusk. The sky was overcast and it was time for the running lights. Off the bow, coming toward them was the large gray motorboat. If it had been a half hour later, they might have lost her in the dark, but it was out of the question to run for it—they did not have the speed.

"There's their boat, isn't it?" Winslow heard Henrietta say.

He had not noticed, in his preoccupation, that she was behind him, looking out of the windows of the pilothouse. Of course it was their boat. He did not care to think what would happen if the men on the launch found out about Herr Bauer.

ALL of a sudden, as he stared over the bow, a possible course of action occurred to him.

"You speak German," he said to Henrietta. "You speak it very well. I heard you speak to Herr Bauer."

She nodded and Winslow nodded back.

"All right, we're going to let them come alongside. You'll have to meet them, and you'll have to do the talking."

"You're going to let them?" she asked. "Are you crazy?"

It was the same question he had been asking himself, and yet he could see no other way.

"Listen," he said. "You'd believe almost anything, wouldn't you, if someone were to give you four boxes of gold bars. Well, listen—" He raised his voice above hers as she started to interrupt: "Do you remember what he said? The Sieglinde's out there waiting for a load of oil. There may be a way of sending a tanker out to her, and a British destroyer on the heels of the tanker. That's what I'm thinking."

He saw her forehead wrinkle.

"Winslow," she said. "That doesn't make sense—"

"It might," he answered. "It's all I can see to do, but you've got to help." And he spoke in Spanish to Captain Garcias.

"But, Señor!" Captain Garcias stood gazing at him stupidly, but there was no time to argue. Winslow hardly recognized the sound of his own voice:

"You'll have to do what I tell you. Do as I tell you, or we'll all be killed."

There was no time to talk, and there was no time for further consideration. Somehow they must have realized it, for he saw the captain move away. Winslow put his hand on Henrietta's shoulder. He was thinking that he must have been made to be a gambler without his ever having known it. He was aware of all the risks, but he did not have the slightest doubt as to the outcome. At any rate it was the only thing to do.

"Now listen to me," he said to her; "don't be frightened, but just listen. You have to do this all yourself. I'm simply telling you what to do, and I want you to do it as calmly, just as quietly, as you can. They'll believe you. They'll have to if you're not afraid."

HE WAS thinking of her quite impersonally, but with a growing sort of respect. He was thinking how little you could tell about any person. He was thinking that Henrietta Simpson was quite a girl in spite of all her bags and dresses. There was no need to idealize her or to explain her any longer. Henrietta Simpson was perfectly all right.

"Go ahead," she said. "I can't tell whether I'll be afraid or not."

"All right," he said. "The best way is to think of it as all natural. Think about the present. Don't think about what has happened or what may happen—just about the present. I've always found that's best when you get in a jam like this."

"Have you ever been in a jam like this?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "not exactly, but never mind it now. When that boat comes alongside, you go down to the forward deck to meet it. The first thing you do is to speak to the men and give them the gold bars."

"The gold?" she repeated.

"Remember you mustn't be surprised. They ought to believe you when they see that gold." He laughed shortly. "I'd believe you, if you gave it to me. Garcias and the crew will help you. You are going to open the boxes in front of them. You are going to be businesslike. Demand a receipt to give to Mr. Bauer so that Mr. Bauer will know that you gave them his instructions."

"But he's dead." Her voice broke discordantly.

Winslow's grasp tightened on her shoulder.

"But they don't know he's dead. That's your secret and mine. Listen—You are going to say that Mr. Bauer has been hurt—not seriously—that he has been brought back to Pinas. He has sent you to give them instructions. He has made arrangements for a cargo of oil. He has given you the agent's name whom they must call on—a man who can give them what they want. Listen, this is the agent's name, and this is his address. You had better repeat it after me."

Winslow drew his breath. He was playing the only card he knew, relying on the intelligence of a man he had barely met.

"The name is Eduardo Lopez. His address is North Plaza No. 28, the rear apartment on the third floor. Three knocks and then a pause, and then two. If he is not there, tell whoever is in the apartment to find him. Tell them to wait until he returns. Now you had better repeat that to see that you remember."

She repeated it slowly without a mistake.

"Mr. Lopez is the agent who will charter a tanker and a cargo of oil. As soon as they get the gold, they are going to Santa Rosa at once. They will know where to land without being seen. They are to order Señor Lopez at once to get that cargo, and they are to deliver the gold to him. Señor Lopez will handle the affair and he has been instructed. Now, remember everything I have said. Are you sure you understand?"

"But who," she asked, "is Señor Lopez?"

"Someone who I hope will know what to do with them," Winslow answered. "You mustn't worry, that's the main thing. Just keep thinking there's no reason for them to suspect you in the least. You're giving them two hundred thousand dollars in gold."

"But suppose they do," she repeated; "suppose—"

Winslow smiled at her through the dusk.

"If that happens we'll be sunk," he said.

"Señor Greene." It was Captain Garcias' voice. "The boat ahead is blinking its lights."

"Answer it," Winslow ordered. The river boat was moving very slowly. The darkness closing over them made the lights from the launch look farther off than they actually were.

"Come on, Garcias, we want the gold in the forward deck."

"But, Señor!" The captain's voice, vibrant with amazement, reminded Winslow that Captain Garcias with his ignorance of English had not understood a word that he had said—and now there was no time for further explanation.

"You'll have to do what I say," Winslow told him. "You'll have to trust me, Captain."

He was glad that he had always got on well with the workmen at the mine and with the crews of the river boats, for Captain Garcias did not ask further questions. They were in the stateroom a moment later, and though Winslow was conscious of the shadowy bulk of Herr Bauer, he seemed to feel no contrition, not even when he reached for the pistol where he had thrown it on the berth. In a very little while they had the boxes out on the forward deck.

THE last minutes were the worst, while they waited for the launch to come alongside. The launch had also slackened speed so that it moved toward them slowly, a dark shape with a vague halo of light around it. Winslow stood with Henrietta watching through the open window of the pilothouse and he asked her if everything was clear. He told her again that the main thing was to be natural, to feel that everything she said was true.

"I'd do better if you were with me," she said.

"No," he said, "my German's bad. I'll stay out of the way unless there's trouble. You'd better go down on the deck now. Here they come."

But she clung to his hand.

"In case anything happens," she began. But he did not let her finish.

"Go ahead," he told her. "Don't think too much about it."

He stepped back into the shadow of the pilothouse and held Herr Bauer's pistol ready. There had been no time to think of what might happen, and now a bell was jangling across the water. The cutter from the Sieglinde was coming alongside.

There was a churning of water as the propeller reversed, and the tinkle of a bell, and a voice speaking German sounded through the dark. And then

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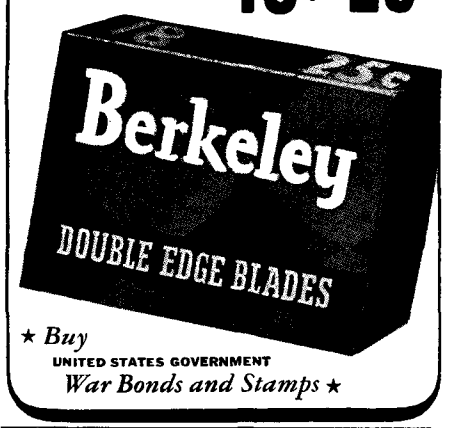

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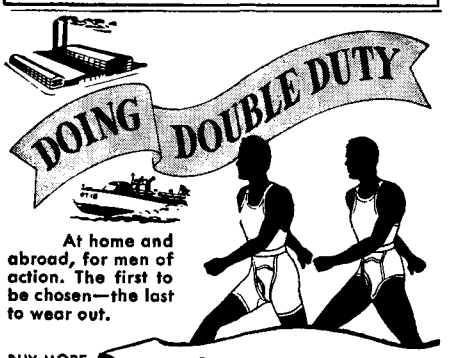

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Winslow heard Henrietta answering.

Two men jumped from the launch to the forward deck. The light was dim and their voices were low as they spoke to her. He saw them lean over to watch as Captain Garcias pried back a board on one of the boxes. He could hear one of them chuckle at what they saw. They drew close to her, listening to everything she told them.

He was not aware of time, but only of the rise and fall of that low-voiced conversation. It was only when the Germans stepped aboard their launch, when the engine quickened and the propeller thrashed at the water as she backed away, that Winslow felt the strain of waiting.

"Winslow," Henrietta called to him, but she did not call until the launch was out of earshot; she did not turn back to the pilothouse for a long while. Even when she crossed the deck she did not hurry.

"Lord," Winslow said; "Lord, I was afraid."

"Winslow," she said, "it worked. They're heading for Santa Rosa now, as quick as they can. They believed every word. Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered.

FOR the first time he felt the deadening letdown of reaction. He was giddy again and his head was aching.

He had time to recall sickeningly everything that had happened—he no longer felt like the man who had killed Herr Bauer. Now his recent audacity seemed incredible, but it had to be either himself or Herr Bauer. Herr Bauer had lied when he had said he would let him go to Santa Rosa. He would never have told him all he had if he had planned to let him go. Winslow's head was still aching, and he heard Henrietta Simpson laugh.

"What's the joke?" he asked her. "I don't see anything very funny."

"Because you said you don't know anything about people. Why, you understand everthing about people—everything."

He wanted to tell her that he didn't even know anything about himself, but his mind was moving wearily again. All he wanted now was to see what happened. All he wanted was to get to Santa Rosa.

"Captain," he asked, "how much longer have we to go?"

"The tide is against us," Captain Garcias said. Somehow whenever you traveled on a company boat, the tide was always against you. "It will take at least four hours."

Captain Garcias, Winslow remembered, was always optimistic. It would take more than four hours, and the German cutter, from what he had seen of her, was good for twenty miles an hour. They would land two hours ahead, and in those two hours, anything might happen.

"You must be pretty tired," he said to Henrietta Simpson; "you'd better get some rest."

"What about you?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said.

IT WAS nearly midnight before they tied up at the dock at Santa Rosa. The street lights were shining along the water front, but most of the buildings were shadowy and dark, for Santa Rosa was not a gay town at midnight. The pilings of the wharf loomed in front of them, and he helped her up the ladder to the deck.

"Winslow," she asked, "where are we going now? What more is there to do?"

He had been asking himself the same question for four hours. Should he try to find Señor Lopez, or should he try to find Jim Walters, or should he notify the regular police?

He could not leave the crew long with a dead man on the boat. Everything he had done would have to be explained in a very little while, and somehow it did not seem very brilliant any longer. He would have to tell Jim Walters that night about the gold, and he had been telling himself already what Jim Walters would say. The kindest thing that could be said was that he had managed very badly right from start to finish.

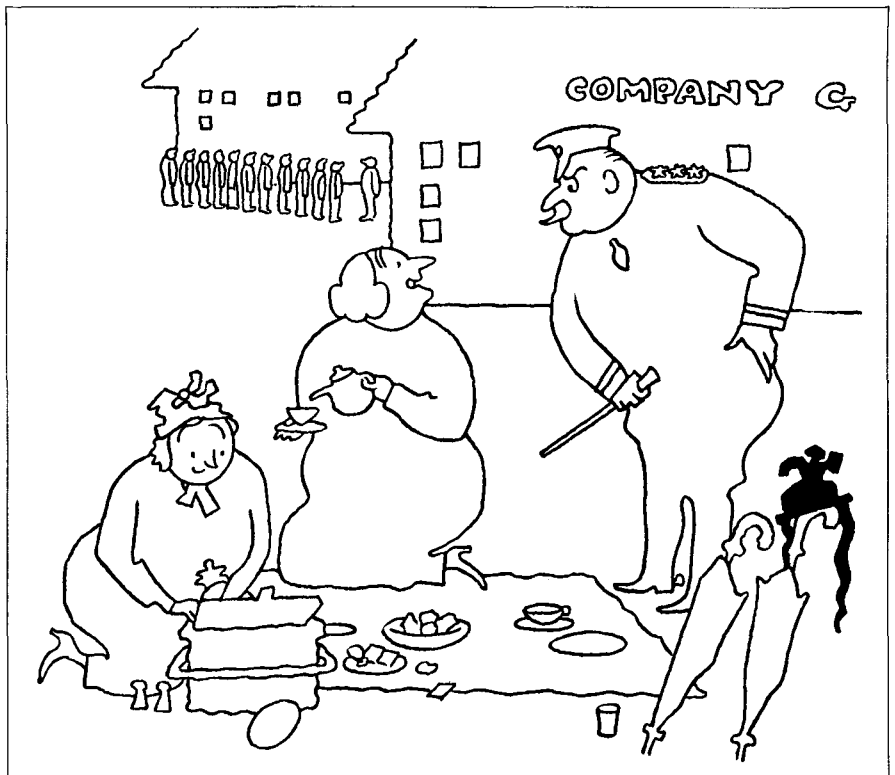
"Winslow," she said, "you look so tired. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take you to the hotel first, and then I'm going to see some people."

"What people?" she asked, but he did not answer.

THEY were walking quickly over the rough planking of the dock, past the shadowy wall of a wooden warehouse.

"Oh, just some people," Winslow said, and then her hand tightened convulsively on his arm.



"Now don't go blaming the sentry for letting us in, young man. We bopped him over the head with our umbrellas"

GARDNER REA

An electric light was burning at a corner of the warehouse, just before they reached the street. They were just passing from beneath the light when two men moved out from the shadows. He came to a dead stop when he saw them, and his heart jumped into his throat. It was Mr. Gruber and Mr. Martinez, walking silently side by side.

"Wait," Mr. Martinez said, and he coughed; "please do not move, Mr. Greene." And Winslow did not move.

Beneath the electric light Mr. Gruber's round face was shiny with perspiration.

"We saw your boat coming," Mr. Gruber said. "We do not understand."

It was unpleasant there beneath the light with those two men staring at him. Winslow tried to see where Mr. Gruber fitted in. He did not know how much Mr. Gruber had heard, but obviously the man had heard something.

"Perhaps," Mr. Gruber said slowly, "we had better have a little talk. There was news you had perhaps—some difficulty up the river, and I do not understand."

"Yes," said Mr. Martinez, "a little trouble up the river." Then Mr. Gruber spoke again: "Will you tell us, please, where is Mr. Bauer?"

"Yes," Winslow said, "I'll tell you," and all he could think to tell them was the truth. "We did have a little trouble. Mr. Bauer is dead." He heard Mr. Martinez cough again, and he saw Mr. Gruber's heavy mouth fall open. Then there was a moment's indecisive silence.

"Dead?" Mr. Gruber repeated. "I do not understand. We shall have to talk about this, I think—"

Then there was an exclamation from Mr. Martinez, and Mr. Gruber whirled around. Another figure had detached itself from the shadows of the warehouse, a white figure in a Panama hat.

"Good evening, gentlemen." It was Señor Lopez. Señor Lopez's teeth were flashing in the night. He was holding an automatic pistol. "I have been searching for you for the last hour everywhere. Don't move. I have men here with me. I have been searching for you everywhere, my friends. I thought you might arrive here."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Gruber asked. "We are doing nothing."

"Exactly." Señor Lopez sounded very merry. "None of us are going anywhere, are we? Simply meeting friends. And you and Señor Martinez are good citizens, Mr. Gruber. I am only taking care of you, that is all. You and Señor Martinez are only going some place where it's quiet for a day or two—to a hacienda of a friend of mine in the country, simply for protection. Just for a day or two. These gentlemen will take you now."

THERE was another group of men behind Señor Lopez, all in civilian clothes. In an instant they were grasping the arms of Mr. Gruber and Señor Martinez.

"You cannot," Mr. Gruber's voice rose to a shout; "you have no right—" And then a hand was slapped across his mouth.

"Exactly." Señor Lopez dropped his pistol into his side pocket. "No legal right at all. It happens so often in an international affair. You can complain about it afterward to your minister." And then he laughed. "I am making all arrangements for you, gentlemen. Two officers from the Sieglinde dropped in to see me tonight. Odd of them, wasn't it, not to see you first? They wished to purchase oil. Don't worry. I am helping them to purchase oil. They have the means to buy it—more than two hundred pounds of gold bars. And next time, Martinez, my friend, don't shoot, I beg you, until you see what is beneath the hat."

Señor Lopez began laughing again. For a moment he was quite convulsed by his little joke.

"My dear friends, do not be so unhappy. There are no criminal charges against you, but we have all been playing hide-and-seek so long under the cover of diplomatic immunity. You Fascists think that you've invented diplomatic immunity, but the Axis influence here is wearing very thin, so I think you will be asked to leave us in a very few days. You can take them away now."

Winslow raised his hand gingerly to the back of his head, and then pushed his glasses more firmly on his nose. Mr. Gruber and Mr. Martinez were disappearing toward the street in the center of a group of men. They were disappearing in a quick, quiet, efficient and almost sinister manner which obviously delighted Señor Lopez because he was beaming and holding out his hand. South Americans were always shaking hands.

"DO NOT think of them again," Señor Lopez said. "It was necessary to pick them up, as you Americans say, and they were not at home, and I thought they might be here. Do not think of them again." He was gay and cordial. He was making a gesture as though he were brushing off a mosquito. "My dear Winslow, you have the spirit of greatness. Will you permit me to call you by your first name? Yes, Señorita, this man is very formidable. What a bull fighter he would make, even with his glasses!"

Winslow frowned. The levity of Señor Lopez under the circumstances seemed to him entirely out of place.

"So they got there, did they?" Winslow asked. "They called on you, those Germans?"

Señor Lopez beamed and rubbed his hands.

"Tomorrow, dear friend, you must tell me all," he said, "all that my own wits have not been able to tell. Oh, yes, they called upon me, and fortunately I was at home and I understood at once. They are being very well taken care of now, very well indeed."

"I hope you understand." Señor Lopez's nonchalance worried Winslow and made him wonder whether Señor Lopez grasped the whole situation. "If you can get them on a tanker with some oil, they'll take you right out to the Sieglinde. I hope you're going to tell the British. There ought to be some way to follow the tanker and find that raider. That's what I was thinking when I sent them."

Señor Lopez waved his hand and moved his shoulders elaborately.

"Dear friend, please give me credit for a little sense," he cried. "I am arranging everything — unofficially, of course. We know where the Sieglinde is already."

"What?" Winslow asked sharply. "How do you know already?"

"Why, those German gentlemen." Señor Lopez's brown eyes opened in wide surprise at Winslow's slowness. "Naturally they told. It was the first thing that was done, of course. There are so many ways of making people talk. One was placed in one room, and the other in another. Each was made to give the latitude and longitude of that ship of theirs. There was a little difficulty—various methods of inducement were necessary. Yes, they were reluctant, but finally they each gave a location that agreed with the other. The British know it now. The British destroyer was reached by radio. She's already on her way, and the Sieglinde cannot move."

"You mean," Winslow stammered

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and cleared his throat. "You mean you forced them? Tortured them?"

Señor Lopez laughed softly.

"You North Americans are so tenderhearted," he said. "You and the British have so many rules. It was the shortest, easiest way—a method that the Nazis would surely use on you. Believe me, dear friend, those fellows understood."

Winslow drew a deep breath. He did not wish to think about it and there seemed nothing more to say.

"I guess there's going to be an awful row," he said. "There's a dead man on the boat — a German named Herr Bauer."

"My dear friend," Señor Lopez rubbed his hands; "you must not be so worried by simple little details. That will be nothing to bother about. If you will just go to the hotel, I shall attend to that little matter, and believe me, it will never be public, because our government will be discreet. Your friend Mr. Walters is waiting for you at the hotel, and will be very glad to see you. And tomorrow, I think we shall have a gay party and some music. We shall all dance the rumba and you shall tell me everything. But now, just leave me here to attend to the small detail. You must be tired. Good night, my dear Winslow, and good night and pleasant dreams, Señorita."

WINSLOW GREENE looked at his wrist watch. It was ten minutes to four and Jim Walters had told him before lunch that he would be at the Hotel Continental at four o'clock. If he walked slowly he could reach the hotel at the proper hour. It was necessary to walk slowly, for any undue exercise when the sun was up was difficult in Santa Rosa. The air was humid and sticky and the day had been hot even for that time of year.

As he crossed the plaza in front of the yellowing façade of the cathedral, the old lady in the black shawl who sold peeled oranges on the cathedral steps appeared to be sound asleep, and so did the vender of sliced papaya and sugar cane who had his stand beside her. Beneath the awnings of the Café Bolivar a few citizens languidly sipped their sweetish drinks at the café tables, while two boys selling tickets for the latest lottery chanted plaintively.

On the Avenue of the Nineteenth of August, or whatever the date of the avenue might be, the citizens of Santa Rosa moved languidly under the arcades or paused to examine the goods displayed in the shop windows. A row of donkeys laden with sugar cane was moving to the water front and two motor busses and two shiny automobiles cut past with their horns blowing in a steady crescendo. No one in the arcades appeared to notice the noise; all the motorists in Santa Rosa blew their horns constantly, seemingly in a public-spirited effort to create a civic atmosphere of bustle and of traffic.

Winslow paused at a druggist's window which contained a chart of the human body with realistically painted organs. From the lungs and liver depicted on the chart came bits of colored ribbons leading to various powders and bottles. Next door was an establishment of general merchandise with a display of flashlights, enamelware and china. The proprietor was discussing the purchase of a teapot with a customer. Winslow moved on more hastily. Something in the merchant's profile, something in the paleness of his eyes, was unpleasantly reminiscent of Herr Bauer.

The Hotel Continental in its modernity stood out like a sore thumb against the baroque architecture of the main Santa Rosa business street. There were the chairs in the lobby with their chromium arms and antimacassars on their backs. There was a plaster pot beside each one, full of sand for cigarette butts. A boy in white was pursuing flies with a metal atomizer. As Winslow entered the lobby, he was unpleasantly aware of a titter of excitement. Although every effort had been made to keep it quiet, there had been a great deal too much talk since he had arrived at Santa Rosa. The eyes of the cashier and the clerk behind the desk were slightly protruding. The boy in the elevator gave a quick gasp.

"Señor Walters' room," Winslow said.

"Oh, yes," the boy answered; "at once, Señor."

No one had ever answered him before with such cheerful alacrity.

Jim Walters' room was on the fourth floor. First there was a vestibule with a writing desk and two more modernistic chairs. Inside was a bedroom with a bed and bureau, a pier glass and a cuspidor. The two steel shutters protecting the windows were raised so that all the street noises filled the room—the honking of horns, the shouts of the newsboys and the sweetmeat and lottery venders. The balconies and the tiled roofs of Santa Rosa stretched beneath the window down to the river and the bay. Out in midstream an American ship was anchored, with a high black hull and white superstructure. She would sail for New York at eleven o'clock the next morning.

Jim Walters was in his dressing gown, smoking his pipe and reading a pile of letters.

"Well," Winslow said, "I've been down to see the British."

"Well, it was about time you went," Jim said. "After all those invitations, it was beginning to look queer. Ring the bell and we'll have a drink unless you have had too much to drink for lunch. It was just the staff, wasn't it?" Winslow rang the bell. "Was the lad from the destroyer there? He was particularly anxious to see you."

"Yes," Winslow answered, "he was there."

"I don't understand," Jim Walters said, "why you don't take any interest in what happened. You don't seem to care about how they sank the Sieglinde. Did I tell you I have a cable? I'd like to be going with you. I could tell about the whole thing better than you. The company's asking you to come up to New York. Everybody wants to see you."

Winslow started to speak, but Jim Walters stopped him.

"The day you get in, the company is giving you a little dinner. The British ambassador will be there unofficially. They're going to make you a presentation."

"A what?" said Winslow.

"A presentation," Jim Walters answered; "a medal or a silver bowl or something."

Winslow put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the wall.

"You mean," he said, "they give me something and I've got to make a speech?"

There was a tap on the door. A boy in white came in carrying a bottle and glasses.

"A lot of cashiers have gone to jail," Jim Walters said, "for betting on the races with the company's money. Nobody's ever used the company's money the way you did, Winslow. There were a lot of cracks about it in the cable."

Winslow still leaned against the wall.

"Jim," he said, "if it's just the same to you, I don't want to go to New York. Of course, I had to do something about Herr Bauer, but I don't know what made me do the rest of it. And I'm certainly not going to make any sort of speech."

Jim Walters set his glass down quickly.

"When did you talk to Henrietta last?" he asked.

Winslow cleared his throat.

"Jim," he said, "if you think I like any of this, you're wrong. Just because I have had a very unpleasant experience is no reason for everybody to make it so conspicuous."

"What would Henrietta Simpson say if you told her that?" Jim Walters asked.

"I'm not talking about her," Winslow said. "If I have to go to New York and make a speech in front of the British ambassador—it's too much, Jim."

"Not too much for you," Jim Walters said. "Why, son, you can do anything."

Winslow drew a deep breath. "Jim," he said, "I'm getting a little tired of hearing you say I can do anything. You say it about six times a day, particularly when there are groups of people around. If you think I'm going up there and make a speech, you're mistaken."

"If you're not," Jim Walters asked him, "what are you going to do?"

Winslow stood up straight.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Jim, right now," he said. "I'm not going to sail back to America and get mixed up with anything like that. I'm asking Henrietta if we can't get married tomorrow morning."

Jim Walters raised his eyebrows.

"What?" he asked. "Tomorrow morning?"

Winslow pushed himself away from the wall and removed his hands from his pockets.

"Yes," he answered, "tomorrow morning. We're going to start for the Rio Negro tomorrow and perhaps when we get back, everyone will have forgotten about us."

Jim Walters raised his head.

"Now, wait a minute," he said. "Have you told Henrietta?"

Winslow frowned.

"Well, not yet," he said; "but I'm going to."

"Not even about getting married?"

"Jim," Winslow said, "just give me time."

Jim Walters sighed.

"You've been making more darned trouble for Henrietta and me," he said; "but you can talk it over with her. I told her she'd better drop in."

A KNOCK on the door brought both of them to their feet and there she was. She nodded to them, and took off her hat, and fanned herself with the brim, although she did not look hot. Seeing her appear there unexpectedly, looking more beautiful than he had ever remembered her, started Winslow wondering all over again what there was in him that had ever attracted her. What he was saying to Jim Walters no longer seemed important.

"Hello," she said. "Is he making trouble again?"

Jim Walters grinned and walked over to the rack and took down his hat.

"It's about New York—that dinner—he doesn't want to go," he said. "Go on and tell her your plans, son," and he closed the door behind him.

Winslow winced and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"I just thought," he began; "—once you said you wanted to take a trip somewhere—I thought, the headwaters of the Amazon—"

His voice trailed into an indecisive silence, and his eyes met Henrietta's and he sighed.

"All right," he said, "all right, it was just a suggestion."

"You mean," Henrietta asked, "you don't think I'd be in the way at the headwaters of the Amazon?"

"You might," Winslow answered; "but it would be worth it."

THE END

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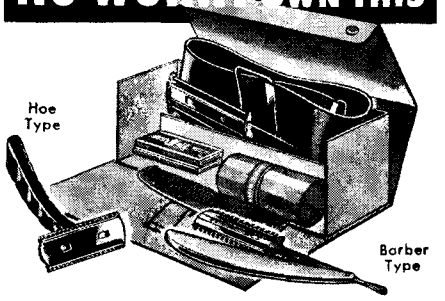

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If We Don't Hang Together

SO MANY things happen between sun and sun nowadays that relatively little notice has been paid to what seems to us the most sensational news to come from the labor relations field in a long time.

The news is this: The United States Chamber of Commerce, long known as a citadel of big-business conservatism, has a new president, Eric Johnston by name; and Mr. Johnston has made friendly gestures toward President Phil Murray of the C.I.O. and President William Green of the A.F. of L., and has had friendly responses from both of these labor leaders.

It appears that Johnston, shortly after his election as head of the U.S.C.C., called around on Murray and Green. The gist of his talk was that businessmen and workingmen have more in common than many of them suspect . . . that neither group can be solidly prosperous when the other is hard up . . . that few men in either camp wear horns or have cloven hoofs . . . that labor and capital (1) can co-operate and keep the American system running, or (2) can carry on a fight which eventually will bring about some Americanized version of Fascism or Communism, with the politicians herding both labor and capital into industrial slave pens.

Green and Murray, it seems, listened thoughtfully to what Johnston had to say and allowed as how there might be something in it. All agreed that Johnston's philosophy would be quite a bill of goods to sell to some of the die-hards in their respective organizations. But that the three men are friends, and hope to introduce more and more of a spirit of co-operation and hang-together into U. S. capital-labor relations, is reported by observers whom we believe to be reliable.

Other observers report that Harold L. Ickes, lifelong baiter of big business, has come to the conclusion that the major oil companies are doing their patriotic best in the war effort and deserve the praise of all patriots. We hope that these reported friendships and increased understandings between old-time antagonists will multiply all over the American scene.

If that comes to pass, the going will grow tougher and tougher for a lot of hard-shell conservatives, hard-shell radicals, and professional fatteners on disputes and disagreements; but it will be a blessing to the general public.

A STAB AT DEMOCRACY

SAN FRANCISCO'S federal district court the other day witnessed the opening of what must surely be the most paradoxical lawsuit yet to grow out of our war excitement.

Brought by an organization called the Native Sons of the Golden West, the suit aimed to have the Supreme Court eventually declare that persons of Japanese descent born in the United States are not U. S. citizens. This, though the 14th Amendment to the Constitution declares that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside."

The lower court threw the case out, but the Native Sons, etc., swear that they will get it to the Supreme Court somehow. Whatever happens to this particular suit, it is a symptom of the times, and other attempts along the same lines will probably be made here and there.

The suit, of course, was brought with patriotic motives. The Native Sons, etc., are worried about the Japanese problem on the West Coast —and the Japanese government, at Pearl Harbor, gave all of us ample cause to worry about that problem. But the way to tackle the problem is *not* to ask legislatures to write laws that will dynamite the democratic principles on which this nation is founded.

The short-range solution is the one we adopted—to ship all Japanese back from the West Coast to inland camps made as comfortable as they could be made in a hurry. The long-range solution is to go on being fair and decent to all immigrants and their descendants, so that all but a fanatic fringe of them will be loyal to this country first.

As for the fanatic fringe—well, it so happened that just as this lawsuit was getting under way in San Francisco, the F.B.I. came forward with the correct answer. The F.B.I., following some brilliant work whose complete details will probably not be known to the public till after the war, grabbed eight Hitler espionage and sabotage Ph.D's almost as soon as they came ashore from German submarines off Long Island and Florida.

This superb coup was notice to the world that we can protect our system through our own legally constituted agencies; that our "decadent" democracy is not dead, nor even sleeping.

YOU CAN'T DO EVERYTHING

AFTER more than two years as Britain's virtually unchallenged Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, Winston Churchill has begun to hit heavy political weather. The Libyan reverses precipitated the first storm; all of a sudden there were loud howls in Commons, motions of no confidence in the Churchill government's conduct of the war, and so on.

We admire Mr. Churchill as much as does anybody we know of. He has been the Great Rock of Britain through Britain's darkest years since Napoleon massed his troops and invasion barges at Boulogne. The peoples of all the United Nations owe Mr. Churchill some extremely heavy debts of gratitude.

Yet we can understand the point of view of those Britons who are attacking him in his capacity of Minister of Defense.

Like President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill is a man of great force of character, great ambition, great energy, great self-confidence. He obviously feels that no job is too big for him to tackle and to lick. He would be a strange growth indeed if he did not hope that history would mark him down as the Englishman who did more than any other one Englishman to win World War II.

The trouble is that World War II is the biggest and most far-reaching war ever fought in recorded world history. Before this war is won, we think the United Nations will have to call on all their best brains for those brains' best efforts, regardless of party or beliefs. No single human brain, it seems to us, is capable of compassing its diverse ramifications and of keeping all its elements in correct perspective.

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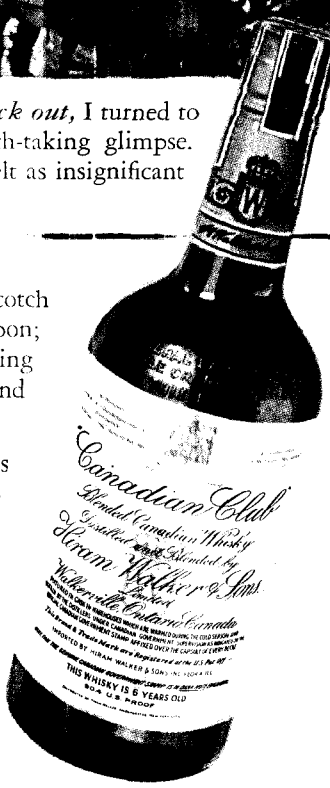

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